SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXI JUNE, 1927 NO. 6

The Necessity for Capital Punishment

BY GEORGE W. HAYS
Former Governor of Arkansas

THE governor lived in an old-fashioned, large house built of dark-red brick. Its architecture was reminiscent of ante-bellum days. It would be perhaps pretentious to call it a mansion.

It was just dawn time. The streets were gray in the filtering light. It was intensely still except for the twittering birds in the trees, arousing themselves to greet the sun. The rustle of their wings and the weak cheeping as they opened their eyes were distinctly audible.

Down the empty street came footsteps, ringing loud and clear in the silence. A woman and a little boy appeared before the governor's house. The woman was typical of the country. Her face, tired and faded, bore a look of wild desperation. She was beyond social conventions.

Her business had to do with life and death. And life and death do not wait on hours nor stated times. The woman had come to put in a last plea for her husband, who was to die at sunrise.

When they wakened the governor he groaned in anguish of spirit. He would have given anything to have avoided the meeting. Nevertheless, he hurriedly dressed and went down-stairs. His wife had arrived on the scene before him. As the governor entered the room he noticed that she had given the little boy a piece of bread and butter and a glass of milk. He took a small delight in the kindly act, but as his eyes rested on the mother his heart sank and a pall of gloom enshrouded him.

The woman ran over to the governor, imploring his mercy. The chief executive closed his eyes. He could not bear to look upon this woman in such a distressful condition. He felt her hot tears on his hands. He steeled himself against her cries and sobs.

Suddenly the thought occurred to him with the force of an unexpected blow that he could transform this wretched, weeping woman into a being of joy and happiness. A word from him and the murderer would escape the chair.

The little boy threw down the bread he had been munching, upset the glass of milk and, bursting into tears, ran to his mother. He was too young to understand the tragic situation, but he saw that his mother was suffering.

"I cannot," the chief executive managed to say.

"But you pardoned—" and the woman mentioned the names of others the governor had saved from the death sentence. There was a note of anger in her voice. Desperately, she was playing her last poor card.

Yes, the governor was considered by some to be perhaps too soft-hearted. Other men had he pardoned, and he would have been only too glad to commute the death penalty of this one if there were some legitimate reason to justify clemency.

If only he could send the mother and little son away singing with joy. But alas, there was no justification. He had carefully investigated the case. It was a cold-

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blooded, brutal murder, with no extenuating circumstances.

Outside, the dawn was increasing. The governor's eyes caught the rosy light in the east. The birds were moving about more restlessly. The plod-plod of a horse's hoofs sounded.

The governor was essentially a people's governor. The great mass of the common people had chosen him as their chief executive. He had known what it was to be poor and struggling. Born in the South during the days of reconstruction after the Civil War, his opportunities had, perforce, been limited. In the battle to succeed he felt that he knew people and their problems. That was the very reason he paced the floor at this early hour in agony of spirit.

He saw his pitying wife, no longer able to stand the harrowing scene, rush from the room, her face bathed in blinding tears. He saw the mother, her face working convulsively, seeking a fresh argument.

Perhaps if he had secluded himself from the people and sat apart in dignity he might have avoided such a spectacle as this. Never had he realized until now the tremendous burden and responsibility of the pardoning power. It was true that he had always believed that power to be the highest and greatest gift of the people.

The light grew stronger outside the window. The birds broke into song. In a few moments the first rays of the sun would break over the horizon.

A strong temptation to rush to the telephone seized him. He restrained himself with an effort of the will. In his mind's eye he visualized the agents of justice at the penitentiary. The death march must be on.

Suddenly the sunbeams broke through and played on the floor. The governor gave a great sigh. Decision had been made. Cold beads of perspiration broke out on his brow as he collapsed into a chair. Monotonously now, as if she had exhausted every emotion, the woman wept on. The little son had dried his tears and stood manfully by his mother's side. The governor blinked back a tear. That little child's father had paid the death penalty. The telephone rang, and even as it did he knew that it would announce that the murderer had satisfied society.

I was that governor.

During my terms of office as governor of Arkansas I commuted, approximately, one-fourth of the total number of death sentences. The incident described illustrates one of the striking occasions when my sense of duty to the State forbade clemency.

Let me explain my position clearly. I am not one of those who hold to the reactionary conviction that the individual that sheds his brother's blood should pay the death penalty primarily to satisfy the spirit of retribution, which perhaps is only a pleasanter term for revenge. Rather I believe that the murderer should be given the opportunity to reform.

Theoretically, I believe capital punishment might well be abolished, but actually to do away with it in our present stage of development would be unwise and dangerous. Judging from my own experiences and observations I believe that mob violence would be the result.

The example I have used to illustrate my opinion was one of those types of deliberate murders against which society cried out instinctively. The murderer, the day before the commission of the murder, had hitched up his team and driven to town, stopping along the way at various homesteads to ask the invariable question: "Are you going to the funeral to-morrow?"

When asked what funeral, he named his victim, a resident of the same community, with whom he had been on bad terms for a considerable period of time.

"Why, he isn't dead," was the response.

"No, he's not dead yet," declared this grim humorist, "but he will be just as soon as I lay eyes on him."

The astonishing statement proved correct. The murderer came upon his victim as he was standing in a drug-store, and, after pulling his gun, announced calmly that he was going to kill him. The other man, who was unarmed, threw up both hands and begged for mercy. Bystanders joined in his pleas and attempted to restrain the armed man. With cold deliberation he warned them not to interfere,

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then shot down his victim, emptying his weapon into the prostrate form.

As may be readily imagined, the most intense feeling of hostility against the murderer resulted throughout the community in which both men had lived for many years, as had their forebears. The innate sense of justice of these good people simply demanded that the murderer pay with his own life for that of his victim.

To commute the death penalty under such circumstances as these would have disrupted and demoralized the entire countryside. The people would have felt thoroughly justified in taking vengeance into their own hands, and there was grave likelihood that a family feud might grow out of this single crime in which a string of other killings might be the result.

Capital punishment, I am forced to believe in the light of reality, is at times a necessity. Call it a regrettable one, if you will, but nevertheless there are times when it seems unavoidable and inevitable.

The idea of capital punishment is of great antiquity, and formed a part of the primal concepts of the human race. Originally the theory of punishment was vindictive, pure and simple, and oftentimes the victim's nearest of kin was authorized, in the judgment of primitive society, in taking the life of the murderer.

Later the aim of punishment developed to include the deterring of others from the commission of crimes, and up until quite recent times savage spectacles of public execution were regarded not only as justifiable but as right, and of the greatest importance. What was then regarded as necessary and exemplary is now considered harmful and barbaric.

In the days of the Roman Republic the law of the Twelve Tablets prescribed that the murderer of a parent should be beaten until he bled, tied in a sack in company with an ape, a viper, a dog, and a cock, and cast into the sea. For offenses deemed capital the Jews satisfied their sense of justice by the extremely cruel practice of stoning to death, and less than a half-century ago here in our own United States it was no uncommon sight to see the lifeless form of a horse-thief or train-robber dangling from a convenient tree.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were more than two hundred crimes punishable by death in civilized European nations. A veritable orgy of public executions and torture prevailed. Society, at that time, had not learned the lesson that savagery begets savagery—nor that excessive punishment is wrong in principle.

The power of suggestion, alone, disproved this theory, and a veritable carnival of crime frequently followed on the heels of notable public executions. Little children who had witnessed them often tortured and killed their pet animals, and even inflicted cruelties on one another.

If the penal laws of the past teach us anything, they teach us that crime cannot be checked by severity alone. Modern law-enforcement seeks the reformation of the criminal for his own good as well as for the welfare of society. In punishing the wrong-doer, governments can rightfully have but two ends in view: prevention of the individual from repeating his offense and deterring others from following in his steps. Governments are authorized to inflict penalties in order to prevent evils rather than for the purpose of punishing guilt.

Theoretically, society has no right to take life for life. Capital punishment is a remnant of barbarity that must surely disappear from the earth with the progress of civilization, just as the knout, the pillory, and the burnings in oil have disappeared. In our present state of development it is no longer an abstract question of whether capital punishment is right, but whether the abolition of capital punishment is practicable.

We have reached the stage where executions are conducted as privately as possible and as mercifully. Only three classes of homicide are visited with the death penalty: deliberate intention to kill, when the killing is preceded by or accompanied with some grave crime, and when reckless disregard of innocent human beings is shown, such as train-wrecking or bomb-throwing.

Even such crimes as these do not invariably result in the payment of the supreme price. I recall an instance in point which took place during my administration. It was one of the comparatively few

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occasions when I commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment.

Two young boys, one eighteen, the other nineteen, were found guilty of murder in the first degree for the killing of a storekeeper in a small town in central Arkansas. They had planned to rob the store, and had gone to it armed, with the deliberate intention of theft.

The storekeeper resisted their attempts, and in the struggle which ensued he was shot and killed. The jury which found the two youthful culprits guilty of murder in the first degree had recommended mercy on account of their youth and certain other extenuating circumstances, such as their ignorance, poverty, and general lack of advantages.

At that time, however, it was not legal in Arkansas to recommend clemency to the court in cases where persons were found guilty of first-degree murder, as the death penalty was the only sentence provided by the State laws. So the jury's plea for mercy was stricken from the verdict.

Taking all these facts into consideration, I exercised my powers of office to change the death penalty to life imprisonment, as the jurors had felt prompted to do. In this manner the two condemned youths were given an opportunity to reform. I have never regretted this decision, and I am glad to add that since that time the Arkansas statutes have been amended to permit juries to fix the punishment at life terms in the penitentiary when they deem fit in cases of murder in the first degree.

Theorize as we will, however, regarding the abolition of capital punishment, there are certain types of cold-blooded, heinous crimes against which society, as a whole, demands the death penalty. I remember three such crimes during my administration when I refused to commute the death sentences.

Two were almost identical. They occurred in rural communities and were of an extremely primitive type. The murderers were young men who had wronged trusting young girls under promises of marriage. In order to get them out of the way when exposure of their misdeeds became imminent, they had lured their victims to lonely spots, brutally murdered them, cut up their bodies and disposed of them.

In the third instance the young man was infatuated with a beautiful, charming girl who did not share his emotion. His frequent proposals of marriage were refused, and finally the girl and her parents became alarmed over the unwelcome lover's forced attentions and the persistency of his advances. He was asked not to call again at their home. After a period of time he presented himself at their door and announced that he was going away for good and had called for the purpose of saying good-by.

He was admitted to the living-room where the members of the family were seated, and a general conversation took place. When he was leaving he asked the girl if she would accompany him to the door. She readily complied, and a moment later the parents were startled by the report of a pistol-shot. They rushed to the hall to find the young man standing with a smoking gun in his hand.

Their daughter was shot through the heart, and died in a few moments in her mother's arms. This was his answer to her last refusal to become his wife.

Murders such as these make one realize to the full that for certain crimes no legal punishment other than death to the perpetrator can satisfy the popular sense of retribution. To frustrate this instinct must result in the summary justice of lynching, which instead of furnishing any social protection becomes a great moral danger, and leads to the taking of the lives of innocent people.

No human official can measure the strength of inherited tendency toward any act, whether it be of a criminal character or not. The intellectual and moral training of the individual, the community, and the age in general, the force of temptation, the circumstances and environment, all play an important part in the degree of criminality. These make it a fact that one person might commit murder with less moral guilt than another might commit a theft.

The State is the sum total of the will of the people, and must allot to each lawbreaker a punishment suited to his wrongdoing and his individual nature. This

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punishment should be adjusted to the person rather than to his crime.

To-day we recognize the fact that there are degrees of guilt in the taking of another's life. Crimes that are committed under circumstances of great excitement, sudden provocation, or passion do not call for the extreme penalty now.

Most of us admit that the death penalty does not tend to diminish capital crimes. Like the birth and the death rates, they seem to vary but slightly. Observation of cases of crime shows us that the thought of the punishment is either not present at all when a violent act is committed, or it is overwhelmed by a conviction of the certainty of escape.

No, the taking of life does not prevent murders. Like war, capital punishment may be classed as a remnant of barbarism.

Which brings me back to my first conclusion about capital punishment: that we have not yet reached that happy time when it may be safely and definitely written out of the laws of the land.

There occurs to me another outstanding occasion from my own experience in support of this conviction. At the time I was acting as circuit judge, an office I held for seven years prior to the governorship. The case was that of the State against a negro woman, charged with the murder of a white man, a deputy sheriff. The woman was a disreputable character of the criminal class. The officer was respected and well liked. He was survived by a young wife and two small children. He was shot down by the woman as he attempted to place her under arrest.

The most intense animosity prevailed throughout the white population of the community against the murderess, which any one at all familiar with the South and the negro problem can readily understand. She was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and although I had never before sentenced a woman to electrocution, I did so at this time. My motives were to save her from the gibbet, which would, undoubtedly, have been her fate at the hands of the mob if the death penalty had not been pronounced, and the possible prevention of a race riot with the attendant shedding of innocent blood. Later, her sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and Arkansas still retains her untarnished record of never having executed a woman.

One of the South's most serious problems is the negro question. The legal system is exactly the same for both white and black, although the latter race is still quite primitive, and in general culture and advancement in a childish stage of progress.

If the death penalty were to be removed from our statute-books, the tendency to commit deeds of violence would be heightened owing to this negro problem. The greater number of the race do not maintain the same ideals as the whites. They have their own particular way of looking at life.

The sometimes unexplainable fiendish crimes of low-grade types of negroes arouse uncontrollable excitement on the part of the white population, which is followed by disgraceful burnings and lynchings. Due process of law and orderly carrying out of the calm administration of justice are eliminated. I trust that my readers do not get the false impression that the South is a land of lawlessness and disregard of established codes of justice. Every section of our land has its own individual problems. The South to a great extent enjoys immunity from the gangs of professional criminals with their hired gunmen that frequent the larger cities of the North and East.

Furthermore, the great cities with their towering structures of steel and their hemmed-in spaces, containing thick centres of population, are no places for lynchings and commissions of extra-legal punishments by mobs. As a matter of fact these crude deeds of retribution outside the law take place largely in smaller communities of the agricultural character.

I am by no means condoning in any way these mob tactics. On the contrary, I deplore them deeply, and note with satisfaction their obliteration with the gradual readjustment of conditions in the South since reconstruction and the proper administration of justice. At present these cases are tried in court, just like others, and the death penalty is assigned. But it is plainly evident that if capital punishment were abolished and the blood-curdling assaults were unpunishable by death, mob violence would be supreme.

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One of the strongest forces in the world is custom. Convention is a powerful element. Society is founded on these and there it rests. Let a man try to break through these and, honest though he be, the finger of scorn marks him out from his fellows. He is branded as an outcast and a rebel. The shafts of ridicule are directed against him. Devious and rugged are the paths he must tread. Your true, sincere reformer—not the paid hireling—is ever a martyr. Not until long after his own time in a subsequent age is his real worth discovered and the crown of honor and glory placed upon his brow.

In a similar manner the changes and reformations wrought are the results of painful struggle and exhausting toil. The change in social usage and manners creeps gradually but steadily on to a brighter day of promise. The heresy of yesterday becomes the creed of to-morrow.

In conclusion let me reiterate my views on capital punishment. Theoretically, it might well be abolished, not only for the sake of the reformation of the individual but also for the advancement of society. But practically, in our times and with the conditions of our social structure as it is, it would not be wise or safe to write capital punishment out of the law.

I believe that the time will come when society will be developed along the lines of Christian ethics, when it will be ready completely to abolish the severe death penalty.

The burnings by fire and oil, the crucifixions, and similar cruel torments are gone. Men now devise death by law in the mildest form possible. One notes the air of privacy that attends the execution. The prison officials, the minister of religion, a few newspapermen are the only attendants. The penalty is carried out as privately as it can be done and at the same time fulfil the requirements of legal procedure.

All this shows the trend of things. Gradually the barbarities of cruder ages have been eliminated. Gradually the whole business of capital punishment has been mitigated and softened. It is quite difficult now to empanel a jury which will affix the death sentence on a prisoner.

Some time in the future the day will dawn when capital punishment through the steady growth of society will be completely a thing of the past.

Where Shall I Walk?

BY WILSON MACDONALD

WHERE shall I walk with my new love?
Not by the sea;
There my old and faithless love
Used to walk with me.

Shall I meet her in the wood?
Better elsewhere:
By yon tree my old love stood;
She will still be there.

Shall I climb with her this hill
Warm with autumn's gold?
Nay I cannot: she I loved
Walked there once of old.

Where then shall I go with her?
Up a city street:
The tread of hosts who travel there
Will drown my old love's feet.

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Everyman's Golf

BY ROBERT HUNTER
Author of "The Links"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) FROM OLD PRINTS

MANY Americans visit Scotland again and again for the purpose of playing and admiring the superb golf-courses there, without inquiring much into their interesting history. Most of them, it would seem, have the impression that the royal and ancient game was, in the olden time, the pastime of the aristocrats. In any case, without having given much thought to the matter, that was my own opinion, and I was not a little surprised, last summer while in Scotland, to read in some of the earlier books on golf that this delightful game has always been the most democratic of sports. Indeed, the very course upon which I was playing at the time was public property. Common land by the sea is usually called the links; and all of the historic courses—such as Leith, Bruntsfield, Musselburgh, Blackheath, and St. Andrews—were laid out on community land.

The best players have usually been artisans. Many of us have heard of Patersone, the shoemaker, whom the Duke of York, afterward James II, chose as his partner when he contended with his English rivals. Golf in earlier centuries seems to have been the favorite sport of the "common and meaner sort of people" wherever they had easy access to the links. History is very uncertain as to the origin of the game. There are those who are convinced that it was imported from Holland, and it is not unreasonable to believe that the Scottish sportsmen of property and position may have brought balls and clubs from Holland and adapted the Dutch game of Kolf to the links of their native land. In any case, it has been the game of the common for centuries and the chief pastime of the people residing near such public ground.

Wherever golf has been played it has taken possession of the field. In 1457 the Scottish Parliament enacted laws against it because the people were practising golf instead of archery—at that time a very necessary art in the struggle of the Scotch against the English. Later the Puritans assailed golf because the people played on the Sabbath in the time of "Sermonses." There were indeed so many arrests made and so much interference placed in the way of sportsmen by the "unco guid" that King James issued in 1618 a solemn "Declaration to His Subjects Concerning Lawful Sports to Be Used." He protested against the prohibition "which barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as make their bodies able for warre . . . and in place thereof sets up filthy tiplings and drunkenesse, and breeds a number of idle and discontented speaches in their alehouses. For when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundayes and holydayes, seeing they must apply their labour and winne their living in all working dayes?"

The annals of the poor are seldom written and we have therefore no history of the game before the days when royalty became interested and "noblemen, judges, and other gentlemen of position and fortune" began to form golf-clubs. Although all these gentlemen played on commons they adopted some very high-sounding names for their associations. The titles and dates of origin are as follows:

The Royal Blackheath Golf Club.....1608
The Edinburgh Burgess Golf Club.....1735
The Honorable the Edinburgh Company of Golfers.....1744
The Royal and Ancient Golf Club.....1754
The Royal Musselburgh Golf Club.....1774

The Royal and Ancient still plays on links belonging to the town of St. Andrews and it was not until 1892 that The Honorable Company built their fine clubhouse and laid out their private course at Muirfield.

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In the early days and in fact until within very recent years golf could be had at little expense. Not only was it played on common land, but sheep and rabbits cared for the green. There were no specially prepared "putting swards"; the holes were cut in hollows and on tablelands made by other hands than man's. The hazards were native to the common —sand-dunes, sand-pockets, whins, hillocks, and hollows. When Tom Morris was employed in 1863 to care for the green at St. Andrews he was given £20 for the up-keep of the links for a year. A barrow, spade, and shovel were purchased for his use and that of the one man who was to aid him two days in the week. Many good greens there were which had no keepers and some were destroyed for lack of them. Americans can hardly conceive of golf under such conditions, but most of them do not know the links—those precious bits of seacoast where golfers receive ready-made from the gracious hand of Providence all that is required, except balls and clubs, for the game.

To the foreigner—whether American, English, Welsh, or Irish—St. Andrews is the shrine to which all devotees must go sometime, if possible, to worship. Here we shall find the home of the Royal and Ancient, from which the laws of the game are handed down and all disputes are weighed and settled. Here is the Old Course, upon which golf has been played certainly for three hundred years and probably for much longer, and where competitions have been held more or less regularly since 1754.

On our first visit to these sacred precincts we are prepared to see great things and to receive a succession of thrills. Instead we slump down into depression as we gaze for the first time over the treeless expanse of apparently flat and uninteresting coast, almost hazardless as we might think. And how little we find there on our first rounds. We read again the words of Johnny Low—that this "is without rival among golfing greens"—and wonder if he has ever seen Pine Valley, Myopia, and The National, in America; or Sandwich, Sunningdale, and Westward Ho! in England, with their magnificent hazards and stirring country. But we play on and at last—some require several visits and much training in the game—we too are victimized and joyously admit that no other course in the world calls for such a diversity of shots and no other is its rival in interest, variety, and subtlety.

Convinced or not convinced of its superior quality, what old-timer is to be found who does not tell with pride that he has visited the ancient green, seen old Tom Morris, played a round with Andra, called upon Forgan and Auchterlonie, and possessed himself of a set of Stewart heads? How he loves to talk of the Hole o' Cross, the Eden, the Heathery Hole, the Principal's Nose, the Swilican Burn, and all the rest of it. And we grow a bit weary. But we envy and respect him who has visited St. Andrews, as we no doubt in the Middle Ages would have revered a pilgrim who had been to Rome.

Those returning from St. Andrews have told us many things, but how few, if any, know or seem interested to relate that the Old Course is a public course owned by the people of the town and that all there may play upon it without charge! Still another interesting fact is that this famous green is only one of several courses owned by the town of St. Andrews. There is also the New Course, —itself older than most American courses, —the Jubilee, the Eden, and the Putting Course. Besides these there are two private courses, the Ladies' Club and the Children's Green. That, we must admit, is an astonishing array of clubs for a town of ten thousand people. It would seem as if nearly every inhabitant must play the game, and indeed that would appear to be the case. I recall hearing an old lady, who might have been my grandmother, exclaim after seeing Bobbie Jones overplay the seventeenth hole: "He did na' play the shot!" By which, I suppose, she meant to say that he did not play the type of shot she would have played to that treacherous green in the days of her prime.

The coast embracing the many courses at St. Andrews lies below the town, in a shape resembling a shepherd's crook. It is, for the most part, ideal linksland, although the Old Course, as one would guess, has somewhat the best of the ter-

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rain. The entire area is a public playground and has been so used for many centuries. Indeed, it is so much the common playground that golf there is sometimes an alarming pastime. One must, of course, call out a lusty "Fore!" But even then one unaccustomed to the perils has some trepidation as his ball sails over playing children, a nurse pushing about her perambulator, or a picnic party assembled in careless ease on the direct line of play. Their attention must be called to the fact that one is about to strike the ball and after that one may quite calmly disregard whatever may happen to them. For play under such conditions sound nerves are required despite the assurance given us that no one has been seriously injured by a golf-ball at St. Andrews.

I should be sorry to give my readers an exaggerated idea of the dangers and distractions of the play at St. Andrews, although it does resemble, at times, Boston Common on a holiday. But what a sight this playground is on a fine summer evening! The whole town seems to assemble there. Rich and poor, strollers and sportsmen, lads and lassies, ladies in evening gowns and gentlemen in dinner clothes, workmen out for their evening game and shiftless wanderers who neither play nor work. All are there. And what slashing play one may also see—golf of the sort that Sweetzer and Jones thrill thousands with! And when one inquires as to the names of the players one is told of grocer-boys, blacksmiths, and apprentices to local artisans. One who knows well this artisan talent expressed to me quite seriously his belief that he could pick from amongst it ten working boys who could beat the Walker Cup team. This is not easy to believe, but it is impossible not to agree that many of the finest amateurs in the world play the game every evening at St. Andrews after a day of hard work at their various trades.

While at St. Andrews this year I picked up Harold Begbie's book on J. H. Taylor, many times champion of Great Britain and better than this a man of brains, heart, and character. I was greatly impressed with one paragraph in the book, in which he says: "The modern worker is ceasing to be an Englishman. He doesn't dance, he doesn't sing, he doesn't run, he doesn't jump, he doesn't wrestle, he doesn't box, and when he sees a ball he doesn't feel in his bones that it is his bounden duty either to hit it or kick it. He slouches through the leisure hours of his life with no hunger and thirst in his soul for the open air, the green fields, and the thrill of a game. He drinks because he is miserable, he smokes because there is nothing better to do, he backs horses because he must have some excitement to prevent him from committing suicide. . . . All this is clearly wrong. It is a state of things which cries aloud for reformation. England was never meant to be the stone prison of Englishmen, but their green playground. What, then, is the remedy? Access to the fields; opportunity for games. Every manufacturing city and every dark commercial town should be surrounded with playing fields. It should be cheap and easy for the workers of every congested centre to get away from their sunless streets and their sordid surroundings . . . where they can play cricket, football, tennis, croquet, bowls, rounders, and, the greatest of them all, golf."

And looking up from this sermon, worthy of the fine moral leader who uttered it, my eye fell upon the Old Course with old St. Andrews above it and all freely using it; and it seemed to me that never before in this world had I seen a sight so satisfying, a fact so democratic, an enjoyment so keen, innocent, and wholesome. There are many fine sermons which might be delivered on the blessings which must accrue to any people who possess the opportunity at their door to employ their leisure in a sport such as golf—playable, interesting, and healthful from one's earliest days to the last feeble hours of life.

St. Andrews sends her teachers of golf to all countries. Her tradesmen used to make and sell most of the balls and clubs used by golfers in all parts of the world. The Scotch professionals used to lay out our courses and keep our greens, both of which jobs, it must be said, they did very badly. Unlike old Tom Morris they were not accomplished green-keepers; but they did know how to play the game and some of them knew how to teach it. But the most remarkable thing about this most

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remarkable people and their even more remarkable game is that they "sold" it, as we Americans say, to all the world and have lived comfortably on the proceeds ever since—having at the same time their eighteen holes a day. Truly a remarkable people. But best of all, it seems to me, is the shrewd way they have chosen to finance their municipal golf-courses. Others pay the bill; and how this is managed is no less worthy of study than their excellent way of playing this baffling game.

The town owns the land and plays freely upon it, while the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, composed of about nine hundred members living all over the world, pays the cost of up-keep. It cares for the course, pays the green-keeper, supervises his work, regulates the play, and attends to all the other chores necessary for the maintenance of this public playground. It draws up its laws, renders its decisions, establishes the etiquette, and the smallest group in the smallest town at the end of the earth attends and obeys. The entire management of the public property is vested in the hands of the Green Committee, consisting of five members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and two persons nominated by the magistrates and town council of St. Andrews. In this manner have the Scotch combined the skill, training, care, and devotion of individual enthusiasts with the public ownership of one of the best bits of golfing terrain in the world.

There is not the slightest doubt that had not this combination of private initiative and public ownership been achieved, St. Andrews would never have become the "classic green" or "the shrine" of the entire world of golfers. It is true that that common would have been jealously guarded by the people, but the course would have long since been destroyed by rough usage and neglect. Indeed, that fate has threatened the old green many times in its history. Certainly the town council could never have become the high authority which is the pride of the club. It is possible that the game might have spread to other lands, but without the steadying hand of the Royal and Ancient it could not have become the greatest of all international games, played by millions of English-speaking people living in all parts of the world under the same rules of etiquette and the same laws of play. We Americans at least would have developed a manner of golf quite our own—as we have done in football and other sports—and international meetings would have been out of the question.

There is no other game quite like golf. In most other games the few play while the many watch. To sit with thousands and watch the battle of gladiators, the racing of horses, or the expert contests of professional athletes is often thrilling, but what do we gain in health and strength by such spectacles? Football, baseball, polo, hockey, basketball, boxing, field sports, are the games of youth. Croquet may be played throughout life but its appeal is limited. Golf is almost the only game which appeals to all ages. And such a game is needed to keep us all fit and happy; to draw us out of doors in all weather; to re-create us from day to day, and to wipe away the ravelled sleave of care. Doctor Mackenzie, the eminent British golf-course architect, was in his earlier days a brilliant surgeon. He is now fond of comforting himself with the thought that in laying out golf-courses he is doing far more for the health of the world than he could possibly have done in surgery. His present views are well expressed in the lines of Walt Whitman:

"Where the city of the faithfullest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands."

Much of this is perhaps beside my main point, but who could read that fine sermon of Taylor's and not try to thrust home the thought that all of us need good wholesome sport? And while it is true everywhere that men of wealth and inclination can easily have their golf, there are in America millions of people in middle life in our great cities and scattered in villages over the country who have need of golf and no chance whatever of playing it. Fortunately "Keep Off the Grass" is disappearing from our parklands; and while large tracts should be devoted to trees, flowers, and shrubbery,

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there are also many areas which should be used as playgrounds and golf-courses. Chicago leads the way and has, I believe, about thirty courses on public land. As a rule these public courses are administered by the park boards. In a few instances these municipal courses are well designed and well groomed, but in most cases the keeping of the green leaves much to be desired and the regulations governing the play are not enforced; so that only those who conceive of golf as a contest in strong language and a battle of interests find play under such conditions bearable.

In most cases the golf-courses on public land near our large cities would be greatly benefited if they were administered by groups of enthusiasts. Bearing all or most of the cost of up-keep and being keenly interested in the condition of the green, they surely would be more zealous and better fitted to get the best results both in regulating the play and in grooming the course. Moreover, they would be the ones to suffer most if the funds were wasted, the green ill-treated, and the order of play confused and deranged. Unfortunately we have not been very successful in our country in administering public works economically or efficiently; nor have we usually endeavored to persuade private citizens to give whole-heartedly of their time and talents to public service, as is so often the case abroad. In some forms of public ownership there may indeed be little gained by such an arrangement, but administering a common playground would seem to be an undertaking peculiarly fitted to arouse a co-operative spirit between the town and those most interested in the advancement of sport.

There can be no doubt that the smaller communities would derive the most benefit from the adoption of the St. Andrews plan. Golf is an expensive game unless the group desiring it can enlist a large following ready to share in the expense. Very often in small towns one finds a handful of devotees struggling desperately to maintain a course with altogether inadequate funds. With less than two hundred members it is almost impossible to raise sufficient funds to buy the land necessary, to build a course and clubhouse, and to maintain the green in good order. But if the town were to purchase the land and build the course it would in most cases be easy for a small group to keep it in excellent condition. A combination of private initiative and sustained interest with public ownership would seem to be necessary in most of the smaller communities if they are to have satisfying golf.

Certainly it is not to be expected that any one of our smaller towns will ever rival St. Andrews, but it is surely possible for almost every town of five thousand people to have its links for all to enjoy. Let the town buy the land—that can never be a loss—and construct the course, and permit the enthusiasts to form a club, maintain the green, and regulate the play. Have a committee chosen by the club and the town council draw up laws and regulations clearly defining the rights and privileges of all who use the course and their duties in properly caring for it. There are many clubs in Edinburgh which contribute to the up-keep of the municipal courses; some composed of professional men, others of business men, and still others of working men. As it happens, professional and business men are likely to use the courses in the early afternoon, while wage-earners must arrive late in the day except on holidays, which are often devoted to competitions which bring all classes in the town together. At Musselburgh and elsewhere some of these clubs have built their own houses for the use of their own members.

The most admirable feature of the Scotch system of administering their public courses lies in bringing all classes in the community together in their play. On the Links of Leith, the oldest of the public courses, which has been long since abandoned, "the greatest and the wisest were," we are told, "to be seen . . . mingling freely with the humblest mechanics in pursuit of their common and beloved amusement. All distinctions of rank were levelled by the joyous spirit of the game. Lords of sessions and cobblers, knights, baronets, and tailors might be seen contesting for the palms of superior dexterity, and vehemently, but good-humoredly, discussing moot points of the game as they arose in the course of

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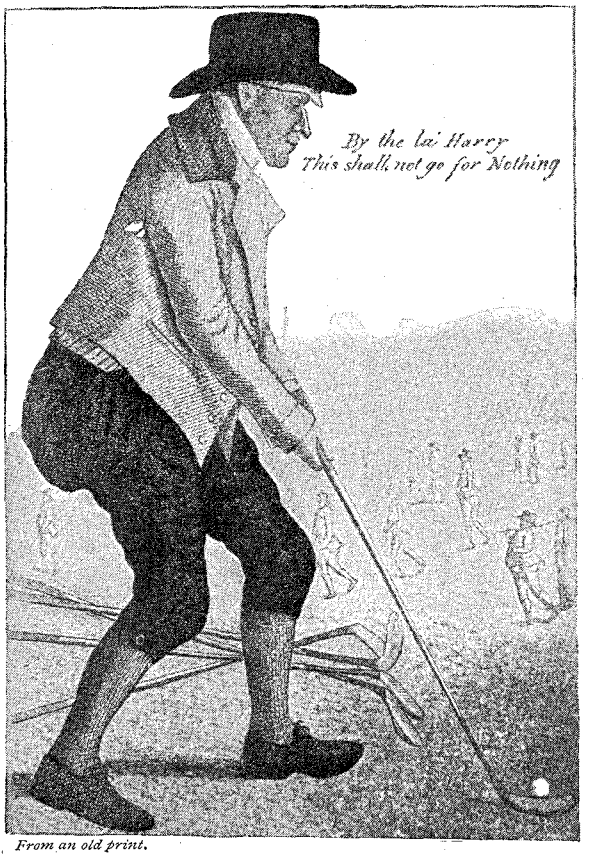
the play." Such was and still is the spirit of the royal and ancient game in Scotland, although the immense growth in recent years of private greens has to a large extent taken from the public links those who can afford to play elsewhere. However, even on many private courses artisans belonging to properly constituted clubs are sometimes allowed to play. How rarely do we find the same democratic spirit shown in America! We speak much of Americanizing our "lower classes," whatever that may mean. Perhaps a more concrete and practical plan would be to revive throughout all classes the spirit of democracy. And to do this, what better way could be found than to play together in the best of all games and to emulate the golfers who used to assemble on the Links of Leith? Should we then have any fear of class hatred and class conflict increasing amongst us?



From an old print.

Cock of the Green.

ALEXANDER MCKELLOW.

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When a Woman Is the Head

BY ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING
State Industrial Commissioner, Missouri, author of "Men Only"

A DEPUTY State inspector sat in the witness chair. His testimony as to the guards of a machine on which an employee had been injured would have its influence.

Questions were asked and answered, lawyers looked daggers at other lawyers, and finally this was hurled at the witness: "Who is at the head of this State Department of Industrial Inspection?"

The inspector told him.

"A woman!" shouted the lawyer. "Would you please tell me what this woman, or any woman, knows about machinery?"

This was objected to on the ground that the question was "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," asked for the sole purpose of prejudicing the jury, and should be stricken from the records.

The objection was sustained by the judge, who remarked: "The office of the head of the department is executive, not detail inspection."

I could have hugged that judge from gratitude.

There is nothing queerer under the sun than the way we look up to the male of the species. He did a good job of it when he quelled us in the old days—the days when might was right, and brute strength the one convincing argument.

I have ridden horseback since childhood. There wasn't a horse on the Ozark homestead where I was reared that was too wild for me. Narrow escapes only whetted my wish to try it some more. If there were no further worlds to conquer in the horse pasture, the calves and steers were always with us and were almost as much fun to train to the saddle.

But there is a certain man who, after years of association, still takes it for granted that I do not know how to guide my horse; how to select a path in the woods; how, in fact, to ride horseback. A husband, of course. And I find myself almost agreeing with him, even though, in the back of my head, I know that I do know how to ride horseback. But I am looking up to the male, a throw-back to the time when there was no other choice for the woman.

In a large city a Woman's Safe Drivers' School was put on by the city's safety council as a part of its programme. Just why this safety council did not put on a school for men was not discussed by the officials. A woman pupil, however, explained: "It is because the men already know all about a car," she said. "They don't have to learn. They just know." She was serious.

One of the most successful editors of a country newspaper that I know is a woman. She is responsible for the launching of more public enterprises than any other citizen in her county. There are the tourists' hotel, a new theatre, and two parks, and such breath-taking community things for village and county as community singing and a revival of the rural dance with the fathers and mothers taking the initiative as instructors to the youngsters.

Delicately this woman-editor begins a campaign. She mentions in her columns what such and such a thing has done for certain towns, and what it might do for others, her own, for instance. This is continued from time to time, cautiously, until finally one of the live-wires of the village, a leading man-citizen, accepts the idea as his own and gets back of it. It is put over and the leading citizen is covered with glory. The woman-editor gives him entire credit. Of course. Everybody knows that no woman would ever have thought of it.

The opposition voiced by the lawyer is a thing I have met from the date of my first appointment in 1921—the contention that, since I was not a mechanical expert,

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it followed, of course, that I was not qualified to hold a position as head of a State department that inspected and safeguarded machinery. This set me looking for a precedent. If I was the first non-machinist to hold this position, I wanted to know the why and wherefore of it. I investigated.

The department came into being twenty-five years ago and, so far as I could discover, there was only once in its history that a machinist was at its head, and nothing happened under his administration to make it outstanding. He was forgotten at the end of his term, just as many another office-holder does his bit, steps out, and is forgotten. But here is the difference: For ages and ages we have taken it for granted that the man knows everything, and, by the same token, that the woman knows nothing.

Nobody asked or cared whether the men at the head of the department had been machinists. It wasn't until a woman was given the job that a great wave of self-righteousness welled up and ran over. This department for the safeguarding of human lives should be properly administered, so it should! And of course no woman could do it.

It is possible that Henry Ford does not know everything about the minute manufacture of every part of his product. Maybe he doesn't even know everything about the assembling of the parts after they are manufactured. But he has somebody in his employ that does. He is an executive.

It is said of Andrew Carnegie that his success was due to his ability to select the right people for the right jobs. There are many miniature Carnegies in the world—some of whom could easily be women. And there are many that have not his powers of discrimination; some of whom could easily be men. Leadership, or executive ability, is not a matter of sex.

When the governor of my State appointed me in 1921 to head the State Industrial Inspection Department, I gave two reasons to my friends as a basis for my wish to succeed with a plus mark.

One of these reasons, I said, was because it hadn't happened often—a woman at the head of a State department as its executive. And for the sake of other women I did not dare to do anything but succeed.

The other was because the old, old idea that a political appointment is merely something to get by with and draw a salary on, means nothing but obtaining money under false pretenses and should be listed with other crimes.

The Missouri Industrial Inspection Department is charged by law with the inspection of just about everything there is in the way of trade and industry, and then, at the end of the long list, in order to be perfectly sure that nothing was omitted, the lawmakers added, "and all other manufacturing, mechanical, and mercantile establishments and workshops."

It's a big order. It means being everlastingly on the job day and night and between times, and while this may seem at times something of a hardship, still it saves the job from monotony and gives us the exhilaration one finds in combating difficulties and triumphing over them.

The city of St. Louis would be a good peg on which to hang a few remarks, because something is always going on in a large city.

One of the rules of the department under its present management is that no report is too small for our attention. And we have learned to respect anonymous complaints. Some of our best information has come to us unsigned. The strict confidence with which we guard these reports is not always known to the complainant. He is not sure, therefore, that a signed statement would not mean a lost job. Consequently, contrary to the generally accepted idea about anonymous letters, this department has learned to take note of them.

Another rule is that no hour in the twenty-four is so sacred that we may not be called upon. An evening with a restful beginning may turn out to have a strenuous ending. Slippers and gown may be changed to street clothes at a moment's notice if a night investigation has become necessary, and an inspector, all dressed up for an evening out, waits a moment if he hears the telephone, to see whether he must get into his work clothes for a couple of hours' night inspection.

There is no let-up. Just as we think

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we have things nailed and clinched in one direction, something bobs up from another. When we are sure that everything is snug in the industries, somebody is killed on an unguarded machine. Maybe the inspector for that territory had just given this plant a certificate marked "lawful." And here is where a very large story could be written that I shall not now attempt. But when an employer is willing and eager to have his factory made safe—and makes it so—and a careless employee removes a guard and fails to replace it and is hurt or killed, whose fault is it?

We seek, always, to save the eyes of employees working where the eyes are endangered. But if an employee refuses to make use of the protection his employer offers him, and is made blind, just who is to blame?

As head of a State department, my work must be as nearly perfect as possible because of the critical attitude toward women in positions hitherto occupied by men. Usually a woman must work for less money and she must always do her work better. Also she must do more of it. To be counted as silver, a woman must be gold, while man needs only to be pewter.

A man takes a vacation to hold his job, while a woman stays on hers to keep it. Everybody sympathizes with the tired man, and should. Of course, he needs a rest. But to let it be surmised that a woman needs a vacation is frequently to invite the criticism that the strain of her position is too much for her and a strong, rest-requiring man is put in her place.

Nobody knows better than we women of the hills just how necessary it is that men have their rest. We go with them to the fields. At noontime we come in when they do and prepare the midday meal while they relax in the shade. They relax again while we wash the dishes, until we are ready to return with them to the field. When we finally give up the struggle, there is always another woman ready to step into our shoes and stepmother our children.

The age-old custom of accepting man's self-made dominance has made a change in any part of his programme a dire sacrilege. The opposing party had been in power in Missouri for many years prior to 1920. This necessitated a complete change in department personnel. I had some ideas of my own for the reorganization process, which made it doubly difficult. Men have established certain precedents and any departure from the old ways is looked upon coldly. I found that some of the most insistent applicants for department deputyships, backed by the most influential party persons, were frequently the least able.

I had declared that ability must count, that party must not be the only recommendation, and I am partisan. I know that the party in power is held responsible for whatever happens. Its own adherents, therefore, should have the places. I realized that outstanding party service should, and must, be recognized. Yet I did not believe it my duty to give a grocery clerk a position requiring a technical knowledge of, say, machinery or of methods for the elimination of occupational diseases, merely because he had delivered his precinct in the election. There were other places the clerk could fill while there were other applicants better fitted for my own department. This determination saved me from a set of incompetents, usually appointed that a few persons might pay some political debts by getting jobs for friends' friends, and saved the department from a repetition of its past abuses.

It merely was the idea of keeping round pegs out of square holes, and while there was opposition to the belief that it could be applied to a political job, still it has come about that it could.

I was given a great deal of advice those first days. One old-timer was fearful lest I take my job too seriously. "That's the trouble with you women," he said. "You're too serious. Entirely too serious."

"Well," I said, "maybe there is something wrong with our sense of humor. Undeveloped, possibly; for somehow we are not able to see the joke of it anywhere along the road, from keeping the home safe and the children in school, in making one penny do the work of three, in sending the bread-winner, heartened, to his work (or, under stress of circumstances, winning the bread ourselves), to going to

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the polls and holding public office. Of course we're serious. And since it is feared that we are too much so, it is the surest thing in the world that we are not."

Another came to me with this advice: "There are several ways of looking at it," he told me. "Mostly there isn't so very much expected of an appointed public official to a political job. It is generally looked upon as a 'plum' for which nothing is expected in return. The public has been imposed upon and disappointed too often to build up hopes. You can spend your time splurging around and making a stir, or you can just peg away and be so busy doing a good job of your job that you won't have time to tell so very much about what you're doing—and when it's all over nobody will care a darn."

Some very odd and interesting things have been said to me. I have in mind an earnest young man who thought to pay me a compliment. I was in the midst of a lengthy document—an opinion from the attorney-general—extracting the meat of it to incorporate in letters to our other departmental offices. "Ah," said the young man, to attract my attention. "I see you have a man's power of concentration."

I thought of Doctor Anna Shaw. Once, when on a suffrage speaking-tour, Doctor Shaw was introduced by a man who, wishing to be gallant, said: "This is a woman with a man's brain." Doctor Shaw responded by asking that the man be produced—the man whose brain she had got. She wished to meet him.

All the old prejudices have been given expression in one way or another. The incident of my first confirmation by the State Senate will serve as an example. An irreconcilable member was determinedly opposing my confirmation. When pressed for reasons he said many things, one of which was that the women of the department were dissatisfied and unhappy in their work. The girls in my office wrote to him, but they could have saved their time and postage. They were women and everybody knew that women never know what they want. It was perfectly plain that women could not work for women. They wanted men bosses, women did.

Right here might be the time and the place to say a word for the "woman boss." I have known several and I am convinced that there are as many good employers among women according to their number as there are among men. I have talked with women and men who have worked for both women and men and have been told by them that in some ways the woman boss has the "edge" over the man. For one thing, they say that she is largely free from the peculiar "boss habits" of grouchiness and impatience, and that just because things might have gone wrong somewhere, she does not "take it out" on her employees. During a long business experience of my own I served two periods, one each, under the personal direction of two persons I considered intolerable. One was a woman; the other a man.

Finally, when the irreconcilable Upper House member went to the committee to protest, his real reason came out, and somehow got into the papers. He didn't want "no woman" at the head of a State department. It wasn't no place for her. It was a man's job, in a man's "rellum." If the governor was so remiss as to appoint her, then it was plainly the duty of the State Senate to oust her, and a rooter for the man to be put in when I was put out, agreed, and added that there wasn't no room for women in politics, nohow. It was all "took up." Let these man-haters stay at home and wash their old man's dishes.

"Man-hater" was the last word in the rooter's vocabulary of contempt for women in public places. By an interesting coincidence I learned a day later why the job of dish-washing was on his mind. His wife bought her "old man's" tobacco and paid for his meals, washing dishes in a restaurant.

Sometimes a man's former job cements his ideas about places for women. If political honors chance to overtake, say, a gambler or saloon-keeper, as they sometimes do, it is easy to see how he could carry with him the idea of man's own "rellum."

But as for man's distinctive jobs, just what are they? And why do men make such a fuss about them at times, and at others why are they strangely silent? Again the women of the hills may speak

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up. Often we have seen women holding jobs supposed to be men's without a word of remonstrance. Nobody has ever wrested a hoe from our hands and sent us in from the fields, demanding that we let men's jobs alone. And if we chop the wood and build the fires nobody ever suggests that we are "out of place."

The idea that men's and women's jobs should be separated, specified, and catalogued gets us into terribly deep water sometimes. Women do not believe that the Creator gives Grade A in brain-matter to men just because they happen to be born male, and they do not believe that women are given Grade B just because they are born into the other sex. And if conditions send women out to seek a place in business, the professions, politics, or other callings, all they want is an even chance. We wish to work with the men; not against them.

We are willing, even, to look up to men in a certain sense; in several senses. But in doing so we do not wish to jeopardize equality of position. We wish, above much else, to work with men as equals.

If we are different in some of our methods, the man and the woman, the race can go much farther if we complement each other by working together, each profiting by the distinct qualities of the other. If a man is puzzling over a situation, reasoning, obtusely, all around it, and a woman cuts the corners, crosses the lot, and gets the answer, we don't want her prosecuted for walking on the grass. We just want the man to be glad that the problem is solved.

Politics, the last citadel to open the door an inch or so, is probably the most unrelenting. Indeed, the greatest political crime of to-day is not greed nor graft. It isn't buying an election. It isn't cutting a friend's throat if it may mean a boost for one's self. It isn't ingratitude. It isn't any of these things. The greatest political crime of to-day is being a woman with ability and a wish to serve and get somewhere, honestly, in politics.

When the "rooter" declared that all the room in politics was "took up," I told him maybe all that was needed was a few more chairs.

In 1920 my party's State convention was held in Kansas City. Women were to vote in November and were delegates to this State convention. And, what was more, women delegates were to be selected to attend the National convention at Chicago!

Horrors!

Also women delegates-at-large!

Horrors again! Also impossible. There just wouldn't be room for them. Chicago simply couldn't take care of so many people.

But Missouri was game. She would send 'em along, even to the two women delegates-at-large. If they had to sit on the doorstep, they could blame themselves. They had been amply warned.

I had the honor to be one of our first two women delegates-at-large.

"Why," I said in surprise to a man leader of the Missouri delegation when we were assembled on that memorable occasion that nominated Warren G. Harding: "Why, there seems to be plenty of room." I had fully expected to have to stand in the convention hall if I were so fortunate as to get by the doorkeepers. "How did you manage it?" I continued. "We don't seem so crowded."

"Not so much," he said grudgingly. "Not so much. We just put in a few more chairs."

Well, chairs are being manufactured every day.

If any one thing has contributed more than any one other to the success of my administration of this State department, it has been our policy of absolute fairness. Contrary to the old belief that the woman's position in life has been such as to render her easily prejudiced and unable to see more than one side of a question, the opposite is true. The nature of her duties throughout the ages as the rearer of the young has given her a peculiar sense of justice. As umpire of her charges, she has acquired a fairness of perspective.

Persons coming to us for special grants of favor have discovered that there is no such thing as "getting by" because they had done so before or because of social or political "pull." The big law-breaker looks as little to us as the smallest of the small. We can't see a particle of difference.

"By jimminy!" exclaimed one of the

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larger ones. "By jimminy! I was afraid all along that women would act like this if we ever let 'em into things. They're too all-fired particular. Think you're cleaning house, don't you?"

"No," I said. "I'm just keeping house. Good housekeepers go along keeping things right every day. That's what I'm trying to do."

But with all our strict enforcement policy, we have not been quick to prosecute. In my five years of service we have gone to court on only a very few cases. It might have been easier in some ways if we had done it oftener, for this peaceful process has meant real work. It has meant countless conferences with or without legal talent other than my own interpretation of departmental law. But we have felt each and every time that it paid for the labor of it in the better understanding it invariably has brought about between the employer and the employee. The fact that the department has been frequently cited over the State as "a concrete example of law enforcement" has encouraged us to believe that our peaceful-process plan has worked in the right direction.

And I have had so much keen enjoyment being so busy that I couldn't "splurge around," that I haven't lost any sleep as to whether people are going to care.

In a Forest

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

An orchestra with harps of gold
Makes music in this forest old:
I hear, from dewy hill-hung firs,
Dim melodies of dulcimers;
The regal cardinalis tall
Carols a scarlet madrigal;
The trumpets of the hidden stream
Are silver horns heard in a dream;
The wind's soft wand of lyric fire
Touches the copse into a choir;
The vireo 'mid the bloomy sprays
Fingers the flute Titania plays:—
Such melody, surpassing art,
Brings deepest silence to my heart.

Then comes a quiet to the wood,
As if it uttered solitude.
Demurely down the silent glade
Shimmers the reticence of shade;
Bright hauteurs virginally gleam
From cloistered oaks, from soundless stream;
A wild forsaken beauty shines
About the hushed momentous pines;
I did not dream that there could be
Such stillness of felicity.
The forest glimmers, mystic, mute,—
A veiled enchantress. . . . There's no lute,
No harp, no cymbal, and no singing,—
But in my heart wild bells are ringing.

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The statue of Gustav Vasa.

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The Northern Museum.

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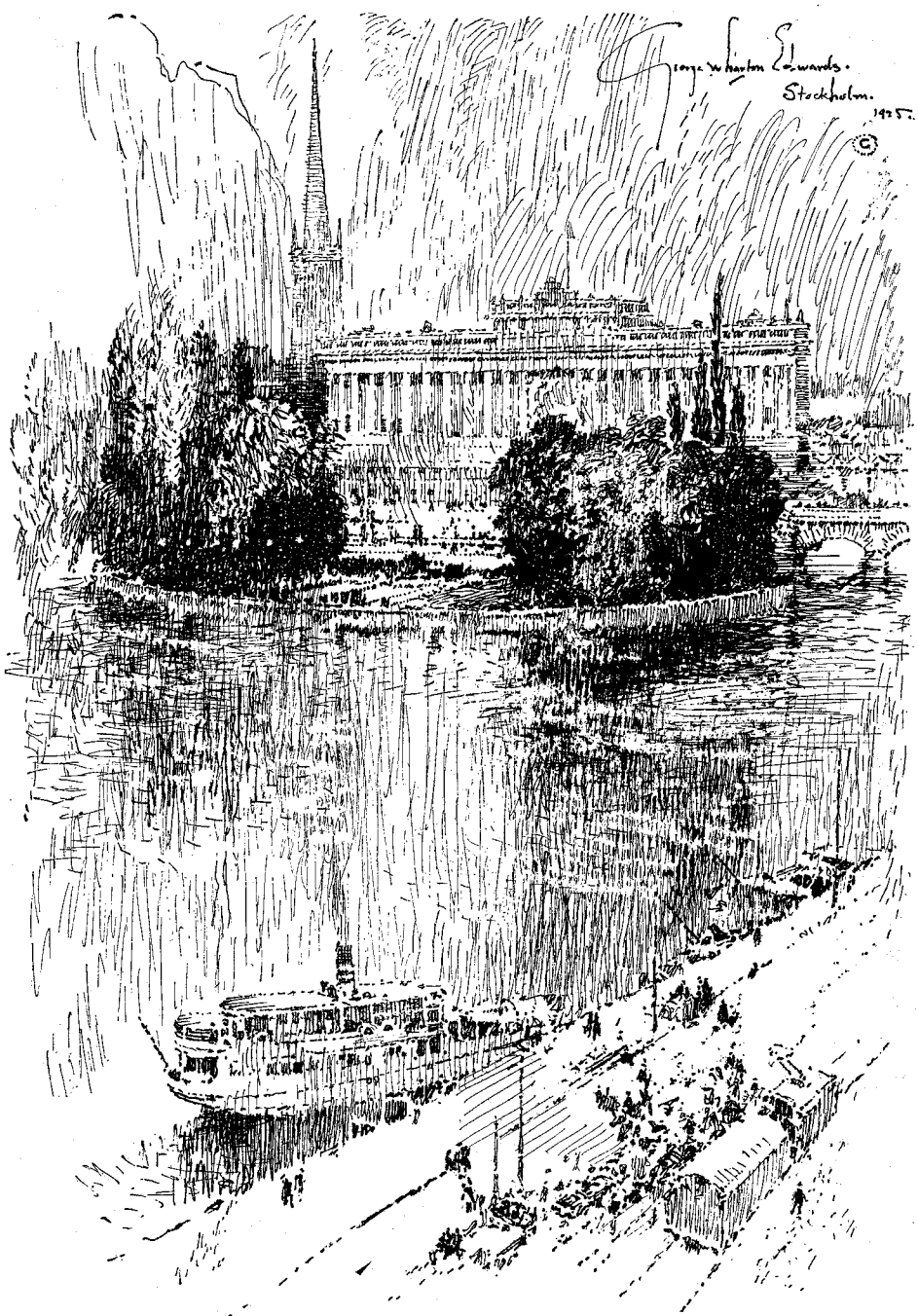

House of Parliament.

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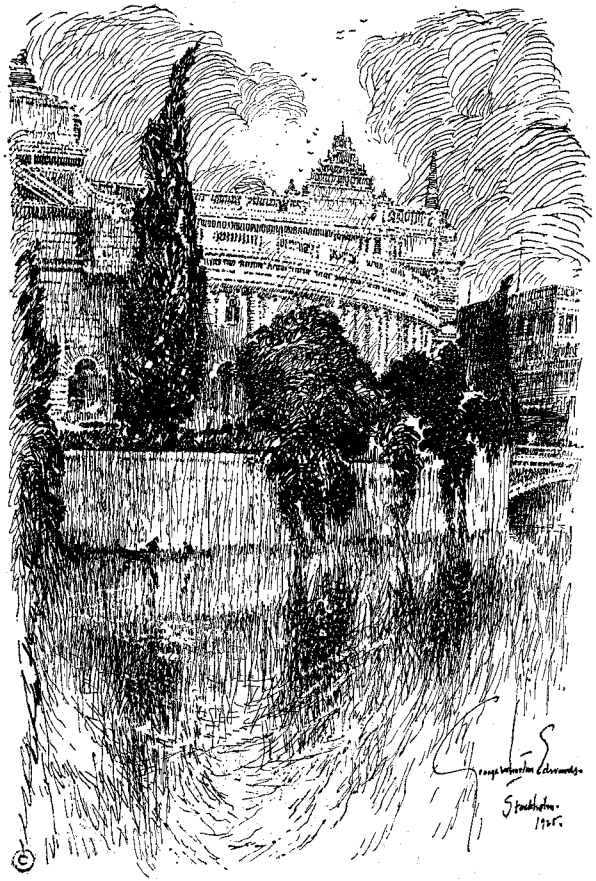
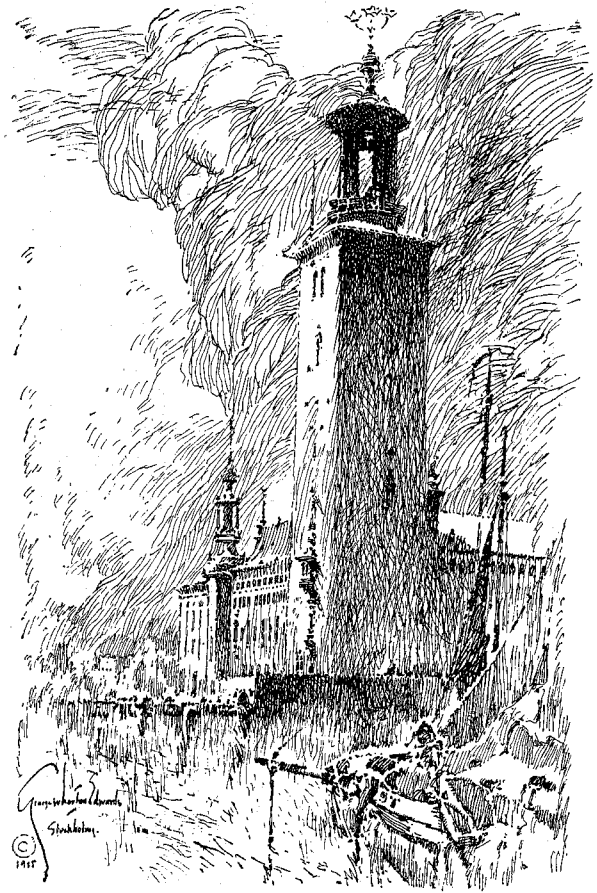


Helgeansholmen, The Norrström.



The monumental City Hall.

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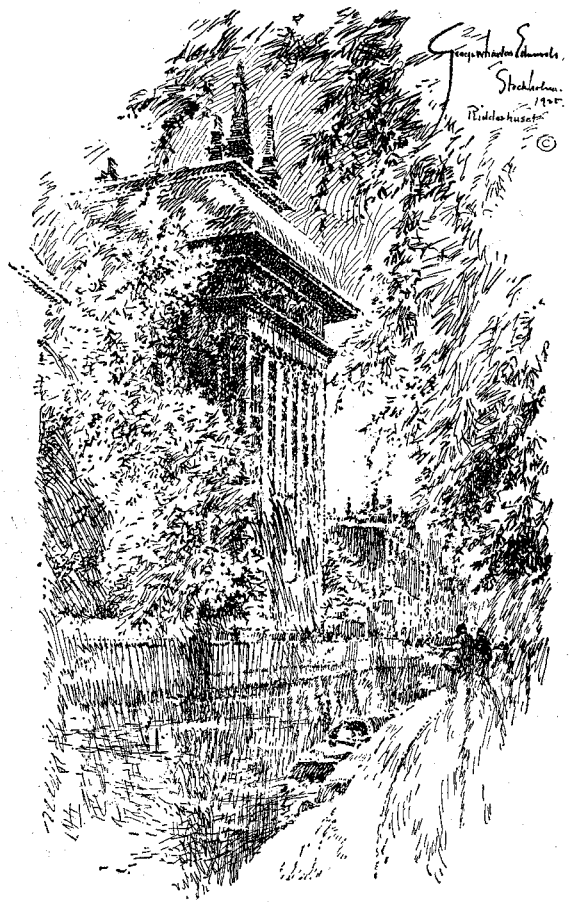

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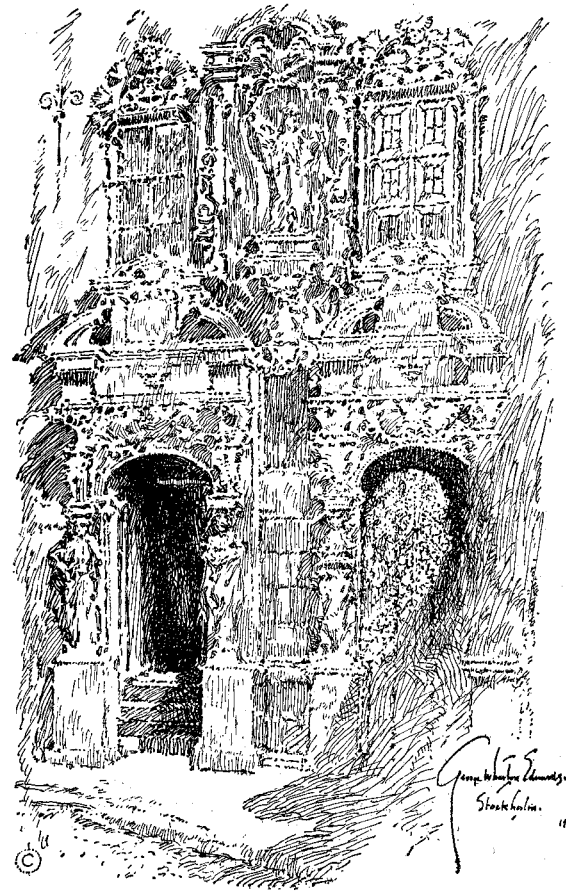

Doorways in
the old town.

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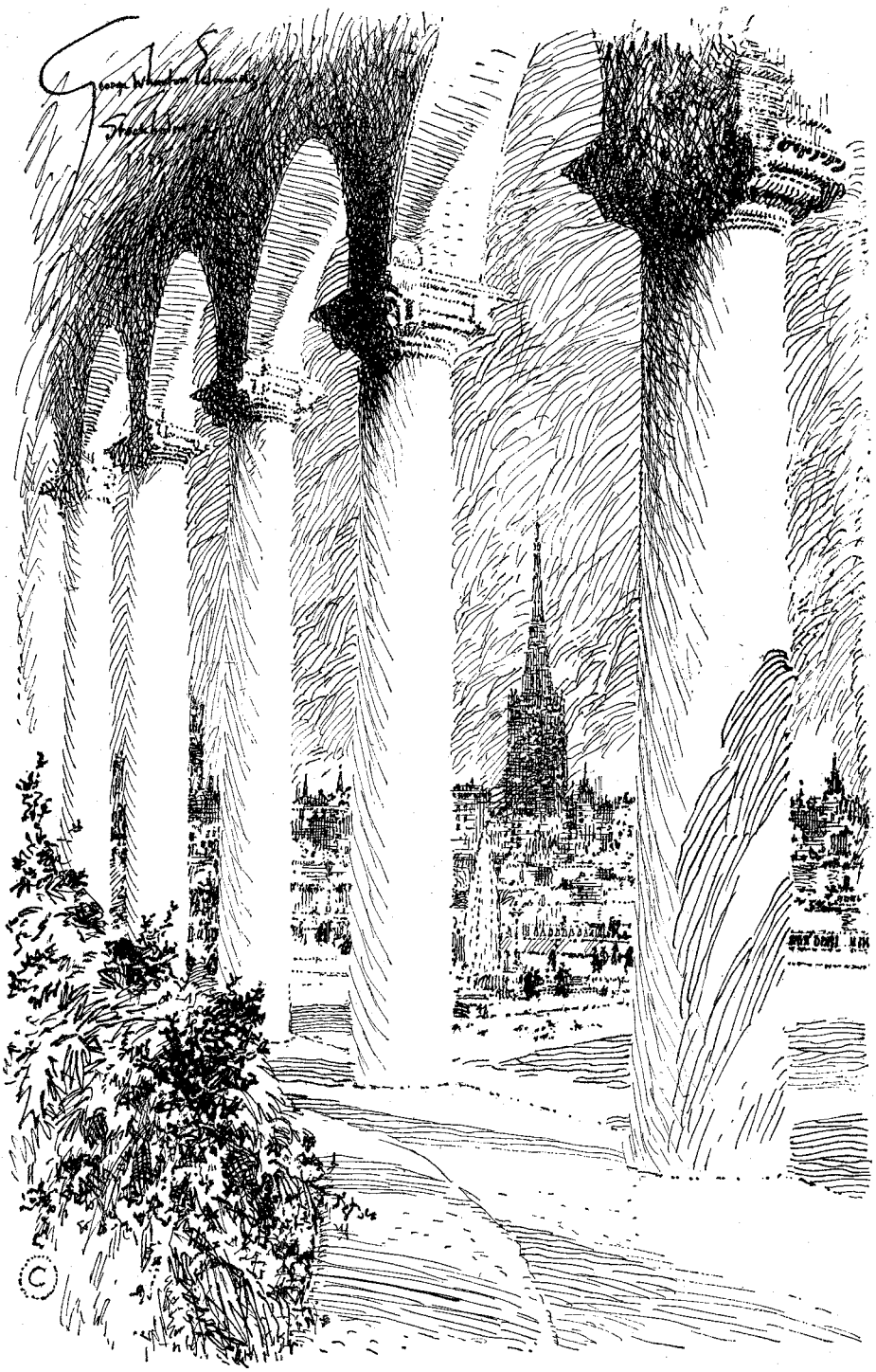

From the arcade of the Town Hall.

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Daughters

BY McCREADY HUSTON
Author of "Wrath," "Dottie," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED CEIKE

ALEXANDER STUART soon discovered that apartments in Pittsburgh were much more costly than the rentals he had written into some imaginary budgets as he rode back on the train from Albion, where he had asked Mildred Tennant to marry him.

He was doing well with the Mammoth Steel Company. His salary was, or had been, adequate; and he had, he knew, a prospect of some day being superintendent of the fuel department. He had read somewhere that a man should not put more than one-fourth of his income into rent. That was a sensible proportion, he admitted; and it had enabled him to work out a satisfactory budget, one that would permit him, theoretically, to marry Mildred.

When he began, however, to pursue the addresses on a newspaper renting-list around the city, he found without delay that the ideal budget was meant for somebody else's salary. A fourth of his income would get practically nothing in the kind of apartment he wanted for Mildred. He did find a number of small suites in less desirable streets for fifty per cent of his salary, but for the one-fourth permitted by the efficiency experts he could find only what his sensitive nature instantly rejected.

Stuart was twenty-four, two years out of Adams and Hamilton College. From commencement he had gone to Pittsburgh, had asked the Mammoth Steel Company for a job, and had gotten it. He had not tried to pull wires, though his family was not without influence. He was not only willing to take what he could get but he wanted to begin and continue on his own. He was that kind of boy.

Stuart was not analytical. He actually liked coal and coke; the handling, hoisting, crushing, and baking in the long rows of beehive and by-product ovens. He liked the contacts with the gangs of Slavic laborers and furnace-tenders; he even liked the noise, heat, confusion, and dirt, and they helped him enjoy by contrast the fun his salary permitted him to find around the town. He intended to stay with Mammoth, save his money, and be promoted. He was content with his present and his future.

He did not quarrel with his situation even when his salary was cut during a temporary slump in business; he knew that the company's practice was to reduce when times were dull and advance when they were good. He knew he would have to work hard, obey orders, and make himself a part of the system; but he was ready to do that. He had his feet on the ground. Stuart was healthy and happy; and, until he met Mildred, he did not know that an economic problem or a housing shortage existed. It was when he decided that she was the girl he had been waiting for without realizing it, that he began to learn a number of things.

He had met her at a resort hotel on top of the Alleghany Mountains. She was driving home to Illinois with her parents after an Eastern visit and had stopped off to stay a week-end with a school acquaintance. Stuart was one of the dancing boys who happened to be there; and before the evening was over he decided that she was different from the other girls he knew.

By falling on Monday, Independence Day enabled him to travel the six hundred miles westward to see her in her home. Two or three letters and then a telegram had gone before; and so, on a Sunday evening, he found himself at the wheel of one of the Tennant cars, rolling

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over a smooth country road toward a lake Mildred knew about. The fact that he was answerable only to himself and to his old uncle, Randolph Duncan, of Washington, simplified the situation for him. If his parents had been living he would have felt obliged to have Mildred know them, for that was the way things were done among his people; but because he was used to making his own choices and his own decisions, he could stop the car at the top of a little rise overlooking the moonlit waters of Lake Christian and say, briefly, what was in his mind.

About it was a charm of directness and simplicity that Midgie Tennant found different from the appeal of her other proposals; and, because she had been thinking along the same lines as Alex ever since that evening at the woodland resort in the Alleghanies, she was not unready when he kissed her. She was, however, unready when he made a gesture toward starting the automobile again. And so they were engaged.

To Stuart it was all very simple. Ahead there was frugality; perhaps a kind of privation. He understood that. He did not know that Henry Tennant was a rich man; he had not even thought about it. All he had thought about was the marvellous bluish darkness of Midgie's hair and the astonishing way she had of knowing things without being told. That being engaged, getting married, and going to housekeeping might not be a simple process did not occur to him.

When he pointed the car toward town he said he would try to see her father that night so that when he left early next day —for he had to be back in the coke-yards in Pittsburgh on Tuesday—he could have the final hours with her. He wanted everything settled. Mr. Tennant could look him up, he said; and he would go back to his job and begin to save as much money as possible. Maybe, he said, they could be married in the fall. What did Midgie think? He did not expect to hear her say:

"Father will probably want us to live here in Albion after we are married. He insisted on Bertha and her husband staying here."

Stuart was taken aback; but because he was in love the suggestion did not strike him forcibly enough to alter his original view.

"Oh, that's natural," he responded; "I can understand that. But when I explain my prospects he'll see that I can take care of you."

"It isn't that; it isn't that he will think you can't take care of me, Alex. He will think only of my leaving. He wants me to stay here."

The other frowned; but still he did not let Mildred's fear change his view. She was to be his wife, so she would go with him, no matter if he went to Siam. The idea of staying in Albion after their marriage was preposterous. A man who was getting ahead with the Mammoth Steel Company could not consider that.

But when he found Henry Tennant sitting on the front porch of his rambling frame house in Oak Street, he discovered that the idea was not preposterous. He went straight to the subject; that was the Adams and Hamilton training, his contact with the steel men, and perhaps something from his father and mother; it gave him respectful yet unhesitating directness.

"I want to marry Mildred, Mr. Tennant," he began. "I'm getting back to Pittsburgh to-morrow, so I don't have much time. I thought I'd better ask you to-night."

Mr. Tennant fumbled at the breast pocket of his alpaca coat and handed Stuart a dry, pale cigar. "Sit down," he said. When Alex had pulled one of the porch rockers up to the railing Tennant went on:

"It's all right. If Midgie likes you, that's all there is to it. My wife and I didn't stand in Bertha's way when she and Edgar got married and we don't intend to stand in Midgie's."

"Thank you, Mr. Tennant," said Alex warmly, visibly relieved. "You don't know me, of course; but I'll give you some references and you can look them up at your leisure."

"I guess that won't be necessary. Midgie don't make mistakes in people. And when you're ready we'll see what we can do. We'll see about building a house for you here." He was looking off across the lawn, speaking without inflection, seeming to lack interest in the subject.

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"A house?" Stuart rose, looking down at the figure slumped in the wicker chair.

"Why, yes; you'll need a house. I don't hold with young couples going in with the old folks."

All he had thought about was the marvellous bluish darkness of Midgie's hair . . .—Page 602.

"But that will not be necessary, sir. You see, I am with a steel company in Pittsburgh, I am learning the business. I shall rent a flat and we shall live there."

This was followed by silence while Henry Tennant smoked, his eyes half closed and his flexible straw hat tilted forward.

"Well," he drawled presently. "There's no hurry. Maybe you and Midgie will decide to stay here. There's that lot next door; I own that. We can put a house on it in three months. Maybe you'll come into the stove works."

Stuart hesitated. Conscious of Mildred waiting around the corner of the house, he shrank from forcing the issue. There seemed to be nothing else to say unless he desired to anger Mr. Tennant; so, somewhat confused, he murmured an excuse and hastened away into the darkness.

Alone, Tennant studied the inviting summer night. Across there was the

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white-and-green cottage of his elder daughter, Bertha, who had married Edgar Poe Fox. Between it and the old home was a wide, fine lot, now turned into a lawn, shaded by a half dozen oaks and some maples. That was where he intended that Midgie's home should stand. Her husband, whoever he might be, Tennant pictured in the family business, as Bertha's husband was. That business was the Tennant Stove and Range Works, the low buildings of which one passed when rolling into Albion from the east.

Since the beginning of the century, Henry Tennant had been a rich man. Born in Pennsylvania, he had been taken west by an opportunity-seeking father, who had chosen Albion from reports that had found their way back from a remote cousin who had settled there. Starting to make stoves in the eighties, the Tennants, first the father and later the father and son, had weathered the periods of business stress, and in the days of cheap labor and materials which followed the panic of 1893 had gotten their first taste of money in large quantities and had liked it.

As the business grew and Henry Tennant's holdings in land and buildings increased, his sense of power grew in proportion. By the time his two children, Bertha and Mildred, were in their teens, he had definite plans for them and the ordering of their lives. His great regret was that he had no son; and as he pondered through the years upon this grievous lack—always grievous where there is property—he became without knowing it almost inflexible where his daughters were concerned.

Henry Tennant had no intention of permitting Mildred to go to Pittsburgh and there undertake a poverty-struck struggle in a flat. This young man, he saw, had not understood that. Midgie would have to explain it to him. His mind had been caught by the burr of a suggestion from an English item in the papers—a case of a man taking the woman's name upon marriage. As he sat there in the darkness he wondered how this Alexander Stuart would take to the idea of becoming the succeeding Tennant. He got up and sought his wife in their cool, spacious room overlooking Oak Street.

Standing in the doorway, contemplating his wife, who was seated at a dressing-table, he said:

"When this young man gets home tell Midgie to write to him and tell him we'll make a good place for him in the works. We'll build them a house and give him two hundred a month to start."

Marilla Tennant put down her hair brush and faced her husband.

"He's a fine boy. I think he'll do well by Midgie. Did he tell you about the fine place he's got in that steel-mill in Pittsburgh?"

"Yes; but we'll do better than that here. We'll build them a house next door. I'll see Jennings about figures on it tomorrow."

"How do you know he'll be willing to come here to live, Henry? Did you ask him?"

"No; but I gave him a hint about what I'd do. It's a good chance for a young fellow. We'll give him a job and a house; maybe we'll give him a car too. Of course, the title'd be in Midgie's name."

"Then you'll have to give Bertha and Edgar a car, too."

"Not if Edgar don't treat me better. He's not grateful for all I've done for him. This young fellow's different. I'd like to get him to change his name to Tennant if he married Midgie. He's an orphan, I understand."

Mrs. Tennant stood up, taking hold of the top of her dressing-table for support.

"Do you mean to tell me you'd ask that boy to give up his name when he comes into the family?" In all her years with Henry Tennant she had never heard a suggestion as cruelly selfish. Yet, as she stood there looking at him, she realized that it was not out of character.

"Why, yes," said her husband; "it's done sometimes."

It was late in July that Alexander Stuart found at his furnished room in Pittsburgh the letter predicted by that first interview with Henry Tennant.

"Father wants us to live here," Mildred wrote, "and we'll have to agree. He has always intended that Bertha and I should live close to him. It's all mixed up some way with not having any son to in-

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herit the business. Bertha and her husband, as you know, are living in the house father built and furnished for them and Edgar is in the office. Father will build us a nice house, furnish it, and give us a car; best he could do was a hundred dollars a month for five rooms, over a third of his income. For fifty dollars—a sum he could afford—he could get three rooms on a street not quite so good. That ex-

". . . Midgie don't make mistakes in people. And when you're ready we'll see what we can do."—Page 602.

and he says to tell you there will be a good place for you in the stove works; two hundred a month to start on. If we let him know now he can let the contract for the house so it will be done this fall."

Stuart put his feet on the boarding-house porch-railing and gazed down the dusty, hot street. He had been out canvassing the vacant flats in the East End and he was tired and exasperated. He had found all the vacant apartments too high and too far from his work. The pressed his situation. After the wearing, discouraging tour the picture presented by Mildred was alluring. Here was a home of his own, furnished; here was a car, a good job, an assured future, all offered as an accompaniment of the girl he desired. They were her dowry, all ready for the taking. Compared with a five-room flat costing a hundred dollars a month and located seven miles from the mills on uncertain street-car lines, Midgie's proposal offered no choice. There

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was only one objection to that choice; only one thing sticking in the back of his consciousness. He wanted to stay with the Mammoth Steel Company. He wanted to learn from Holiday, his chief, that he was a good steel man.

He put the letter away and sat long into the evening on the deserted porch; and the thing that finally came to him as he sat there was that he could not decide until he had talked to Holiday. Holiday had been his friend; he had a right to confidence. So he went to bed and dreamed of a green-and-white cottage with a car of his own standing at the curb, miraculously across the street from the coke yards of the Mammoth Steel Company. And the next day he sought Holiday in the crude, dusty mill-office, squat among many railroad-tracks.

The chief looked up from his desk. "Ten minutes?" he inquired. "Company business or private?"

"A little of both, sir."

"I make it a rule never to advise young fellows about their personal affairs. Their minds usually are made up before they ask and what they are really looking for is not advice but moral support for what they want to do."

"My mind is not made up; I really want advice."

"Well, go ahead." The chief leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. He liked this young Stuart, who had come into the mills from a commencement at Holiday's own college, and who had been willing to take the pummelling of the fuel department for the sake of getting a foothold in steel.

"I'm going to get married," Stuart began.

"Good." Holiday's comment was obviously sincere.

"Yes, sir; that's what I think; and I should not have come to you just about that——"

"Good again."

"Thank you. But here's the point. My fiancée's father wants us to live near him, in the same town, out in Illinois. He has offered to build us a house there."

"What's a house?" snapped Holiday. "You can get your own house."

"That's true; but he has offered me a place in his business."

"Do you mean a share in his business or a job?"

"Well, I guess it's really a job. He will give us an automobile, too."

"Will this girl, when you marry her, be your wife or his daughter?"

"Why, both, I suppose." Stuart by this time was standing rather uncomfortably under Holiday's examination.

"No; right there you are wrong. She will be one or the other but she won't be both; and if she persuades you to do this she will likely continue to be his daughter. What is the father's business?"

"He runs an iron-stove works."

"How many stoves does he make in a year? How big is his plant? What kind of a selling organization does he have? Is it a corporation or his private affair?"

"I can't say, sir. I haven't investigated it."

"I thought not; yet you come to me for advice and show me that you are entertaining the idea of joining your future with a concern you know nothing about. Stuart, why did you come to us and ask us for a job?"

Stuart looked away. He saw he was trapped.

"I see your point," he admitted honestly. "I came to you because I knew Mammoth was a good concern to work for."

"Exactly; and now, at a time when you are thinking of doubling your responsibility by marrying, you are considering leaving us and going with an enterprise that is practically unknown to you. Here we pay you a salary that is high for your years and we are able to increase it as you become more useful to us. You may be superintendent of your department; you may be president of the company; there is nothing to hinder. Suppose that after you are with this stove works for a year, business falls off and the company fails; where are you then, with your additional burdens?"

Alex replied sharply to that. He felt that Holiday was being too hard on Midgie's people.

"It isn't likely that Mr. Tennant would let me come in if there was any chance of a failure."

Holiday leaned forward and pointed a thick, strong finger at him, his eyes full of meaning.

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"Stuart," he said, "never forget that no man can tell whether his business will fail or not. Success often depends on factors beyond his control. Even Mammoth may fail. The chances are against it, but it may. And why are the chances against failure here? Because we train young men into it, to run it on sound lines; men like you."

"If you decide you want me, wire or write that you will come there."—Page 611.

Alex moved uncertainly toward the door, feeling that the interview was over. Holiday followed him with his voice:

"I can't ask you to stay with us. I can't promise that if you do stay you will ever get a dollar more. If business falls off we may cut your salary; but when we do that we will be cutting everybody's. If you stay you'll have as good a chance as anybody; an even break. That is all any man has a right to expect."

He went across to the other, who stood in the mill-office door, and put a friendly hand on his shoulder. "Do as you like, son," he said; "but think about these things. I'd hate to see you make a mistake."

Stuart's conviction as he went about his work that day was that his place was with Mammoth and that Mildred's was with him; and he held that conviction for

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a month, carrying on his case by letter. And at the end of the month he went to Illinois to see her, taking advantage of the Labor Day suspension.

When Alex looked out of his window in the Tennant home and saw that the lot next door had been dug out for the foundation of a house he was conscious of a sensation he had never known. It made his throat tight. Plans were going ahead in such an energetic, friendly way. The sight of the preparations forced him to suppress the ugly fact that he had not consented to the plan. That Mildred's father was proceeding on the assumption that he would give in did not, at that moment, strike him with its full force. As he looked down he was filled with the realization that Mildred was to be his wife and that this was intended to be their home. He knew he stood on the threshold of becoming a man of property. Pittsburgh and the hot, stifling murk of the coke-yards dropped away into the distance. He recalled his round of flat-hunting with sharp aversion. Here everything was cool, pleasant, well-arranged. He was aware of a deepening sense of pleasure.

He would, of course, investigate the Tennant business. He would find it substantial, closely knit, well organized. It might prove small and restricted in its output, but it would offer him an opportunity for showing what he could do. He might apply modern methods and, by taking over increasing responsibilities, lift the burden from the shoulders of Mildred's father.

A young man had appeared below and was moving about the excavation. It was, Stuart assumed, Edgar Poe Fox, Midgie's brother-in-law. Friendly, desiring to know the man who had already mated with a Tennant, he went down-stairs and across the grass to meet him. The other greeted him beside the hole.

"You are Stuart, I suppose," he said. "My name is Fox; I am Bertha's husband."

He was slight, rather fine-looking in a delicate way, and his clothes were those of a man of taste and experience. He did not look like the men Stuart had noticed on the streets of Albion. His voice was a disappointment; it was too low and too flat, quite apathetic. His eyes, light blue, after resting a moment on Stuart without a smile, wandered away restlessly. Alex was puzzled.

"This must be the beginning of Midgie's house," Stuart began.

"Midgie's? Oh, yes. Bertha's is over there," Fox responded, pointing to a white cottage with green shutters. "So you are coming into the stove works? Let's see; you are with Mammoth Steel?"

"Well, yes; I guess I am expected to go into the stove works. They seem to want to make a place for me. But I haven't made up my mind. I didn't know Mr. Tennant had started this house until I looked out the window a moment ago."

Fox regarded him a moment curiously. "You may not have to make up your mind," he rejoined. "It's pretty easy to just drift along and take things as they come, you'll find. You must come and look at our house before you go away. Mr. Tennant built it when Bertha and I were married. It should interest you."

"It looks good from here. I suppose there is a good architect in Albion?"

"Architect? Why, of course, there is one; but Mr. Tennant does not believe in architects. He draws his own plans. He drew the plans for our house and had a contractor build it."

"He planned your house?" Stuart was stirred. He glanced into the excavation uncertainly. The same process evidently was in motion.

"Sure. We went to California on our trip and when we came back the place was almost finished. We had nothing to do with it. Besides, it isn't really ours. We just live in it. Mr. Tennant wouldn't think it strange, planning your house. It would just be a part of his idea of daughter property."

"Didn't he give it to you and your wife?"

"No; we have no deed. We just occupy it and pay no rent. It may be ours some day." Fox ended with a strange, low laugh and turned away. Stuart, however, detained him.

"I don't understand," he said.

"No; but you will. You will be the eighth member of the family to draw a

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salary from a business that isn't growing. Take children: every child born in the connection means one more person to be supported out of the earnings of this one concern. Bertha's cousin, Emery, has the most children—eight. That makes him unpopular with the rest. Just now fifty-nine persons are dependent on the seven family salaries. Babies don't cause any rejoicing."

The other remained silent, watching Fox with a troubled expression. Fox went on:

"Then there's another thing about a family company that may interest you. We have one fellow, a nephew of Mrs. Tennant, who is called purchasing agent. He is getting six thousand a year. The actual buying is done by the old man himself; the nephew is just a clerk. So you see it may be a drain—a family business. However, you may like it."

Alex suddenly discovered that Fox was looking at him with a smile. He did not like that; it occurred to him that the whole conversation had been disloyal, scandalous. "Why are you telling me all this?" he demanded.

"Because you are standing just where I stood ten years ago," Fox replied sharply. "I was an engineer—Cornell; I had a good place in a firm with headquarters in Buffalo. I sold my interest and gave up my profession to marry Bertha. We came to Albion to live and I took a job in the stove works. Tennant bought me with one of his daughters."

Fox broke off and gestured toward the house. "There's Midgie looking for you. I'll see you later."

Puzzled and distressed, Stuart crossed the lawn to meet Mildred, who was calling him to breakfast.

After breakfast, he was to go to see the stove works with Mr. Tennant, and while waiting for him to bring a car around he dropped into a porch-chair and picked up a Chicago newspaper, turning, according to his habit, to the business pages. As if fitting into the pattern of his affairs, a headline claimed his eye at once, announcing that Mammoth Steel had decided upon a ten-per-cent reduction in wages and salaries. He let the paper slip to the floor. Corporations had their drawbacks. He lighted a cigarette and contemplated the shady lawn and the excavation for the new house. It was very inviting. Probably something was wrong with that fellow Fox. He must ask Midgie.

An hour later Henry Tennant and Alex stood in the foundry, deserted for the holiday by the moulders. The proprietor was pointing with his cigar at various stations in the process of casting the stoves. Alex had estimated the plant quickly, able to compare it with better ones. Tennant's, he surmised, was a heavy, laborious production, perhaps antiquated. It probably needed more modern, more efficient, machinery and new factory routing. He ventured a suggestion:

"Your unit cost—it compares favorably with other range-makers', I suppose."

"I don't figure that close," said Tennant shortly. "I know how much money we need to take in in a year; that's enough."

"But suppose," went on the boy, "your nearest competitor should start cutting prices and should try to get your customers away from you. Suppose that he had a lower cost per range and could undersell you and still make money——"

"That don't bother me. The Tennant stove has always sold itself."

Stuart was immediately disturbed. He had told Holiday he would investigate the range company before he went into it; what he was finding seemed to confirm what Holiday had suggested.

"Of course," Stuart said, "coming in to work for you and learn the business, in justice to myself I ought to know something about the policies."

Tennant darkened. "We've always been able to take care of—the family," he said, fixing Alex with a cold gray eye.

"I know that, sir, but, you see, it will be the permanent investment of my whole future and I have to choose between this and the Mammoth Steel Company."

Tennant rolled his cigar and spoke with obvious contempt:

"Investment? What are you putting into the business?"

There was a movement behind them and Fox appeared from among the

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shadows of the dim foundry. He spoke to his father-in-law's question:

"He will be putting in just what I did, won't he?"

Tennant gave an ugly laugh. "That was a hell of a lot, wasn't it?"

Fox's pale, thin face was grave, and as he returned Tennant's angry look his eyes seemed to take fire.

"It was my life; and it will be his life; and his wife's and the lives of his children. I'll say that's a pretty good investment. It ought to give a fellow a vote. I traded my life for Bertha and a house and lot thrown in, just because you were too tyrannical to give your daughter her own life to live. I'm not going to keep quiet and let this kid do the same thing."

Tennant turned to Stuart, feigning mirth feebly. "Edgar's a little irrational," he muttered.

"Who wouldn't be after living the life of a parasite for ten years?"

"What do you mean by parasite?"

"That's what I've been; and it's what Stuart'll be—parasite and pensioner." The speaker's voice dropped a tone and he went on, speaking to Tennant rapidly and intensely:

"I told him this morning he'd have nothing to do with planning his own house. That alone ought to be enough to stop any red-blooded man; but it didn't seem to shake him. Maybe he's just the kind of fellow you're looking for for Midgie. For ten years Bertha and I've been trying to make something out of nothing; to found a home and a family. But we've nothing to build on. We have no future except to wait for our place among the swarm who will quarrel some day over the estate. I've spent the best years of my life as a glorified clerk. We're almost on the rocks, Bertha and I. We've reached a crisis. It's more than a man can stand—bought and paid for; a consort. You might as well make a man change his name to Tennant!"

Tennant stopped him with a savage gesture.

"You and Bertha going to separate?"

"That's exactly what we're going to do. I'm leaving. I'm giving myself five years by myself for making a new start as an engineer and trying to get back my self-respect. If Bertha wants to join me at the end of that time she can, but it will be some distance from Albion."

He turned and faced Stuart.

"There," he said, "you see what the system's made of me. Take your chance with it if you want to."

Tennant, recovering control, lighted a fresh cigar and waved Fox away. "If you're through, Stuart and I'll finish our trip through the works. So far as I'm concerned you can do as you damn please."

But Alex, pale and agitated, turned away. "I'm sorry, Mr. Tennant," he said; "but I think I've seen enough, at least for to-day."

Leaving the owner standing among his iron moulds, he walked swiftly to the nearest door and out into the warm September sunshine.

Midgie was on the porch. Seeing her, Alex was reminded that she always waited nervously when he was with her father and always seemed relieved when the interviews were over. To-day she was in a flutter when he ran up the steps and caught her hand.

"How did you and daddy get along, dear?" In her eyes was deep anxiety.

Alex laughed, and as he did so he realized that it was his first hearty laugh since he had known Mr. Tennant.

"We didn't get along at all," he answered. "We didn't get together, and I'm not going to locate here."

Over the girl's face swept a look of consternation.

"Look here," said Stuart sharply. "Do you think you and I can get along happily if you're going to look like that every time your father and I don't agree?"

"But you don't know him," the girl said miserably. "If you've quarrelled it means our engagement is over."

"No; it means it has just begun if you are willing to come with me and be my wife in a flat near my job. I've just had a glimpse of what life has done to Edgar Fox. Would you want me to be like him in ten years?"

"But you wouldn't! You're different!"

"Fox probably thought he was different, too."

At that she sank down on the step, hiding her face against her arm. Stuart did

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not reach to comfort her. Experiencing an odd and pleasing elation, he went on:

"I've just time to make the noon train back to Pittsburgh. I'm going back to my work. If you decide you want me, wire or write that you will come there."

She said brokenly:

"You're the first person who has ever gone against daddy."

"No," he said slowly and with a faint trace of amusement; "not the first. Fox was a minute ahead of me. I'm getting my bag now."

When he came down-stairs she was nowhere in sight.

"I won't take a minute," said Stuart, standing at Holiday's desk in the fuel-department yards, two days later. "I just wanted to tell you that I'm staying with Mammoth."

Among the fine wrinkles around Holiday's eyes and mouth was the suggestion of a smile. "Is your engagement off?" he asked.

"I don't know. I left a little earlier than I expected to. I saw suddenly that I had to come back here and stay."

"What did she say to that?"

"Nothing; but she didn't say she wouldn't come here to live."

"Well," said Holiday, musingly; "if she is willing to come it will be a good sign and if she isn't it won't be a bad one. Flats are scarce."

"I can get one on Shady Avenue for ninety dollars."

Holiday stood and confronted the youth. "What you want," he said, "is three rooms and bath for fifty."

"I can get that, but it won't be on Shady Avenue."

"So much the better," said the chief quietly.

Heredity

BY THEDA KENYON

THERE is a Pirate in my blood,
And a rare, great Queen:
And all that the one has understood
The other has never seen. . . .

At noon, I tread on cloth o' gold,
While the Pirate watches me—
His fingers are light in a rapier-hold,
And he hungers for the sea. . . .

At night, the wind is in my hair,
And I own the sea to the sky:
But . . . the Queen's lips twist as she watches there,
And she shivers as I go by. . . .

My arrogant head knows the weight of a crown,
But a Quarterdeck sired my stride;
There's a regal form in my velvet gown—
But my heart beats time to the tide!

There is a Pirate deep in me—
But his crew-command seems small;
There is a Queen—and she cannot see
Why she frets at a palace-wall!

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Are the Days of Creation Ended?

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM
President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

"Has nature, in her calm, majestic march, faltered with age at last?"—*Bryant.*

THE general unsettling of human relations which came as a consequence of the World War raised wide questioning as to the future of civilization and the ultimate fate of mankind. Evidences of disintegration in so much that had appeared fixed in social organization naturally caused us to review the guarantees of orderliness and progress to which we had been accustomed. In consideration of such questions we have naturally come to inquire as to the expectation of continuity in the process of creation, so marvellously expressed in the history of the world up to this time.

Many practical persons assume that no special reason exists for concern with anything that moves so slowly that it does not make itself felt in a measurable way in the special interests of a single generation. But we must remember that society is a continuing thing, not limited by generations. It is interested in its own future, and whatever touches this concerns also the immediate personal relations of all individuals involved. There is certain to be wide difference between the psychology of persons in a world expecting progress and one anticipating stagnation or decay. This will be true regardless of immediacy of either progress or disintegration.

There is nothing contributing to the support of our lives in a spiritual sense that seems so clearly indispensable as that which makes us look forward to continuing growth or improvement. It is difficult to believe that human life could exist without such expectation. Whatever concerns the basis of this belief is vital.

Nearly every people with a history sufficiently long to permit accumulation of results from mature thinking has set down some form of expression of its views concerning the meaning of its own creation. In a great percentage of these statements the central thought is mainly that we have not always existed, and must therefore have been brought into being by forces beyond human control. It is not improbable that in certain of these stories, as in those of India and Egypt, there is more than a mere statement of the fact that we were created. There are not only suggestions as to the steps by which our environment was prepared, but stages in the development of man himself seem to have been considered.

With advance in interpretation of nature by modern philosophic science, we have come to learn an extraordinary story of the history of our earth and its inhabitants. While science has not attempted an explanation of ultimate origins, it has gone far to show how nature and man developed to their present state.

The astronomer and geologist have left us no room for doubt regarding the vast extent of time in which the world has existed; the geologist has given us a moving-picture of our earth through a long series of stages preceding that in which we know it to-day; the palæontologist has made us acquainted with innumerable changes in life of the earth leading up to appearance of man and then on to the present. The biologist has come to understand something of processes by which life produces life, and of principles which control production not merely of new individuals but of new kinds of living things as well.

As I see the meaning of these advances, the great contribution through science is not merely in the fact that we learn of our having been created—we knew that already—nor in the idea that we have a history, as everybody suspected that also

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—nor yet in the evidence that we have come into being through a long series of stages of growth which had not been known to us. Rather does the value of scientific contribution, in the historical sense, reside in the evidence which it furnishes that the movement shown in nature through vast ages makes known in some measure the character of the thing with which we deal. Science expresses the idea of unity in nature and its laws, and continuity in their operation. It indicates that what we see does not merely concern man and the present day, but is something larger than present or past alone.

The greater part of the history of our earth is a matter for consideration of the astronomer. Geology deals only with its most recent events. In its relation to the extended reaches of astronomy, geological history shrinks to a relatively minute stretch in the field of time.

By the method of measurement now used it has been shown that our solar system is a mere speck in that great assemblage of stars which we call the Milky Way. We begin to form a conception of the size of this realm when we realize that it takes light, travelling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, a time estimated at more than one hundred thousand years, to cross this star field.

But the astronomer does not permit us to rest with these figures as finality in measurement of space or time. The Milky Way in which we live is a unit field of stars hanging in space, and there are other bodies which resemble it in the region outside this star system. The spiral nebulæ, among the most beautiful objects of the heavens, lie beyond the limits of our special universe. Many of these nebulæ seem to represent other universes, comparable to our Milky Way. Perhaps they attain dimensions even greater than in our system, but are so far removed that only the light-gathering power of a great telescope makes them visible. The distance of such bodies may be almost beyond our power to appreciate. The elements of time involved in this story, as we read it, are beyond adequate expression, but this question of time and space has its intimate bearing upon the problem of the continuity of conditions which make life possible upon this earth.

The record of the rocks, from which we read geological history, does not cover more than a small portion of the past of this planet. We find that the most ancient strata observed are, by reason of their great age, broken, shattered, and changed into new mineral combinations by pressure, heat, and other forces. These oldest known rocks rest upon a basement which was once molten material that has come into its present position since the rocks now above it were formed. The oldest strata thus far examined rested once upon a foundation which represented a still earlier time. That basement is now destroyed or replaced by melted rocks of later date. It thus appears that we have lost the beginnings of our geological record, and there is reason to believe that what is lost may represent a period as long as that covered by all of the strata that remain.

What we have left of the record is not, however, an unimportant story. The strata available when carefully pieced together give a total thickness of more than fifty miles. Calculated by various methods, the more conservative estimates of the time required for accumulation of this pile are now measured in hundreds of millions of years, with the tendency of leading geologists toward lengthening the time to cover at least one thousand million years.

There is much evidence in the rocks indicating the conditions of atmosphere and temperature under which the successive strata of the geological record were deposited. It has been possible to form a fairly clear picture of the many climatic variations to which the earth has been subjected within the range of our available record. At one time it was believed that the climate of early geological periods was relatively very warm, and that as ages passed the earth cooled down to a condition illustrated by the glacial epoch immediately preceding the present geological stage.

The most recent studies have shown that in the known period of earth history there is no evidence of very great change in climatic conditions of the earth as a whole. There are records of many glacial

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periods, some even in the earlier ages. There have been many minor changes from warm to cool periods, and the reverse; but, in general, the physical conditions obtaining on the earth one hundred million or more years ago were not materially different from those on the world, as a whole, to-day. This statement should not be interpreted to mean that minor changes of climate have not taken place within this vast period. There have been almost continuous climatic fluctuations, but the extreme range has been within very narrow limits. So closely has the range been restricted that in terms of the changes expressed in the physical evolution of a star or a planet the difference between climate of the earliest geological stages we know on the earth and that of the present is almost negligible. This means that in terms of evolution of heavenly bodies, the vast geological history of the earth now open for our inspection is probably only a brief span compared with the preceding astronomical and geological ages of which we have no record—and that, judging by history as we know it, there is no reason why conditions like those which have obtained here for long ages should not continue, without material alteration, for a further period comparable to the time of which we have knowledge.

It was for a long time customary in physics and in astronomy to look upon our solar system as a mechanism of the type of a clock rapidly running down. The sun has been assumed to be growing cold. Inasmuch as the earth is dependent for its heat upon the sun, many have looked forward to a dead earth, the disappearance of life, extinction of man, and many other natural consequences following in the train of this physical change. Recently, however, it has been shown that the life period of the sun may be enormously lengthened by the breaking down of matter into radiant energy. This, it is held, will lengthen the life of the sun many thousand times, and by this change there is opened the possibility of the extension of conditions of temperature which govern life upon the earth for a period of vast extent.

Knowing that present conditions of atmosphere and temperature reach back to earliest known geological records, it is not surprising that with continuing search the palæontologist and geologist have found evidences of varied life in earlier and still earlier strata, until there are now known in the older groups of rocks sufficiently well-preserved traces to tell us of living things which existed in that early time.

Many of the most ancient rocks have been so crushed or otherwise altered that they have lost their original character entirely. Such strata could not be expected to contain remains of animals or plants, even if they were entombed in them at the time these rocks were forming as layers of mud, sand, gravel, or other deposits accumulating naturally in ancient seas, lakes, and rivers.

Remains of life from the older rocks are not limited to the simplest forms found on the earth, but are of many kinds. If the evolution theory presents a true picture of history of life, the earliest types should be the simplest stage, from which the more complicated forms would later be developed. It has been assumed by some that as this ancient life is fairly advanced and differentiated it furnishes definite evidence contradictory to the theory of evolution; but when we remember that the earlier part of our geological record is absent because it was destroyed, we recognize the earliest known stages of life as just what we should expect to find under known conditions.

We do not know when life appeared upon earth. Presumption favors the view that we shall never find the portion of the geological record which might contain this evidence. If existence of life on this planet is governed by presence of physical conditions, in a general way comparable to those which now obtain, living things may have been present here in time preceding our first record, for a period as long as or longer than the entire space of known geological history.

Just as we realize that while our total geological record is only a part of what might be known, but is none the less a vastly long period measured in terms of human history, we should understand that, though we do not see the beginning of life history, the record now open to us is actually of great extent and tells much of the nature and movement of life.

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Somewhat in the manner in which physical conditions on the earth show continuous variation, so our record indicates that life changed continually through geological time. Each stage of the geological record is characterized by remains of animals and plants similar to and yet mainly differing from those of immediately preceding and following ages. While fluctuation in physical conditions between the beginning and end of the record available has not resulted in marked deviation from an original standard, we find that in history of life the changes are in general cumulative modifications in definite directions. The fossil remains found in rocks of each stage of the record are not merely different from those representing life of other periods, but they form series in which the representatives from earlier time are generally of less complicated structure. In terms of the nervous system, the older forms were less intelligent.

The facts of occurrence or succession of remains of living forms indicate that they are in the order in which they would appear if the life represented in the strata formed in each successive period were descended from that of the preceding period, but had been modified away from its parent stock in the process of descent. Thus we have the suggestion that the whole succession is connected through blood relationship.

This trend of movement or of growth we see operating continuously from the time life appears in the geological record up to the present. The movement comes to be recognized so clearly as a habit of nature that we are surprised, and seek for explanation if an apparent exception appears.

The question as to what made organisms pass through this long series of changes represented in the geological record must be answered by the biologist; as also the inquiry as to how these modifications are related to variation in physical conditions of the earth which has formed their environment during this period of change. Biology has made great advance in those studies of variation in characters of living types of animals and plants which will be necessary in approaching the solution of these problems. We know, first of all, that we must account for the origin of individuals and of races of living things by their development out of preceding or ancestral types. While there may be foundation for belief in the generation of the simplest forms of biological mechanism from things which seem to be non-living, there is no ground for belief in the origin of any higher form of life except by birth from other life.

Development of the individual has been the subject of exhaustive study covering processes of reproduction and growth, until we begin now to understand the meaning of change from one generation to the next. The problem of how a new kind or variety or species of life comes to be derived from another we find involved in study of the mechanism by which individuals originate, and also the manner in which the individual relates itself to its environment. One group of biologists holds that in the origin of new forms the major emphasis is to be placed upon the mechanism of inheritance; another that environmental influence is the factor of major importance. Others consider that each of these factors is important; heredity being the gravitational element which holds nature steady; environment, through a wide range of complicated relations, tending to make the individual and its descendants accommodate themselves to the shift of their surroundings.

Regardless of the particular theory used in explanation, there is reason to believe that the influences governing known development of life through the ages are related in part to variation in physical conditions at the same time in different places. Moreover, we know that the crust of the earth has been in almost constant movement through geological time. Mountains have grown up and been worn down. Great land areas were lowered and became groups of islands, or have disappeared entirely beneath the sea. At other points uplift of the crust raised the sea-floor and formed land. These fluctuations in the position of the earth's crust, together with the influence of changes in climate, have forced life into almost constant adjustment, either to new conditions in the same place, or to similar conditions in different places, and have thus been either the cause or occasion of continuing

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migration and continuing development of new forms of life.

The relationships which we find expressed in the history of life indicate that, given a mechanism of the type which life represents, we may expect it to vary, change, progress in an environment such as that furnished by our earth. It would probably require intervention not unlike that which would be implied in the halting of gravitation to stop this continuing change if an approximation to past variation in physical conditions continues.

Let us now recall that vast as the period seems during which life has existed on the earth it may be only a fragment of history geologically, and is presumably a mere moment measured in our astronomical history. We note that variation of physical conditions during this period has been within extremely narrow limits. Unless some new element is introduced to influence earth history, what we now know of factors governing the life period of the sun, which is the source of heat and light on the earth, makes it difficult for us to imagine conditions changing so radically as to prevent existence of life on the earth for a long period to come. Given continuity of present conditions we should assume that variation and evolution or forward movement will go on for yet a very long time.

This growth or movement of life is characterized at the same time by instability and by progress. It is a process of creation, in that it constantly brings into being types that have not existed before. In the biological sense it is a continuing process which should proceed without interruption unless some new force is introduced to arrest it.

When we consider the place of the human group in this world of life on the earth we realize that man is not a creature of the present day alone, but that he comes out of the remote past, and his history merges into that of the cave-bear and sabre-tooth tiger. Man evidently came into being as a part of the world of living things by a process of creation which did not differ materially from that by which other organic types arose. He appeared at the moment in geological time when we would expect him if he is a product of growth out of a lower substratum of life. His course of history follows laws of distribution, variation, and progress illustrated by abundant examples in the whole life world.

From stage to stage, through a period which seems vast, measured in terms of so-called human history, we find the man type changing its form and approximating more and more closely to the specific kinds of specialized and highly intelligent human beings of the present.

To-day we see man distributed over the whole earth, varying widely in physical characters in different parts of his habitat. He shows a relation of his physical differences to variation of environment in a manner similar to that exhibited by the wide range of animals and plants known so well through our studies of distribution, variation, and evolution of organisms in past periods.

At the present rate of progress it seems quite certain that within a few centuries the human race will have almost complete control of the biological world. Man will take what he wishes. He will determine what plants and animals he desires to retain, and what may be eliminated. Much of the power of nature will be harnessed and directed to his use.

When we consider the relation of future biological or creative evolution to human beings we find a number of leading students inclined to believe that further development of man will be shifted entirely from physical to so-called social evolution, involving development of institutions with accumulation and organization of knowledge. This social development is characterized by its relation to a train of continuing experience. Individuals disappear but the body of knowledge and the consciousness of society persist. In this phase of evolution discovery and research contribute by bringing in new knowledge, science and learning serve to organize information, business makes knowledge effective, education carries it from one man to another or from one generation to the next. The body of knowledge involved in the social organism may grow indefinitely. There seems almost no limit to the distance which humanity may go in increasing acquaintance of its environment, as well as in understanding the

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individual and social characters of human beings.

There is, however, a limit to which knowledge may be used by man. While we have in a certain sense a social consciousness, a mob mind, and a racial mind, in the last analysis, expression of all these things must come through the individual. We must not forget that individually we are sharply restricted in extent of our experience, in possibilities of accumulation of knowledge and wisdom, and in our capacity to use the great stores of information even when secured.

The future of mankind in the social sense depends then not alone upon our capacity to accumulate and to organize. Ultimately, in handling our greatest and most critical affairs we must depend upon the capacity of individuals to understand and to utilize the materials thus brought together. The success of democracy depends in large measure upon selection of individuals with adequate ability for performance of great tasks. Our success depends also upon the possibility of having the social world so organized and trained that each element in the complicated machinery will keep understandingly to fulfilment of its duties, so that the whole mechanism may operate in orderly fashion. It is probable that we could learn to handle this stupendous machine provided all the parts could be kept in perfect adjustment. But not only do individuals have limited capacity, they have also emotions, and desire for individuality. Independence is one of the most marked qualities of human beings. These are factors which bring almost infinitely complex elements of disturbance.

To the difficulties mentioned there must be added a further limitation arising from the fact that generations of people are replaced by others with great rapidity. No sooner have we trained an individual or group to a particular habit of conduct than another generation comes upon the scene and the educational processes must be repeated. These conditions relating to the place of the individual in the complex of society mean that, not only must we know how to control the machine, but the individuals who operate it must have extraordinary knowledge and experience, making it possible for them to bring about continuous readjustment of the parts while normal changes are in progress.

With continuing increase of knowledge and of complication in our social machinery, a limit must be set beyond which it will be extremely difficult to handle forces which we organize, unless there be opened also the possibility of development of the individual in the sense of enlarging his capacity for knowledge and ability to use it.

The limitations put upon social evolution by reason of restricted capacity of the individual make us consider seriously the question of further evolution of man in the sense of development of body and especially of brain. For use in such study we must have the best possible understanding of the laws which have controlled biological evolution in general through past eons. This type of progress depends upon our securing a fuller understanding of all questions concerning human variation and race differentiation, and of relation between purely biological factors and social factors.

We have learned that, through five hundred million years or more of history of plants and animals, organisms of this world have shown themselves amenable to laws which have produced adjustments to varying conditions and forward movement from age to age. The student of living things has found, combined with stability of hereditary tendencies, the operation of factors which determine that no two individuals shall be alike and no two generations alike. Our knowledge of life in the widest sense indicates that, in a world such as this, the tendency to variation and to progress is as near to being truly characteristic of life as are any qualities which we might consider distinctive of that state of being.

We have then to inquire whether by reason of man's intelligence, because of the fact that he has come to know and control nature, because he has attained most nearly to godlike characters, he could be the only organism in the universe unable, either naturally or through exercise of intelligence, to take advantage of the laws by which the organic world has steadily advanced.

It is true, as many have suggested, that with his increase in knowledge man en-

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counters new dangers through widening opportunity for evil, which places obstacles in the way of his progress. Frequently he handles great forces of nature, or directs organized human emotions with little knowledge of results to come. The largest danger lies, however, not in new knowledge of nature but in man's ignorance regarding himself—both as an individual and in the mass. It is true that man makes new toys and instruments which he sometimes uses unwisely. But we must be clear that increase in knowledge offers not merely opportunity for evil. At the same time it opens greater opportunity for good, together with better ability to choose between the evil and the good. We should have no sympathy with the suggestion that civilization is a disease which halts evolution and leads us to destruction. It is the natural development of human life, following the discovery and organization of knowledge.

Civilization need not destroy us. If we suffer it will be because we refuse to recognize that man is himself the greatest of all subjects for study that the universe has as yet produced, and that we know less of his nature and capabilities than of many aspects of the natural world toward which our investigations have been directed. We need for the safeguard of our future more knowledge, better organization, better education, and especially the results of wider and a deeper research on the nature and personal values of human beings than has yet been accomplished. When this is done we may trust man in his use of the tremendous opportunity for creative work in the advancement of the race.

And, to return to the thesis of this paper, we need for man that opportunity for forward movement or evolution in his physical being which may enable him, not only to add to his accumulated information, but to increase the possibility of using his knowledge to full advantage. There is, I believe, reason to expect continuation on the earth of those conditions physical and biological which have made evolution possible in the past. In this environment the life world should remain flexible and progressive. Man will be a controlling or guiding factor in the evolution of animals and plants. It is for me impossible to believe that with the great scheme of development of this universe, carried on through almost endless time, we can imagine evolution halting because of the possibility of destruction or disintegration due to the advance of intelligence in the created. We are safe in assuming that in addition to the natural tendency of organisms to vary and to progress we shall have the understanding and guiding mind of man to take advantage for himself, as well as for other living things, of the laws which he will come to know, and which he will also wish to use in his own striving toward the goal of betterment.

So, as we read the history of man and appreciate the dangers of his advance in learning and in civilization, we may realize that we are taking for our use that dangerous fruit from the tree of knowledge, and may question whether we can bear the consequence of coming to view the world as gods. At such a time it is proper that we turn in reverential inquiry to view the record of the past through which creation has revealed itself. There we find a history open for our information. It tells us of the forward movement of the world from which we have grown, and in which we are a part. What greater gift could we receive from a beneficent Creator than to learn through evidence there presented that the conditions which have governed the creative process are those which operate to-day and should be expected to continue; that the power behind nature is with us as in the past, keeping the world a place that may be ever new, and justifying faith that progress will extend itself into the future?

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The Problem of the Alumni

BY WILFRED B. SHAW
General Secretary of the Alumni Association of the University of Michigan

AS a taxicab carried them toward Columbia University through the winding roads of Central Park, three alumni executive officers from as many different institutions were discussing the ultimate justification of their efforts to promote alumni organization in the universities they represented. Their views differed somewhat as to the whys and wherefores of their work. One of them maintained that it was a social impulse that drove the graduates of our universities to organize into clubs and associations. For him it was the effort to revive old times, to keep up the contacts of college days, which inspired all the various manifestations and vagaries of the alumni spirit. The second man thought that the ever-present and growing need of financial aid on the part of all educational institutions was the real reason why the alumni organized and gave that support as organized bodies. "After all," as he put it, "to give money is the main thing the alumni do: it is what is expected of them and is the most effective thing they can do."

The third man agreed with both of them, but he felt that they had not struck rock-bottom. "As I see it," he said, "the view that one's college career ends after four years is fundamentally wrong. The influence of the university should be active throughout the whole life of every student. Education doesn't stop automatically when a degree is granted, even though what we call 'book-learning' too often does end then. A degree is, or should be, merely an indication that one is equipped to become really educated. Unless the university succeeds in continuing its influence upon its students in after years it has failed in some measure in the task it set out to do. We have been making too much of commencement, too much of the division between undergraduate and alumnus. Our function as alumni officers it seems to me is to keep the university alive, a creative force in the daily existence of those who started their careers on the campus. When you look at it that way the social and financial aspects of alumni organization fall into place in a broader scheme which makes the alumni quite as vital a part of the institution as the undergraduates and the faculty."

These varying points of view are representative of a new attitude that is developing both within and without our universities, though it seems to the writer that the view of the third speaker is nearest the truth. When, to his conception of a lifelong relationship, we add that filial affection for alma mater on the part of her sons and daughters which it implies, the love for "an institution that has been a dominant factor in shaping their careers," we have in good measure the true force that underlies alumni effort. It represents something that enters into the financial support given so freely by the graduates; to many of them at least these gifts are really an expression of gratitude, of a sense of obligation, a return, in part at least, of the difference between what the education actually cost the institution and what the recipient paid for it.

While alumni co-operation in its practical aspects has meant a great deal to higher education in America during the last twenty-five years, it is safe to say that it will come to mean more in the future. It is largely a question of bringing about a truer spirit of fellowship between the university and those who have left the classroom to take up their life-work. As a means of establishing this spirit President Little of Michigan advocates what he calls an "alumni university" through which the special interests of the individual alumnus, whether in his business or profession, or in whatever he does

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by way of relaxation, can be made to bridge the intervening years. Most college men are apt to be keenly interested in some one thing outside of their bread-winning vocation—a hobby, perhaps. Most of these interests are in fields literary, artistic, athletic, sociological, scientific, which have some connection with the many-sided curriculum of the modern university. There, right at hand is a means easily available for forging a vital bond between the university and the individual graduate to endure for life, which would rest upon a firmer foundation than pleasant memories of college days, financial contributions—or even the support of athletics.

It is probably a healthy sign for the future of American education that our colleges and universities nowadays are under a heavy barrage of criticism. It shows that the critics at least, and the constituencies they represent, are thinking about the complexities of the system of higher education in a modern democracy which we are working out on a scale heretofore undreamed. Curricula, university administration, professional schools, the relation of college to secondary schools and a thousand other matters have been discussed. Now it is the turn of the alumni.

Some time ago the author pointed out in these pages* the rapidly growing importance of the alumni in the university scheme in which they have come to take their place as an integral part. It is largely through their financial support, given either directly, or as citizens in the case of the State universities, that the recent extraordinary growth of our great colleges and universities has been made possible. During the last fifty years there has been not only a tenfold increase in the number of students, but more than that, there has been at least a tenfold *increase per student* in the facilities and equipment at the disposal of each student. It is surely no exaggeration of the facts to say that this has been brought about by the alumni either as individuals or through collective effort—or as voting citizens in the case of the State institutions. Thus it is only natural that the alumni have come in for a share of the criticism which our educational institutions are receiving. Let me say at once that much of this criticism is justified. No one who occupies an executive position in an alumni organization, which implies close association with the university administrative officers and faculty on one side and the alumni on the other, can fail to see the truth of what many critics say. The defect in much of it lies in the fact that it is petulant rather than constructive: it fails to envisage the inescapable fact that the alumni are in and of our universities as never before, and as far as we can see are there to stay. To me it seems that many of the objections come from the narrower, so-called academic, point of view. The faculty man rejoices in the benefits received from the alumni, although he resents any suggestion from graduate sources as to how he should carry on his own highly specialized task, and he fails to grasp the vital need of harnessing and directing the dormant power of the alumni bodies.

To one who has stood for many years at the crossroads, so to speak, it is apparent that it is largely a matter of mutual misunderstanding. The faculty fails to recognize the good-will and humility of spirit with which the average alumnus approaches any given university problem, his sometimes blundering wish to serve alma mater, even in the smallest things. On the other hand, the graduate is often impatient with what seems to him the narrower university point of view. He fails to recognize that university education is a highly technical profession, and is apt to think himself competent to step in where he would not dream of interfering with the activities of his lawyer or his doctor in the exercise of their professions. It is precisely in bridging this gap, in rounding the two bodies into a greater university, that our present alumni organizations, which are to be found in every institution in the country, are finding, or will find, their ultimate function.

It has been, perhaps, the fault of the university that this relationship has not been developed as effectively as it might have been. In fact the very desire on the

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1922, pp. 677-684, "A New Power in University Affairs."

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part of the alumni, often gropingly and extravagantly expressed—hence the criticisms—shows that they have been more alive to this underlying relationship than the universities themselves. Their very enthusiasm and loyalty evidence their unwillingness to let their diplomas represent the end of all things academic as far as they are concerned, while all too often as far as the university is concerned it has meant the end, instead of the beginning of a new and stimulating relationship.

In large part the objections to the alumni have to do with their extravagant, and what seems almost childish, preoccupation with athletics. It is certainly the most obvious mark of graduate interest but, despite the tumult and the shouting, it is not the most significant. Besides there is a real justification for it, particularly if we are to recognize, as apparently we must, that intercollegiate sports have an unquestioned place in our modern educational system. Although this enthusiasm is sometimes manifested in unfortunate and unwise forms, college sports form an effective bridge between undergraduate and graduate life. The sympathy of the student may be, more often than not, for the obvious, the "rah rah" features of college life, but if—a very significant "if," however—the influence of the institution has been wholesome, the education on the whole sound, if there has been a certain idealism discernible in the classroom, as he grows older the student will lose some of his absorption in fraternities, athletics and student life, and sense the greater and more vital aims of the institution. In other words, let the alumnus interest himself in athletics if he wants to—not all of them do even though we meet sweeping assertions to the contrary. Let him "prolong his youth" if he must in these undergraduate activities, but let the university make every effort to acquaint him with the educational side of intercollegiate relations. There may be some critics who feel that athletic conditions are bad enough now, but it is precisely because the alumni have been educated, in a certain degree, that we have the constantly improving ideal of sportsmanship, which the growing insistence on a strictly amateur status and the rigid enforcements of eligibility rules imply in most institutions. There are of course a certain number of Peter Pans among the alumni. They never grow up, and unfortunately they are apt to be more vocal than their sober-sided peers. But they form an element which simply must be discounted and not taken too seriously.

For the greater body of college men, athletics forms or should form merely an avenue of approach—one point of contact among many others. For contrary to what seems to be a general belief among many university men, as well as university professors, the average alumnus is interested in the other things that go on at a university as well as a football game, even though he is more vocal about the latter. Partly, as I have suggested, this support of athletics is a survival of his undergraduate point of view, but quite as much it is because he knows less about the other things. Very seldom is any effort made to present these matters in an interesting or very intelligible form. For neither the student nor the graduate is information, at once interesting and stimulating, accessible on the educational activities of the university except in the weekly or monthly journals which the alumni maintain themselves. Naturally this is more true in some institutions than in others. In the older universities of the East, for example, the alumni are apt to be better informed, and it is precisely in these institutions that they have been most successful in making their influence felt in constructive and worth-while forms.

I have been stressing this interest of the alumni in the permanent and enduring aspects of the college or university because it is just this interest which is so often discounted in spite of the material evidence to the contrary on every hand, in the form of gifts, endowments, professorships, and what-not. It is not a mere rhetorical statement but a fact borne out by a fairly long personal experience that for every alumnus who is able to make his interest evident through gifts in any one of the hundred avenues which a modern university offers, there are hundreds equally interested who only regret that they cannot do likewise. The faculty man who serves his turn in addressing the alumni almost always will come back stimulated by the requests for authorita-

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tive information as to what the university is accomplishing and by the welcome given a frank discussion of his problems. He may start off with athletics, but he will end up with the university.

How this spirit on the part of the alumni can be best utilized is becoming a vital problem for university administrators. Just now in most colleges and universities alumni relations are a matter of haphazard development. But to continue drifting simply means more trouble in the future of the same kind every institution has been familiar with at different times in the past. This is a somewhat grudging acceptance of the largess which alumni are willing and anxious to bestow, and a chorus of criticism of every benefaction, on the part of faculty men who do not see, or are unwilling to acknowledge, the implication as to the new status of the alumni which these things represent. There are those of course who believe that the present situation is on the whole satisfactory, but there are others who feel that neither the universities nor the alumni are accomplishing a quarter of what they might, if this relationship were established on a proper basis. The solution of the problem seems to the writer to lie in a frank and painstaking study of the whole situation which will be accepted as authoritative at once by the professor and his former student.

There are certain elements which, it seems fairly obvious, must enter into such a study. In the first place, the present status of the great alumni bodies in all our universities must be, so to speak, acknowledged and legalized. Then, the university trustees and faculties must be brought to recognize, practically as well as theoretically, that the alumni are actually a part of the university, and not merely a source of financial support. And finally, the alumni must in some way acquire a better understanding of the educational aims of the university. They must come to recognize that it is a living and growing force, and not necessarily a crystallization for all time of the place and life they knew when they were students.

The two last suggestions might be discussed a little more at length since they involve a programme which has enormous significance for the future of American universities. Unquestionably there is a rather deep-seated, though concealed, antagonism between the alumni as a body and the university faculty as a body. Most university executives, particularly college presidents, have sufficient contact with the alumni to appreciate at least the graduate point of view. Many alumni for one reason or another also have a sympathetic comprehension of the faculty man's views. But we are speaking of groups rather than individuals. Generally speaking the professorial emphasis is on the period when the student is in residence. That is almost necessarily so. He is proud of the achievements of his former students as individuals, but he fails to sense the fact that the university lives in its graduates, that in some measure at least the actions and ways of thought of the graduates are a direct reflection of—and sometimes on—his teachings. He is reluctant, to say the least, to acknowledge that the alumni are entitled to consideration in matters where their co-operation and advice can be of service, particularly as this means almost all the broader and less technical aspects of university education.

For the alumnus the question simmers down to a question of education on a subject rarely included in a university curriculum—the university itself and university education. The average alumnus doesn't know anything at all about these things. What is more, he is usually not interested, or at least only superficially. That is, he is not unless some definite effort is made to arouse his interest, and that demands intelligent and far-sighted measures on the part of the university. It means a course of alumni education which should begin with the freshman year. As President Chase of the University of North Carolina puts it: "How can an alumnus understand his university in middle life, if he has not somehow 'got the feel of it' as an undergraduate?" To cut off the channels of contact, as ordinarily happens, just when the student is ready and eager to develop into a really interested and thoughtful element in the university commonwealth, is, to say the least, short-sighted. The student

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should be prepared to be an alumnus before he leaves; he should have some insight into the problems to which the president, the trustees or regents, and the faculty are committed. A course on university history and problems might well be given during one year of the college course. It might be a "one-hour snap," but if the material were presented in a stimulating way by some one who knew how to appeal to that intangible but very real element in student life, college spirit, the result might well be incalculable. But that of course can be only a beginning. Contacts of every kind should be encouraged and developed by the university. The special preoccupations of the graduate wherever they touch the university should be encouraged. In fact every possible means should be used to make the university a force in the life of the individual alumnus. It is only through the individual ties thus formed that the university and the alumni body will be knit into the greater university.

For the alumnus certain premises must underlie any effort to co-operate effectively with the university. They may seem rather obvious, but there are plenty of college and university graduates to whom they will be something more than platitudes.

1. In the first place, the alumni must recognize that the fundamental aim of the university is education—not merely the studies listed in the annual catalogue, but training for life. Not alone knowledge from books or teachers, but the things of the spirit, which have their share in the training of the mind, body, and will. Few university graduates would question this statement; but some, and unfortunately they often wield a certain influence in graduate councils, show no recognition of this ideal in their ordinary relations to the university. Peculiarly is this true of those alumni who believe, or at least act as if they believed, that the university existed for athletics, instead of at least putting the proposition the other way round. We all know them. While they may pay lip-service to what would seem to be the fairly obvious and natural reason for the university's existence, they are sure to resent any limitations which the educational welfare of the university may place upon the chances for a championship.

2. A second premise which must be granted by college graduates, if they are to co-operate effectively in university affairs, is that the educational task of the university should be left pretty largely in the hands of experts—the faculties. We are all of us familiar with that traditional figure of the absent-minded professor. Most of us can pick his prototype in real life even though nowadays he is coming to be the exception. What we have failed to realize in our amusement over his eccentricities is that he has qualified as an expert in some branch of knowledge, and that his personal influence may extend through the teachings and lives of a thousand students to whom he has furnished inspiration and a wholesome, if perhaps unworldly, guidance.

But this gentle figure is, for the most part, of an older generation, though it is more than likely that he figures in our fondest memories. The university teacher of the present is pretty apt to be decidedly a man of affairs, a trained executive who might do far better for himself away from college halls if it were not for the sheer idealism and love of learning for its own sake which lead him to accept the less conspicuous rewards of a university career. Still, if the graduate fails to appreciate the complexity of the problems that face our universities, it is because of the failure of the university man to make them clear to the alumni, his impatience with the graduate point of view, as well as because of the equally massive impatience of the alumnus at the professor's attitude toward his task. For some reason the average alumnus has a feeling that he is competent to give an offhand opinion upon many subjects long and prayerfully, and, it must be acknowledged, sometimes tediously, debated in faculty councils, simply because he has attained some degree of prominence in another field. It is up to the alumnus to recognize that he must fit himself to co-operate with his faculty confrère, rather than to insist upon a point of view which the latter knows is rather absurd or at least impracticable. That is where a definite course of undergraduate

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training for graduate responsibilities would be peculiarly valuable.

3. As a direct corollary of the other two comes the third premise: that no alumni effort can be really helpful which is not based upon a thoroughgoing sympathy with the educational aims of the institution, and which does not consciously seek to support the university administration—the president, the governing body, and the faculties. This of course is far from implying that the alumni should not have an independent voice upon matters in which they are concerned and upon which they are qualified to speak with understanding. Nor would I imply that, upon occasion, they should not express themselves upon the most fundamental problems of university policy. The alumni often have a fresher, broader, and more practical view, based upon their activities and contacts in other fields, as well as what might be called a practical idealism, which the faculty man sometimes loses in the daily attrition of the classroom. Moreover once the gap is bridged, the university man is ready to welcome the practical spirit with which the alumnus approaches many of the questions laid before him, provided that with it is revealed both a willingness to consider the educational problems involved, and a sympathy for the specialized point of view of the university man.

All this points to the development of a more constructive programme on the part of the university in its relations with the alumni, and an effort on the part of the alumni to "keep their pictures of the university up-to-date." It must be granted that many manifestations of alumni enthusiasm are footless and unintelligible, but as a whole the alumni, as a body, can be neglected only at a loss to the spiritual as well as the material welfare of our American universities. There are limits to the degree and kind of participation in university questions open to the alumni, but these limits are freely recognized by the right-minded graduate. The university's endeavor must be to bring it about that all alumni become thus minded. It cannot merely assume a receptive attitude as regards its graduates, looking for manna from heaven; it must develop an active policy which will incorporate them into the great fellowship. The alumni are doing their part through their organizations. The next move is up to the universities. In the alumni associations, alumni councils, in the network of alumni clubs scattered all over the country in any city of any size, in the graduate publications and the alumni funds, great instruments are being forged which can offer efficient support in enabling the universities to develop far beyond anything that we know at the present time. How far these instruments are to be used for the best interests of university and graduate alike is a problem which must be studied and solved.

Child's Choice

BY KATHARINE DAY LITTLE

THERE'S one thing that he cannot understand,
And that is, why our grass was cut for hay.
"Mother," he said, and gravely looked at me,
"That grass was nice when it was high and tall,
And now it's rough and ugly in the field."
He missed the fresh luxuriance that made
A place of beauty, dappled dun and green;
He missed the silver shimmer when the wind
Ruffled the grass and bent the daisy heads.
"What use is hay that only horses eat,"
He said, "when all the shining grass is gone?"

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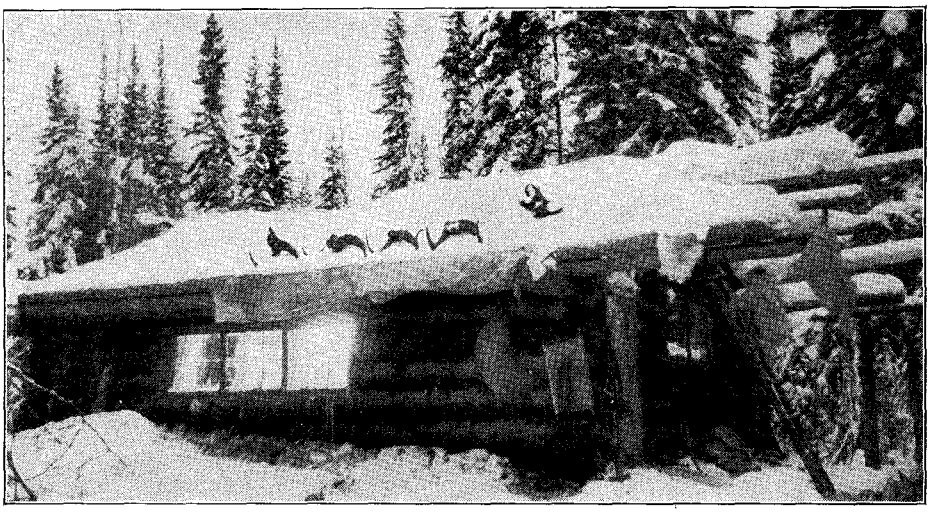

A lonely trapper's cabin, where some colonial kinsman is to-day doing pioneer picket duty.

What Does Alaska Want?

BY MARY LEE DAVIS
Author of "God's Pocket" and "The Social Arctic Circle"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A CABINET minister here in Washington told me only the other day, with a show of exasperation tempered by a twinkle and a twisted smile, that it seemed to him our handful of American colonists claiming Russia's discarded Bear Cub as a home could "raise more diverse and persistent howls than the joint populations of ten decent States. *What does Alaska want?*"

Although that question is a hard one, maybe I can give you an inside answer because I have been living literally inside Alaska for so many years—in its most interior section, as far in as you can go without starting out again! I can at least suggest some immediate reasons for the "why" of those howls, by giving you three concise definitions of my own, describing what Alaska really is. "Alaska: a bear cub; a growing boy; a group of American colonies." Any one of these rôles gives Alaska a perfectly legitimate right to howl.

Our own avuncular Samuel adopted Russia's cub when it was a very helpless small bear indeed, giving solemn promise, couched in high-sounding, sacredly attested documents of state, that if only its rather unnatural daddy would withdraw entirely from the vicinity, for keeps, and renounce all claim of paternity in the waif, Uncle Sam would himself henceforward and hereafter protect and cherish the same as one of his very own brood. An insignificant matter of money changed hands in this transaction, merely enough to cover some necessary expenses, make the affair legally tight, and save the rather shamed Muscovitic face.

Seward had acted as go-between in this deal, my grandfather's own old York State neighbor whom he loved and admired above all men save Lincoln's self. When the great secretary was retiring, after that arduous pilotage of the ship of state, they asked him what act of all his half-century of public service he himself

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considered most worth while. Without a second's hesitation Seward answered: "The purchase of Alaska. But it may take two generations before it is appreciated."

It has!

For, although the forward-looking Seward felt genuine enthusiasm over the Alaskan affair, a score of other things were stirring then, all of which seemed rather more vital to the men of the upper sixties. The Atlantic cable had just been laid successfully, and men's minds were already expanding with the intoxicating idea of the earth and the fulness thereof, the sea, and all that in them is, as tractable things to be controlled and bound. They were busy even then binding the continent with its first twin threads of steel, to be completed at Promontory Point early in the next year. Who had any time or thought for Alaska?

But even in neglect this tough-fibred creature kept on growing, developing, feeling out its youthful strength. American colonists sought Alaska and made their homes there, among them my grandfather's granddaughter. We have come to love and prize our adopted land with a fierce and intense loyalty. But when we return to the States and are asked, as I was recently by a near relative of the great Seward himself, "Do any Americans live in Alaska?", we realize how little appreciated otherwhere, even after the prophesied lapse of two generations, is the real status of Uncle Sam's forgotten colonies in the North.

For the real Alaska, as we who live there know it, comprises at least four distinct political and economic units, although the good people back in Washington do not apprehend this.

In summer, a thirty-mile-per-hour gravel auto road for American tourists, through the high ranges from Fairbanks to the coast, a journey taking weeks, in the old days, to accomplish the 400 miles.

Strictly speaking, the term "Alaska" has significance to-day as a geographic unity, but carries little real homogeneity of meaning in other fields. I could tell you pretty clearly what the Fourth Division wants, for that comprises the great empire lying behind the mountains where I myself have been living; and I could tell you, from travel and observation and the trusted words of friends, something of the individual wants of the Second and Third Divisions; and even, perhaps (though God forbid that I should have to, for that includes our Capitoline Juneau), what the First Division wants. But unless you will promise to carry with you some notion of this quadruple cleavage, it will be very hard indeed to explain in any understandable detail what Alaska as a whole wants,

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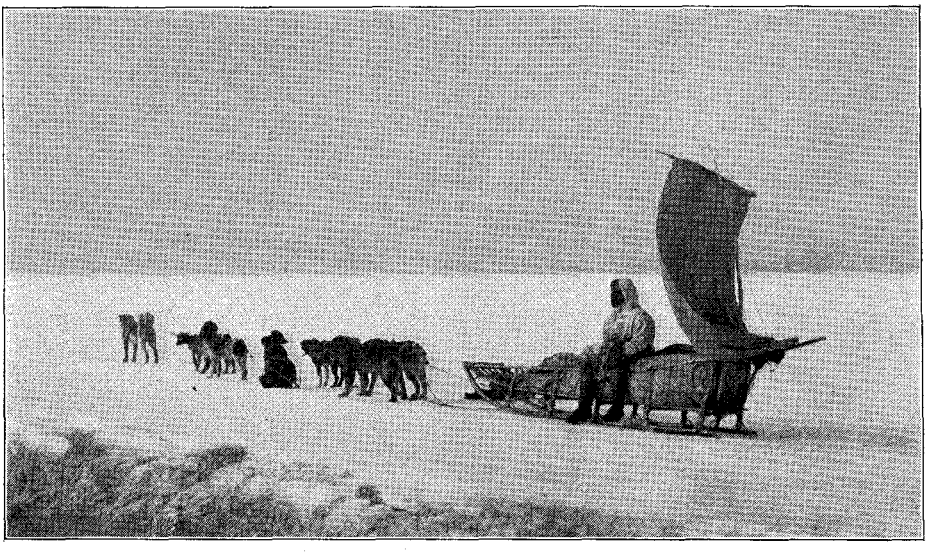
for Alaska to-day isn't a unified whole at all, except in historical name and in the purely cartographical fact that it forms a jutting peninsula the size of a continent.

Taking Alaska, then, as a group of colonies, who believe themselves to have just reason for complaint because of past neglect by an adoptant guardian country, occupied about their strictly personal affairs, at such critical periods.

Do not misunderstand me. There is no question in Alaska, as yet, of political revolt. Neither was there, for that matter, in the Thirteen Colonies during the first sixty years of their settlement, for that is a last and aggravated phase of a very slow and involved social and economic ferment.



Primitive transportation in Alaska.

what point in the familiar colonial cycle have these isolated communities now reached? The early exploratory period has long ago slipped by, the days of first settlement are now over. The land has been spied out and the knowledge of the backing of a richly endowed continental hinterland has been painfully acquired. The older generation of the pioneers, whose past lay elsewhere, is fast taking the Nameless Trail. The younger generation knows only the newer soil. And all fixed historical data plot the curve for the next swing of events along the lines of intensive self-consciousness, the swift and not always wise or equitable development of resource and political institution, coupled with a searching inquiry into the bases of relation with the mother country.

We have a dozen close parallels to warn us that foster parents and mandatory governments have a way of being vastly pre-

Yet here we have again a group of colonies setting out to occupy a continent; colonists mainly of north European stocks thinly settled along a length of sea-line much more extended than the coast of all the United States combined; a little developed transmontane area appealing always to the more adventurous and imaginative; with a climate scorned by the folks back home as far too rigorous for the comforts of permanent living, but one upon which the pioneer himself thrives and grows lusty. Here we discover again a willingness on the part of the mother country to exploit this continent-colonies' raw materials, but a great unwillingness to admit its human constituents to anything that approaches political or economic fraternity. Once more there is growing up a policy, if any, on the part of our Lords of Trade and Plantations, to the effect that Crown Lands or Public Domain exist solely for the good of

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the mother country and of the empire. Also we are hearing repeated the hoary colonial argument that "government costs too much per capita and in relation to the taxes collectable." "There are not enough people there to warrant all this expense of maintaining courts and bureaus and the various machinery of administration. There are only a few thousand whites, and they don't pay sufficient taxes for their keep."

And eloquent congressmen from Massachusetts and from California, on the superficial bases of a few days spent skirting the fringes of The Great Country, rise in our national legislature and wax vocal in their belief that "this wilderness" should be allowed to revert at once to primeval desuetude, since it will never in the world amount to anything; forgetting entirely that their own now proud and sovereign States themselves, in their time, passed through similar periods of depression and underappreciation, when they too were colonial thorns in the flesh to a distracted home government, and were quite seriously deemed hardly worth their keep in government expense, in view of the wilful and rebellious nature of the wild radical backwoodsmen who inhabited them!

I wonder if any territory has anywhere been opened up and pioneered, without this cry of the visionless being heard in the land? To date, over a billion and a quarter in exports have come from these misprized American colonies of the North —gold and copper, silver hordes of fish, the rarest furs that the continent provides. But because these values do not pour directly into the Treasury of the United States, but exist only as indirectly taxable output and increased general luxury, our legal guardian has never seen fit to check these items off as credit to our account against the original $7,200,000 he paid for title to this wealth, or the relatively paltry sums above direct tax revenue which he expends upon it yearly in board and keep.

The rather vital fact that only 2 per cent of the actual real estate here is privately owned, and hence taxable, is conveniently forgotten, for Uncle Sam himself is still master of the remainder. But a much more potent consideration lies in the fact that most of the really large commercial companies operating in Alaska are incorporated in States "back home" paying elsewhere the whole of their federal tax on profits here derived. Hence the real and apparent values of Alaskan exports, as national revenue, remain literally wide seas apart. It is another case where bare figures, uninterpreted or misinterpreted, can only lie.

Beneficent Uncle Sam, who expects his children to clear his wilderness and solitary places for him, to gamble with death, to face the loneliness, to suffer the depreciation of hard-won placer golds, to send him back yearly treasure of copper from the mountain and fishes from the sea, and still pay him goodly tribute and all-sufficient overhead, in taxes!

The very best answer to any congressman's proposal that Uncle Sam should definitely turn his back to-day upon the colonies of Alaska is a Yankee counter-query: "What did Britain ultimately lose in the original Thirteen?" Here we have an area of equally great diversity, truly a continent in itself, in acreage exceeding the present boundaries of those former English colonies by the sum of present-day Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana, and with a climate quite as varied. Is there no parallel? And if you doubt the climatic statement, remember what was falsely reported of the inclemencies of New England, in the old days; and remember also that last winter there was actually colder weather on the southern edge of Georgia than in any spot on the southern edge of Alaska. Basic facts like these remain, and are easily verifiable, in spite of reporting and counter-reporting, minimizing and maximizing.

But although one might expect, in the two generations since Seward's day, some truer valuation of the goodies still held within his much-scorned, bargain-bought "ice-box," our adopting parent has so far notably failed to analyze the dynamic and socio-economics of this growing land—a lack of vision very disturbing to those who know Alaska intimately. For the framework here is almost identical with that of the earlier colonial situation. In the concluding paragraphs of his "Founding of New England," James Truslow Adams states: "In their broader features, the constitutions granted by Congress to organ-

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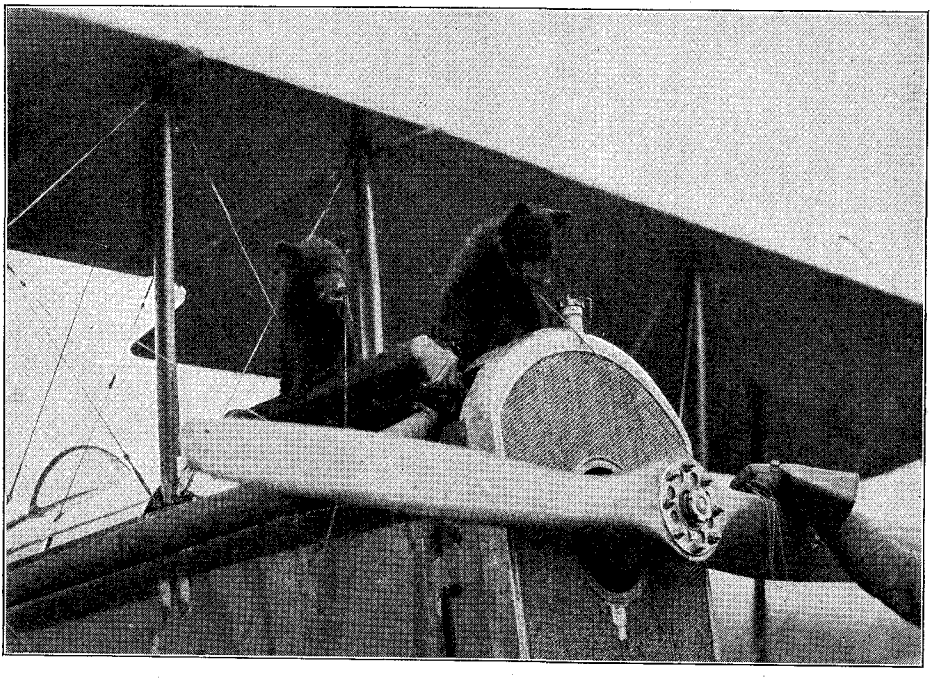
ized territories reproduce very closely the old royal governments of the earlier period." Speaking therefore as a contemporary variety of colonial dame, I observe daily in contemporary Alaska many a vivid revival of those earlier well-worn issues.

"Very well," says the ungentle but practical modern reader, "grant your premise that conditions existing to-day in colonial Alaska and yesterday in colonial New England are identical, or at least very similar—what's to be done about it? What, in other words, *does* Alaska want?"

I know of only two matters upon which all Alaska is unanimously agreed, but by a rare good fortune these two comprise such fundamental things that a sympathetic and general knowledge of them on the part of thinking Americans back home would constitute at once a firm basis of mutual understanding and appreciation between contemporary colonials in Alaska and the citizens of the mother country. One of these is a very material want, but the other, which forms its spiritual complement, is even more clamantly prayed by really thoughtful Alaskans. If Uncle Sam takes any serious steps to meet these two urgent and allied desires, I sincerely believe he will have solved for all time the so-called Alaska problem.

Never any place in Alaska have I found anything but praise of, co-operation with, and a desire for more, thoroughgoing agencies of *all kinds* making for better and more adequate transportation and communication. Negatively, the most united "howl" that Alaskan lungs can produce goes forth when there is any suggestion, either on the part of federal government or private business, to abandon the Alaska Railroad, cease building good roads, curtail the mail or boat service, disfavor air transportation, or decrease the number of military telegraph and wireless stations, coast surveys, navigation charts or marks. More than any other factor in his whole scheme of things, the Alaskan wishes all these agencies continued, and their efficiency increased. On the surface these may seem material desires, but they are really much more profound. It has often



Even these little black fellows evidently wish to join the aviators and become polar bears! Alaska, the Nation's bear cub, proves itself "all up in the air" in more senses than one.

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been claimed that the American Revolution could never have taken place if the mechanical means of communication later perfected had been operating between London and the colonies in mid-eighteenth century. It is possible to-day to establish and encourage such agencies in this dependency, and where they are already established they should, by all means, be continued. They will add to mutual understanding as increased travel facilities invariably do, and free the Alaskan from his engrossing inner isolation, which will, in turn, make for his greater satisfaction in doing your present-day frontier job for you.

Furthermore, any public money expended here will come back to you indirectly, but no less surely, as public money spent on the West's transportation problems came back richly after not too many days to the Eastern States which had made investment there. That golden key unlocked beauty and health for thousands, by increasing opportunities for travel and opening national playgrounds for all the people. It also unlocked vast resources by broadening opportunities for business enterprise, impossible without adequate road systems.

So, too, in my own little town of the North to-day, a world-known mining company is expending ten million dollars in placer-dredging preparations, knowing through careful surveys that in a generation's time it will win back at least a hundred million. But, although that knowledge could be put to no practical use until after the completion of the Alaska Railroad, and the Alaska Railroad was built by the national government, still the net profits of this one huge mining venture (as so many others of The Great Country) will flow back to people outside Alaska, enriching a wide community of stockholders and adding its quota to the sum of the national wealth.

Improved travel facilities also materially cut down both time and expense accounts for all the many strictly federal agencies working in Alaska, a lengthy item in itself and one that should be justly credited. The head of the Alaskan Road Commission recently returned from a tour of inspection in which all previous records were broken. His travelling time from Nome to Valdez *via* Fairbanks was fifty-seven and one-half hours, a journey occupying in the old days from four to six weeks, even with the very best of luck, and formerly costing the government the price of a king's ransom. Better roads and airplanes make the difference. And truly all Alaska is now in the air, in more ways than one, for we all realize that our clearest future lies that way. There are to-day in Alaska no fewer than twenty-five good landing-fields for planes, or one field per thousand of white population. Where in the States can you find evidence of equal interest in practical aviation? And these fields have been built by local initiative and out of Territorial funds.

Nothing will so much tend to remove divisional prejudice and parochial divergence in Alaska as will a patient encouragement of all these now embryonic means of transportation and communication. Do this, and your problem of colonial government here will iron itself out, for Alaska will actually become a simplified unit, and as such can be dealt with simply. When it actually exists as one integral colony, then Alaska will be in a position to fulfil its ultimate dream of parity and statehood. Just now the colonies are only beginning to pick up lost threads after a severe war depression, and the Far North is to-day quite as desperately in need of all means of transportation as was the Far West after the Civil War. A true statesmanship will see this and will help Alaskans to help themselves, which is all that is needed. For Alaska is united to-day as one man in this thought, and all sectional differences are lost in the urgency of this want.

The other half of the answer, the spiritual half, is so implied in the core of this material need for better communication that I shall only suggest it. One comment is heard constantly in all parts of Alaska: "They don't understand us, back in Washington." A boyish complaint, perhaps, and yet there is some element of truth in it, for only an exceptionally loving or sympathetic parent remembers, or can understand, the mental complexities of a growing boy. Guardianship is needed now, stewardship is needed now—a wise and just stewardship. But the time is fast

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approaching when the boy will begin to think himself strong. When that time comes, if his own personality remains a mass of warring factions, and if his past relations with his guardian have proved unsympathetic, if no real friendliness has been established between them by custom and communication—who knows? "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

So, let me urgently beg that you do not park your intelligence outside our gates or come with sympathies obscured by sophistries, should you decide to enter Alaska as a tourist this summer as so many are now doing. There is no place where open minds will be more appreciated, or where they meet with a more ready response. Alaskan people are generous and hospitable to a fault. Living so simply and so far, they give of themselves freely to every eager inquirer. One wee town, that is far from booming, yet maintains at public expense a beautiful garden of flowers in the court-house yard, where blooms are free for the picking of chance while-the-boat-waits tourists; it provides also a municipal strawberry-bed where the curious stranger may lay to and enjoy all the luscious berries he can safely wrap himself around! So your true pioneer deals in simple, wholesome concepts, and his communities exhibit both the pure creative zeal and the touchy egocentricity typical of growing lads.

But there is so much crass ignorance of Alaska in the ordinary tourist twaddle, I fear this present friendly attitude may soon change. I myself have heard tourists say: "How *quaint!* To come to a foreign (*sic*) village and hear *English* spoken!" Tourists have rudely pushed their way inside my own home door, commenting: "Why, *white* people seem to be living here!" Even the children of Alaska appreciate an intelligent attitude when they meet it. Recently the head of our national parks visited Fairbanks, and my neighbor's little girl, with a keen Russian-Jewish-Irish heredity, commented: "I like that man, mama." "Why, Deborah?" "Well, he doesn't ask silly questions about Alaska, the way the tourists do."

Photograph by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Point Hope, Alaska.

There are almost as many shades of bears as political opinion in Alaska! Here's the native and polaric *ursus maritimus*.

To expect any one outside Alaska to achieve a complete understanding of Alaska would be preposterous counsel of perfection. It's quite hard enough for oldest inhabitants to get the full picture, as proved recently by the acridly bitter recriminations over electing our one lone delegate to Congress (N. B. —a delegate without a vote). No doubt, as the whimsical cabinet minister suggested, our 25,000 odd white settlers do possess as many diverse political crotchets and slants as do 25,000,000 inhabitants of older, more compact States—where men's minds rub together in a necessary community of effort, and daily life does not demand, as on the far frontier, a constant and even violent intensity of individual expression for mere existence.

But an attempt at understanding can be made even by those living back home in the Mother Country, for these settlers

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of the North are true kinsmen, who have not yet lost or shifted their home-country allegiance and deep-rooted racial memories. That the attempt should be made, and along the safe lines of hereditary study, boyhood psychology, and colonial analogy, is both possible and eminently desirable to any historically informed American citizen. Upon whom does the final responsibility for tolerance and wisdom and humor and sympathy rest in these relationships of child and parent—even granting that the parent in this case is an adoptant one?

Like youth everywhere to-day, Alaska is not in need, from its elders, of meddling busybodyness, empty precepts, or mouldy advice. Nor is young Alaska begging largess of potlatch. Are these latter-day American colonists asking too much, in asking solely for those elements universally recognized as most desirable in the actual family relationship—a real putting of yourselves in their place, a real attempt to sense their heredity and equipment, a real, fair, fighting chance to carry on the old family name untarnished into a new generation, into a similar, new, but difficult environment?

Think of that youthful movement in the North constructively then, in terms of colonial kinsmen of your own who have climbed the slippery ladder of the parallels, and sit now precariously upon World's Edge, the white ridge-pole of the very continent itself, doing restless picket duty upon your own ultimate frontier.

The Legal Fiction

BY ROBERT L. RAYMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

MR. JARVIS had been on a vacation for several months and it was beginning to make him irritable. He found fault with hotel rooms, got into altercations with cabmen, and scolded waiters. The still, small voice of conscience was continually muttering something in his ear, but Mr. Jarvis could not understand what it said.

As he had recently arrived at Menton, on the Riviera, very likely his conscience was talking in French, a language Mr. Jarvis understood but indifferently when spoken. If it had been written out Mr. Jarvis would have had no trouble at all in translating the message that his conscience was trying to get through as follows:

"Look here, sir! It was all very well for you to fly away from your perch at the top of the tree in the legal world of Boston on what you amuse yourself by calling a Sabbatical year. A change of scene from courts, office, and that great library of yours, where outside of business hours you shut yourself up like a hermit, was a bully idea. You are more than sixty years old, have no family, and no one had a better right to please himself for a while. But how about six months more of this job of killing time? Ma foi! And also Mon Dieu! Go back, foolish old man, before it's too late, and be busy and worried and tired out and happy!"

Mr. Jarvis leaned forward and took another sip of his after-dinner coffee. They made it very well here. The cigar was good too. It ought to be, at such a price. Mr. Jarvis could afford to indulge himself perfectly well, but the cost of cigars in France (those which were smokable) added another spark to his smouldering resentment against all things foreign. He frowned, deliberately removed his tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, passed his hand two or three times over a countenance as smooth and rosy in

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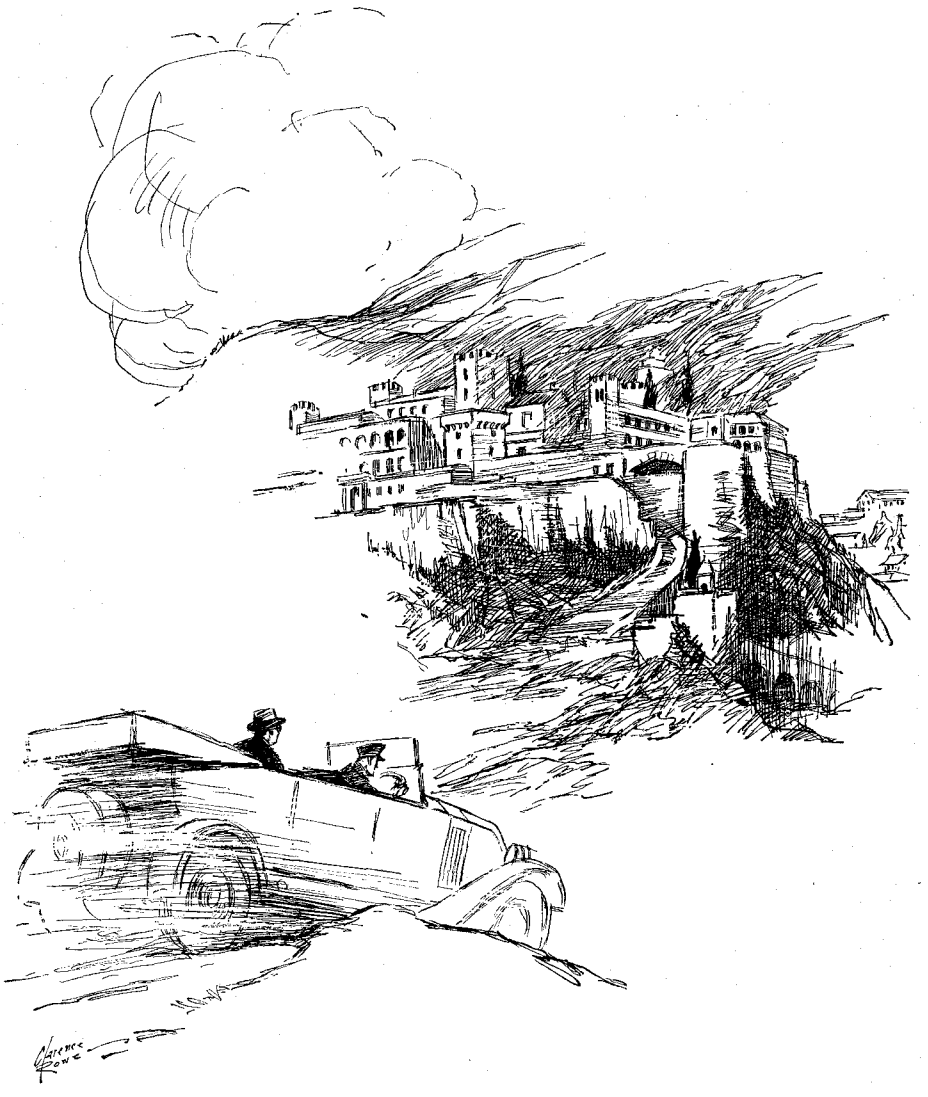

Fairyland!

complexion as that of an infant, ran it through his thick iron-gray hair, and finally gazed at the ceiling with an air of desperation.

"Oh, damn!" thought Mr. Jarvis.

Though he had not opened his lips, he put such heart into the expletive that it seemed to him that every one in the enormous lounge of the Hôtel Côte d'Azur must have heard the words reverberate. Forgetting, in the fervor of his feelings, that to other people he presented the appearance merely of a dignified although somewhat odd-looking gentleman dressed in well-made dinner clothes, Mr. Jarvis in some confusion resumed his spectacles and tried to interest himself in what was going on around him.

The scene fell on his gaze with sickening familiarity. A week! It seemed as if he had been seeing these people throughout a lifetime.

The dreary throng of men and women occupying the big chairs drawn near the open space cleared for dancing, nearly all of whom appeared to be English, pre-

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sented a weird similarity of appearance and behavior. There they sat, as to Mr. Jarvis's certain knowledge they had been sitting every evening for more than a week, in small groups of two or three, solemn, depressed, and with a vague air of keeping an eye on other groups, as if they wondered whether they might speak to them.

There were just two people in the room who attracted Mr. Jarvis and to watch whom had made his long evening at Menton endurable. At the moment they were dancing together, something he had never seen them do before. The man was tall, smooth-faced, with brown hair, and might have been any age between thirty and forty. He looked like a great aristocrat, and his air was one of distinction. When he talked, his smile was peculiarly sweet and attractive. This was all the more noticeable because when his face was in repose, its expression, Mr. Jarvis thought, was the saddest he had ever seen. The woman looked much younger. Tall, too, very slight of figure, with bronze hair, blue eyes, and markedly arched eyebrows, she was a beauty; a beauty of that astonishing loveliness which startles beholders like a blow. But often in her face too, was the stricken look of one who suffers and fears. To-night as they danced together the sadness of both seemed so real and poignant that suddenly Mr. Jarvis felt a lump in his throat and his eyes began to wink. It was one of those instants when a revelation of the sorrow and futilities of life comes quickly and goes again, leaving a wound behind.

Mr. Jarvis had learned from the concierge something of the interesting couple. They were professional dancers to whom the hotel management conceded room and board in exchange for their services in rescuing the evening and tea dances from dying of inanition. They also gave lessons. They were French, husband and wife, and this was their first year at the hotel. Their name was Duclos. That was all the concierge knew about them.

They did their duty heroically and conscientiously. Mr. Jarvis could bear witness to that. The moment the music commenced, the man would rise from his chair behind one of the pillars of the lounge where he sat with his wife, and seek out a partner, any one, every one. Tall women, short women, fat women, children, old ladies—he danced with them all. He was an artist. Under his inspired guidance the most awkward and romping matron, even though she began by bouncing about, was soon gliding smoothly over the polished hardwood floor. When the dance was over, smiling, he would take his partner to her seat, bow with the manner of a grand seigneur, and then retire at once to his place by his wife. She might have been dancing or not. If the call came, however, she responded unfalteringly. Any and all was her lot too. Bovine Englishmen, gross Germans, loud Americans, she swept around the room like a sylph with all.

On this evening as she danced with her husband, Mr. Jarvis saw that she was suffering from a sort of repressed excitement. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, a spot of deep pink glowed in either cheek, and now and then she caught her lower lip in her small white teeth with a convulsive movement. Once or twice her steps faltered and she almost stopped. Finally as they neared the side of the room where Mr. Jarvis was sitting, she threw back her head, giving at the same time a little gasp. The color left her face, her knees slowly gave way, and she sank down, while her husband, all at once white too, tightened his arm about her and held her from falling.

Mr. Jarvis rose hastily to his feet and stepped forward.

"Let me help," he said to the husband. "Dear me! Dear me! The poor young lady!"

Together they half-walked, half-carried the young woman into the long corridor outside the lounge and gently put her into one of the great armchairs there.

As the two men leaned anxiously over her, Madame Duclos gave a sigh and opened her eyes, which fell on Mr. Jarvis. "I am all right," she said in English with hardly a trace of an accent, and with a little smile. "I felt faint for a moment."

As she turned and looked at her husband wistfully, the color slowly came back to her cheeks.

"Thank you, sir, for your assistance," said the man gratefully to Mr. Jarvis.

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"Come, Adele, I will take you to your room."

Mr. Jarvis followed the departing couple with puzzled eyes. Reluctantly he turned his thoughts to the problem with which of late he had become distressingly familiar. What should he do for the next hour or so? Flesh and blood could endure the mournful gaiety of the lounge not an instant longer, and suddenly Mr. Jarvis was assailed by the fantastic temptation, frequently recurrent since he had arrived at Menton, to rush over to Monte Carlo, only five miles away, and there seek oblivion from boredom in a struggle with the blind Goddess of Fortune. From his omnivorous reading he knew a good deal about roulette, though he had always docketed it in his mind with the doings in the Arabian Nights. Presently the delicious madness passed, and the gloom which shrouded his existence, after momentarily lightening to an extent which almost caused his eyes to blink, descended again; and muttering "To-morrow," he went up to his room to read.

When Mr. Jarvis awoke the next morning he had entirely forgotten his wicked resolution to become a gambler and was conscious only of the vacancy of mind to which he had been for some time accustomed. As the day wore on, however, finding himself goaded well-nigh to madness by the monotonous loveliness of the marvellous blue sea stretching back until it met the cloudless blue sky, and further oppressed by the tormenting beauty of the Italian mountain shore across the Pont Saint-Louis, soft, green, and drifting mysteriously in the blue, something of the restlessness of a caged animal returned and early afternoon found him motoring under the hot January sun over the Middle Corniche Road to Monte Carlo.

Things were not much better here. Above, on his right, perched like a bird on its nest, the old town of Rocquebrune, with its battlemented castle, from the twin towers of which banners were flying, peered down; below, on the left, jutting out into the blue water, sparkling, shining, vibrating, gleaming like a jewel, lay Monte Carlo and, just beyond, the sheer-sided rock of Monaco, the palace of its prince and the white-pillared Museum of Oceanography standing out clear.

Fairyland!

As the car came down the steep road into the town, Mr. Jarvis saw, so near at hand that it seemed as if he could toss a biscuit aboard, a great ocean liner with cream-colored, black-tipped funnels lying placidly on the bosom of the azure sea, directly off the Monte Carlo Casino. Her presence seemed to add the last irritating touch to the picture.

Where could he find a moment's respite from this ruthless soul-destroying beauty?

When he alighted at the steps of the Casino, however, his spirits suddenly rose. There was something about the great ochre-colored, barrack-like structure which impressed him favorably; something homelike and familiar.

And, a few moments later, when he passed through the swinging doors into the Salle Schmidt, with its half-dozen tables of roulette and two of trente-et-quarante, a sense of enormous relief came upon him. The light was dim, the general aspect forlorn, and the place pervaded by a gratifying sort of sordidness. No sound except a peculiar clicking noise, and now and then monotonous voices which said: "Faites vos jeux, messieurs!" "Rien ne va plus!"

The air was pretty bad, too; like that in a court-room at home. Ah! That was what accounted for the strange feeling of being in accustomed surroundings. The resemblance was really remarkable. These people sitting at the tables, like most litigants, had the air of being concerned with one of the baser aspects of life; and manifested the same mournful propriety of behavior. And these men in black coats and black ties, with hard, emotionless faces, who seemed to be acting in an official capacity, might easily have been court officers, the two at each table sitting higher than the others sheriffs.

In a state of mind which had become almost cheerful, Mr. Jarvis passed on to the Salons Privés and, finding a vacant chair at the roulette-table, advanced full of confidence and sat down. It was next to a croupier and opposite the first fifteen numbers.

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Feeling singularly wide-awake, he handed some notes to the croupier. Instantly the croupier, with fingers which worked with magical rapidity, began strewing small round ivory disks on the table, gathered them up in piles of ten, and pushed them to Mr. Jarvis—three stacks of pink chips, and then, tossing them one by one, four large white chips about twice the size of the pink ones.

"C'est ça, monsieur."

"What are these, pray?" inquired Mr. Jarvis holding up a white chip.

"Those are hundred franc; chacun," explained the croupier.

"Very good!" observed Mr. Jarvis.

"Thirteen! Black! Odd! and Manque!" announced the croupier on the other side of the table, in level tones.

Thereupon he and the croupier next to Mr. Jarvis began pulling in, with little rakes, pink and white chips from all over the table. Then the croupier opposite, who was a hawk-nosed, shifty-eyed man, with smooth face, gray hair, and an air of forced gaiety, said, "Carré à treize," and pushed a stack of pink chips to a perfectly bald, little old man, bent almost double, who took his money with trembling hand and instantly began writing in a red leather memorandum-book.

Mr. Jarvis stroked his chubby countenance and indulged in some profound thinking. After consideration, he decided to avoid anything in the nature of a "system" and, putting his trust in blind luck, to play nothing but numbers *en plein* or *à cheval;* that is, to put his money on a single number which if it came up would pay him thirty-five times his stake, or on the dividing line between two numbers, when, if either came up, he would receive seventeen times his stake. That was the way to do it.

In pursuance of this policy Mr. Jarvis with great care placed a chip in the exact centre of zero, and then, obeying an imperative inward prompting, suddenly moved it to the line between zero and two.

Round spun the ball with its cheerful clicking sound, then came an instant of silence, and then the croupier announced: "Two! Black! Even! and Manque!"

Mr. Jarvis felt his heart pounding in a really dreadful fashion. To conceal his agitation, he turned his head and looked about the room. When he looked back expectantly at the hawk-nosed croupier opposite, his pink chip had disappeared, and the croupier met his gaze unrespondingly.

Mr. Jarvis's face, at first a ludicrous picture of disappointment, suddenly grew stern.

"Where is my money?" he demanded in English.

"Wot money is that?" replied the croupier coldly.

"For my stake between zero and two."

The croupier waved his hand toward the lower end of the table.

"I pay madame for the louis between the zero et deux." Mr. Jarvis glanced for an instant at the person indicated; a handsome painted woman, who sat calm, nonchalant, with a little scornful smile, almost a sneer, on her face.

"The chip between zero and deux was mine," said Mr. Jarvis in a voice which had grown hard.

"Speak to madame," suggested the croupier. "She speak English."

"I have nothing to say to madame!" declared Mr. Jarvis earnestly. "Nothing whatever. I am playing against the bank."

The croupier gave an impatient toss of his head and pressed the ball against the side of the wheel preparatory to spinning it.

Mr. Jarvis held out his hand, forefinger extended.

"Now, I warn you, my man, not to attempt to go on with the play until you have paid me my money. It will be better for you, I promise you."

There was a little flurry of excitement among the other players, and the chef de table sitting in the raised chair leaned down and whispered to the croupier. Then he addressed Mr. Jarvis.

"I have sent for an inspector," he said shortly.

"Take whatever course is customary and proper," agreed Mr. Jarvis. He was experiencing a familiar and pleasant tingling sensation.

In half a minute, a rather distinguished-looking elderly man appeared behind the croupier and, after a brief conference with him, looked across the table at Mr. Jarvis.

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

Mr. Jarvis's heart jumped as he saw it was Madame Duclos, the dancer at the Hôtel Côte d'Azur.—Page 639.

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He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it, and continued to study the countenance of the claimant, opposite. Many a lawyer who appeared in court against Mr. Jarvis for the first time had plucked up heart when he saw the odd-looking old gentleman with chubby round cheeks and kind gray eyes. But when Mr. Jarvis was on his feet and the kind eyes had grown steely, and the rasping voice went on tearing the opposing case to tatters with merciless irony, the situation assumed another aspect. When in action, Mr. Jarvis apparently underwent a complete metamorphosis, and he was in action now.

A change came over the inspector's face. "Pay monsieur at once!" he said, tapping the croupier on the shoulder.

"Very proper," observed Mr. Jarvis as, drawing in two stacks of pink chips, and bowing to the inspector, he looked about the table and noted that the painted woman with the sneering smile had disappeared.

The other players, who had been casting glances about equally compounded of amusement and irritation at the rather gnomelike-looking old gentleman who had been responsible for such an unprecedented thing as a delay at a table, thought he had suddenly become a very jovial old gnome indeed.

"Bonne chance, monsieur!" said the inspector, smiling at Mr. Jarvis, as he turned to go. Gaily Mr. Jarvis waved his hand in reply.

This was the first time for many months when he had encountered a situation on which, so to speak, the teeth of his mind could bite, and the exhilaration of it went to his head completely. With perfect outward propriety of manner he now proceeded to run amuck. Pushing his entire store of pink chips to the croupier at his side, he said briskly:

"Please change these for hundred franc chips—white ones, you know."

Thereupon, increasing his stakes to maximums, Mr. Jarvis began to back numbers not only *en plein* but from every possible additional combination. As success followed success the world outside of the Salon Privé ceased to exist. It was not that he was winning money. What filled his mind to the exclusion of all else was the fixed idea that, owing to some marvellous and, on the whole, highly commendable quality within him, he could anticipate the destination of the little ivory ball. Little by little the attention of the whole table became concentrated on his play, and after every third or fourth turn of the wheel murmurs of envious applause acclaimed still another great coup. When the chef de table summoned an attendant and sent for an additional supply of cash, even the croupiers emerged from their professional apathy and stared resentfully at the lucky plunger.

As Mr. Jarvis walked away from the little booth at the side of the room where he had finally reduced his winnings to cash, a painfully acute realization of the nature of his recent performances smote him. Immediately his conscience, speaking very plain English this time, fairly shouted:

"Worthless, degraded old man! Do you know what you've done? You've spent three hours rubbing elbows with some of the worst company in Europe! You've gambled so recklessly that every one in this den of iniquity is talking about you! And that isn't all! You've won three hundred and ninety-seven thousand francs; that is to say, slightly over nineteen thousand dollars! Shame! Shame! Shame!"

"Bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Jarvis shudderingly.

For an instant an insane impulse to rush to the wicket and force his winnings back on the attendant arrested his steps. But would that purge him of his offense?

As he moved slowly through the public rooms with their bad air and their heavy pall of decorously repressed excitement, the likeness of the place to a court again occurred to him; to a court just after the jury had brought in a verdict of "Guilty," a verdict directed, it seemed, against a gray-haired old gentleman who had not heart enough left to appeal.

Greatly depressed, he was passing the table near the exit when in the course of a furtive and guilty glance at the players he saw something which brought him once more to a standstill. At the side of the table opposite him a woman sat leaning forward on her elbows; her head

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bowed in her hands. Mr. Jarvis could not see her face, but her figure was young and graceful. The attitude was one of utter misery.

Instantly, Mr. Jarvis forgot his own shame and remorse, and a gust of pity swept over him.

Suddenly the graceful figure straightened, the hands came down from the face, and the young woman pushed back her chair and rose unsteadily and started for the exit. In her eyes, wild and staring, was a look of complete hopelessness. Mr. Jarvis's heart jumped as he saw it was Madame Duclos, the dancer at the Hôtel Côte d'Azur who had fainted the evening before.

Suddenly galvanized into life, Mr. Jarvis hurried after the young woman, who, as she paused before the door and swayed on her feet, threw a startled glance at the cherubic-looking old gentleman and seemed to recognize him. She drew in her breath sharply, and would have fallen if Mr. Jarvis had not dauntlessly put his arm around her waist and supported her irresolute steps into the great entrance hall and thence to the outside. Here in the air, grown cool with the coming darkness, she seemed to shake herself free from the spell under which she had lain. She made no pretense of revived cheerfulness, however. Her ashen-white face was haggard.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice, looking not at Mr. Jarvis but the ground.

Mr. Jarvis stood peering at her doubtfully.

"Can I take you back to Menton?" he asked at length, waving his hand toward the row of automobiles standing on the further side of the little square.

"Do not trouble about me any further, please," answered Madame Duclos in a voice which quivered with agony.

Mr. Jarvis raised his hat and took a step away. Then he turned his head and cast a sharp appraising glance at the young woman over his shoulder. She stood perfectly motionless, staring before her.

Mr. Jarvis turned and, coming back to Madame Duclos, said:

"Look here. Something's gone very wrong. You've lost money, of course. But it must be worse than that. Tell me about it. I am used to advising people who are in trouble. That's my trade; at least, part of my trade. Come."

Madame Duclos's expression became panic-stricken.

"No! No!" she gasped. "I cannot talk about it."

"Come!" repeated Mr. Jarvis.

Taking Madame Duclos by the arm, he gently urged her down the steps to the now almost deserted terrace of the Casino, and led her to some chairs near the balustrade.

"Sit down," said Mr. Jarvis. "Will you be cold?"

Madame Duclos shook her head, took a chair, and immediately burst into a fit of sobbing which shook her whole body.

Mr. Jarvis waited. The lights on the terrace, the lights of Monaco, of the aerial towns on the mountains, twinkled and gleamed in the evening air; the great liner was a near-by constellation of mechanical stars, and in the sky above real stars were emerging one by one.

Fairyland!

"Now tell me," said Mr. Jarvis.

Madame Duclos gave a shudder and looked searchingly at her companion.

"Very well. It can do no harm. I can see your face. It is kind."

She paused and bit her lips.

"I am a thief," she said in low tones. "It was stolen money that I have lost."

She paused and the tears began to flow again, but this time quietly.

"You are doing yourself some injustice," asserted Mr. Jarvis stoutly. "Whom have you robbed?"

"My husband."

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Jarvis, much relieved.

"Wait!" exclaimed Madame Duclos. "You do not understand." She wrung her hands.

"Tell me the whole thing from beginning to end," commanded Mr. Jarvis in firm tones.

"Very well. You must see, though you are a foreigner, that my husband and I come from different walks of life, that we belong to different classes. Ma foi, that is simple to see! He is of the aristocracy, yes, of the noblest; une vieux famille de France! It is not his name that we use. I am not even bourgeoise. I am of the canaille. Yet Georges trusted me.

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"We met at the end of the war—in a hospital. He had been gassed so badly it was believed he would die. Then, thanks to God, I nursed him back to life. He lived, but he could never be wholly well. He must stay always in a climate warm and soft, protected from our winter airs. He had no money! All was gone in the war. That is why we dance at a Riviera hotel. For him it is a tragedy, but we must live here and we must work somehow to live. We save every franc—yes, every sou. For three years we have strained every nerve for a single object. We wanted to save enough so we could give up this dancing and buy a tiny place where we could raise flowers for the market. People with even a little capital have been able to do that about here. We had fixed on the place; just outside of Hyères, at the other end of the Riviera. It is the great market in France for violets.

"We had saved fifty thousand francs. We banked it in my name. We needed, to make up our capital, forty thousand francs more. It seemed they would never come. Never! Things have been bad this year. Georges has not been so well. I felt I could not bear to have him going on with this work, this dancing. I have asked him how he could smile over it, and he has said: 'When I had money, ma chérie, I always preferred to buy of a shopkeeper who seemed to like his trade and was happy over it.' He is so sweet! He is so dear! When I became desperate a few days ago, I made up my mind to risk all on one coup: to steal the money we had saved and with it to win here at Monte Carlo what we needed. I was worried about it, yes! It was fear which made me faint last night at the hotel. Yet I never doubted that I would win. I believed in God. It did not seem that God could let me fail. And yet——"

The young woman paused and a look of unspeakable horror came into her eyes; her hands opened and shut convulsively.

Mr. Jarvis waited patiently.

"And yet," she went on finally, "I have lost every franc of the money I stole. God has let that happen."

Madame Duclos looked at the sea and Mr. Jarvis looked at Madame Duclos shrewdly. She had lost money. There was no doubt as to that. But was the rest of the story true? Mr. Jarvis was intimately acquainted with a fair proportion of the vast literature, fact and fiction, dealing with Monte Carlo, and nearly all of it was concerned with blackmailers, cheats, frauds, and spies. There seemed in the young woman before him an intensity which could hardly be assumed, and her words, as she spoke them, rang true. Still, here they were on the terrace of the Monte Carlo Casino, and according to legend nothing that was honest, nothing that was true, nothing good, could happen there.

Deep in thought, he raised his hand to draw out his cigarette-case and in the motion touched his pocketbook, swollen with his recent nefarious gains. In his interest in Madame Duclos he had forgotten all about his own misdemeanors. A smile which was an accurate reflection of Mr. Jarvis's heart, kind with that sort of charity which consists in wholly unconscious love for all mankind, spread over his face.

"What difference does it make to me whether the story is true or not?" he thought. "I am going to make these people happy in their own way. If their own way is an evil one, I cannot help it."

Nevertheless, Mr. Jarvis hesitated before announcing his intended munificence. He was a lonely old man, and in spite of the indifference he proclaimed to himself, he hoped these people who had touched his heart were good. It was the thought that they might be quite the opposite which presently brought the rather woebegone expression to his face.

Suddenly Madame Duclos turned to him. The look of despair had become fixed and set.

"Well, monsieur," she said; "you do not speak. You offered to advise me. You are shocked. You are disgusted."

A wave of shuddering shook her and she wrung her hands again and again.

Mr. Jarvis sat forward in his chair and patted Madame Duclos's shoulder reassuringly. As he studied again the face of the young woman, his doubts and suspicions vanished once and for all, ashamed. There was no misreading the annihilation of self which lay in those agonized, wet, and bewitching blue eyes. Behind the drawn features shone still a

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

There was no misreading the annihilation of self which lay in those agonized, wet, and bewitching blue eyes.
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loveliness which could come only from loveliness of soul. The queer old gentleman had always kept his boyhood faith in that sort of beauty.

"Now listen to me, my dear young lady," he said. "When any one consults a lawyer, their only responsibility is to tell him the facts of the case. After that, the trouble is shifted to the shoulders of the lawyer. That's a first principle." Mr. Jarvis chuckled and added: "And your case is a simple one. It so happens that I hold at the moment, on a sort of trust, a sum of money, a very proper use for which is to meet a case like yours. I am prepared to pay over to you enough not only to make good your losses but to enable you and your husband to start your violet farm immediately."

Doubt, fear, and suspicion came suddenly into Madame Duclos's eyes.

"For what reason should you do this?" she asked. "What do you want in return?"

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Jarvis.

A wave of color flooded the young woman's cheeks. "For nothing at all you offer us what we have so long prayed for, a home and work that we will love?"

Mr. Jarvis started involuntarily. Something in the speaker's words exploded a hitherto subconscious idea in his brain. What was that she said?

Gradually the faint mist of perplexity which for weeks had lain on his face cleared away, and presently a whimsical smile spread over Mr. Jarvis's open countenance.

"I said I wanted nothing," he declared; "but if you could tell me the most direct and least complicated route back to America, upon my word, I should be grateful."

Looking very much bewildered, and in hesitating fashion, as if doubtful whether she had heard aright, Madame Duclos waved her hand toward the great liner anchored off the terrace.

"The *Adriatic* sails for America, I have heard, to-morrow."

For a minute Mr. Jarvis sat rigid in his chair and stared at the brightly illuminated ship. Then his jaw set resolutely.

"I can turn over this money to you at any time. Now, if you like."

"My husband could not accept a gift. And I do not understand at all," faltered Madame Duclos.

"Can you not tell him that an eccentric American wished to contribute to what he deemed a worthy cause?" asked Mr. Jarvis, smiling.

"No, no, monsieur! It is not possible! My husband is proud. Friends have offered to help us. He will never accept."

"And you?" demanded Mr. Jarvis.

Madame Duclos looked frankly into the speaker's eyes.

"I, monsieur? I would do anything that would add a jot to my husband's happiness. I have no pride. No!"

Mr. Jarvis stroked his countenance thoughtfully and after a brief interval remarked: "I think, then, that you and I will enter upon a fraudulent conspiracy."

Simply and with sparkling eyes, Madame Duclos answered: "Anything you like, monsieur, anything at all!"

"We must arrange that you carry this money to your husband as something you have won, just as you originally intended to do."

"I see," agreed Madame Duclos eagerly. "You will give it to me, and I will tell Georges I have won it at the tables here. Bien! It is a splendid idea!"

"Well," demurred Mr. Jarvis; "you put it a trifle baldly."

Smiling a little grimly, he went on: "There is a sort of lie which in the course of centuries has attained considerable respectability. It is known as a legal fiction. Legal fictions are very soothing to the conscience. I think I can devise one to meet the situation."

Mr. Jarvis handed Madame Duclos a thousand franc note, which she took wonderingly.

"Now," said Mr. Jarvis; "I will wager you the contents of this pocketbook, that is to say, more than three hundred thousand francs, against that thousand franc note that you cannot guess the number of this note in my hand. Those are very fair odds, or rather they are in my favor, because this note has six numbers."

Madame Duclos looked dazed and her lips trembled. The budding hope which had appeared in her face died away.

"But, monsieur, of course it is impossible!"

"Oh, I don't think quite that," de-

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clared Mr. Jarvis, jovially, his eyes twinkling. "Try, my dear young lady! It is worth trying."

He turned his hand so that the note was placed where Madame Duclos could, if she made an effort, read all that was on it.

"Try!" repeated Mr. Jarvis.

For an instant Madame Duclos looked puzzled. Then just as though she did not suspect Mr. Jarvis's purpose, she leaned forward a little and got a look at the number on the note; and another look, and another. Deadly serious as she was, the little comedy was enacted with a good deal of unconscious grace.

Finally Madame Duclos closed her eyes and said slowly: "Monsieur, it is remarkable! I seem to feel that the numbers on the note in your hand are 478563. Is it indeed so, monsieur?"

Mr. Jarvis scrutinized the note with much gravity. "Please repeat that," he said.

"478563," said Madame Duclos, her voice trembling.

"478563!" echoed Mr. Jarvis. "Bless my soul! My dear young lady, you have won the wager! And your needed capital!"

Mr. Jarvis smiled as he extended to Madame Duclos the whole amount of his winnings, and added: "And something to spare."

The notes did not melt away, but remained real in her hands. Once again Madame Duclos burst into tempestuous sobbing.

"Don't," urged Mr. Jarvis gently. A thought occurred to him and peering quaintly at Madame Duclos over the top of his spectacles he said: "I wouldn't get into the habit of indulging too often in legal fictions, you know. They are dangerous things and have to be handled with utmost care." He shook his head musingly from side to side.

Then Madame Duclos did something which startled Mr. Jarvis very much indeed. There were perhaps a dozen people walking on the terrace and the two conspirators were in plain sight.

Nevertheless, Madame Duclos rose from her chair, threw herself upon her knees before Mr. Jarvis, and seizing his hand, kissed it passionately, once, twice, three times.

"Dieu vous bénisse!" she cried again and again.

At seven o'clock the next morning, a very buoyant and gay old gentleman, paced the promenade deck of the *Adriatic* as she weighed anchor. With emancipated eyes he gazed defiantly at the beautiful coast. Its loveliness could blight him no longer.

And his step became more springy and he hummed a cheerful air as he saw in his mind's eye an office, large and comfortable enough, to be sure, but from the windows of which could be seen nothing except the black, smoky walls of what was adjudged to be the ugliest building in his native city. As the great ship got under way, Mr. Jarvis's humming became a song.

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Sweet Girl Graduate

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

I HAVE always liked to impress people. When I was eight years old the neighbor's little boy and I, lying flat on our stomachs turning the pages of a magazine, came to an article illustrated with pictures of a large Eastern women's college.

"I shall go there," said I, showing off a little.

The notion had never before occurred to me, nor had my family suggested it. Higher education did not enter into their plans for me. Unless I turned out to be homely, which God forbid, I was to be a "young lady," with a year or two of beaux, culminating in a smart June wedding. If I wanted to read any books after that, all right. I would, during nubile years, have preserved my forehead from wrinkles, my eyes from spectacles.

But there was awe in the face of my young listener. There was the dawning of a great respect. I had hoped for that, for he was my suitor. We were engaged. I knew at once that I would go to college and I did.

My elders need not have worried. Completely illiterate when I entered college, I emerged almost entirely unscathed. I spent four years sipping cultural soothing-syrup, and was graduated amid small excited squeals and admiring hushed comment on my coruscant intellectuality. In my home town I am now referred to as an educated woman, a college woman. It's great. All my life I shall be eligible as a reader of papers before Browning Societies and Thursday Afternoon Shakespeare Circles. My young suitor? I have forgotten his name. He is probably a first-rate dental architect.

II

LET no one think that I learned nothing in college. I learned to use the best brands of canned chicken, sports clothes, and cosmetics. I learned to pluck my eyebrows. I learned the earmarks of culture—a well-modulated voice, well-regulated enthusiasms, the attentive strained rapture of intelligent listening which renders vacuity impregnable.

But I never learned anything that would upset me. I was told enough about writers, scientists, philosophers, and the like to last me all my life, without ever reading the men themselves. I learned that Emerson was a transcendentalist, that Pasteur took all the bugs out of milk. I learned to pronounce Nietzsche's name. That, for any woman, is enough. I learned the plain and fancy catchwords of erudition and how to apply them.

Let a subject be mentioned and automatically a ready-made association would click in my mind. For example:

Descartes—I think, therefore I am.
Clarissa Harlowe—Richardson.
Longfellow—a bad poet; whiskers.
Chartres—one funny spire.
Crayfish—crustacean.
Thomas Hardy—philosophy of multiplicity.
Aristophanes—The Birds, The Frogs; a comical Greek.
Elgin Marbles—British Museum.
Darien—Silent upon a peak in.

Here is the social value of a college education. One takes on finesse in stupidity. I had no idea who Richardson was, nor would I voluntarily have tried to find out. But if Clarissa Harlowe were mentioned, I murmured his name, and I registered among the corntossle intellectuals as well informed. The fact that I knew Longfellow to be a bad poet, though forsooth I had never read him since at six years I recited "The Children's Hour" at a Sunday-school entertainment, put me down as a person of sophisticated taste. When at the mention of Chartres I compared the spires, one lean and one fattened, to the

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kine of Holy Writ, I was hailed as delightfully whimsical. And your truly sapient nit-wit always knows where the best-thought-of masterpieces are ambushed and questions her vis-à-vis aptly: "The Elgin Marbles are in the British Museum, are they not?" "Surely the three greatest treasures of the Louvre are Venus de Milo, Mona Lisa, and the Winged Victory of Samothrace?" Or (and this is an especially good one because no one else has ever seen it, either): "That delicious little bit of English Romanesque—is it at Iffley?"

That is the answer to Why Go To College. It is also the reason for going to a large college for women rather than to a small college for women or to a coeducational university. They teach the average student no more at the big colleges—that is to say, they teach her almost nothing—but they give her a more modish and durable coat of cultural varnish. A little aplomb, a becoming naïveté, a fine shining finish of conversational catch phrases, and one needs no actual knowledge. One never allows oneself to get caught.

III

THE A.B. degree is like the wedding-ring. Only if she possesses both may a woman with dignity scoff at the institutions which they represent. In either case the privilege outweighs the inconvenience. Spinsters or high-school graduates must slink away, abashed, from discussion of affairs matrimonial or educational. They have achieved no certificates. As for normal-school graduates and the like, they, like unmarried mothers, are simply not mentioned. They have been indiscreet.

It is better, therefore, to have attended one of the large Eastern colleges, just as it is better to have married a tall, handsome, wealthy man. One's parlor pronouncements have that much more weight. I selected the one of the Big Four combining the greatest number of advantages—largeness of student body and of campus, nearness to a big city and to several well-known men's colleges.

At home my undertaking fell into the class of events referred to in the weekly paper as "an important step." I was born in Missouri, where to Go East To School was just like that, all capital letters. Only the progeny of profiteers and of new arrivals in the hinterland considered it possible.

At the Southern boarding-school where I prepared for college my lust for scholarship fathered unanimous astonishment. It was no average prep school with hockey and debating and college-entrance examinations as part of every-day conversation. The South knows nothing of such liveliness. The students were beautiful, soft-voiced, and unspeakably lazy. Athletics, for us, were summed up in a dizzy hour of military drill which we attended weekly, en masse, our toilets impeccable. It was in charge of a dashing young captain borrowed from one of the near-by military academies.

In this school my ego gaily burgeoned. I was the only one of the three hundred or so students who had thought of going to an Eastern college. I was regarded as eccentric, almost mad. The Latin teacher, her syntax precarious, suggested that my prose translations were defensible even though different from hers. It was whispered that I was going to take college-board examinations. I luxuriated in the awe of my fellow students and I knew that it was not misplaced. Surely, having once penetrated the dazzling nimbus surrounding an Eastern college, I would not be as these other girls.

In college I would associate with professors and upper-classmen from whom wisdom had withheld no secret. I would have finished conning tables, tenses, and dates and would be face to face with ideas. I would develop taste in singling out the good, the true, and the beautiful. I would read, reread, and know the best that has been thought and said. I more than half anticipated a visitation of the Spirit, which would make of me a thinker.

I approached nervously. I foresaw that it must be my chief concern not to betray any ignorance. I knew also that social gaucherie would be fatal. I thought with despair of my allowance, for my companions would, of course, be one and all the daughters of millionaires. I prayed for a few other second fiddles like myself, to make my blunders less conspicuous. Courage, said I; I shall have to adjust myself.

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I was not wrong. There was need of adjustment. I found that the freshmen were, indeed, speedily divided into two groups. But division came, not, as I had expected, between the cultivated and the provincial, but between those who were active and those who were not. The active ones were breezy and efficient, terrifying. They went in for sports and were elected class officers. They were almost invariably graduates of Eastern or Eastern-style prep schools, for these large colleges draw their students from a relatively restricted geographical area and from a comparatively small number of preparatory schools. That is one reason why Eastern colleges continue to intimidate the outposts of West and mid-West. The other reason is that the few Westerners who do venture East to college fail to see the joke.

I found that my shortcomings were not intellectual or social, but athletic. Outdoor sports were the thing. I, alas, could not distinguish between a hockey-stick and a niblick; I had never seen a baseball-bat at close range. I placed no little value on my skill in crossing a drawing-room floor. Far better to have learned to ride a bicycle. Worst of all were the winter sports. Each year the first frost bred horrid foreboding that I might have to learn to skate.

My library seemed embarrassingly small. But I found I needed no books whatsoever; that I needed instead sweaters, sports skirts, rubber-soled shoes, pennants, felt cushions in college colors, family photographs, stunt books, wicker chairs, tea-sets, electric toasters, Maxfield Parrish pictures. No one cared whether or not I knew anything. Every one asked if I were interested in debating, class banners, class meetings, self-government, sunrise hikes, crew tests, college songs, humorous stunts, the Bird Club, St. Hilda's Guild.

I found that money was not a standard of comparison and that a large number of the students were poor. Some were even working their way. It was important, socially, that one come from a good prep school, have correct table manners, and be a Gentile. If one's family came to visit and was presentable, it was a slight asset but no more. For every one soon discovers that almost all families are queer.

Bear with me. I am not adding to the memorabilia of charming hebetude. I say what I expected of college and what I found there. I disregard courses in mathematics, psychology, history of criticism, geology, embryology, cultural history, Chaucer, philosophy of literature, astronomy, chemistry, hygiene, Latin poetry, prophets of Israel, study of the drama, and dozens of other subjects which I and my companions studied in our spare moments, mastered up to the examination point and gladly forgot. I say that I went to college in search of learning and that this is what I learned.

During the first year I learned a number of things. I discarded the clothes I had brought from home and bought rough pleated skirts and a heavy slip-on sweater. I read all the men's college comic weeklies and mastered their slang for use during the Christmas holidays. I read the book of the year (it was Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters") and thus sharpened my conversation. I learned that seniors are omniscient, for this illusion does survive, partly because freshmen are separated from upper-classmen, and partly because seniors believe it themselves. Not until later are the caps and gowns found to conceal, not bibliophiles, indeed, but bridge-addicts.

IV

In the course of the sophomore year came the next phase—higher knowledge. A pale, spectacled visitor with stereopticon slides to abet natural reticence assumed that we still credited ciconian responsibility in obstetrics and gently told us the facts of life. This amused us, for we were already deep in Biology 101–2 and deemed ourselves very serpents of wisdom. Sex was the nucleus of much of our sophomoric discussion. We agreed that we could never marry men who were not as pure as ourselves, as pure, for instance, as we were sure our fathers had been before marriage.

It is not strange that so sudden a draught of esoteric sex minutiæ, together with our palpitant discussions, should have filled me with daring ideas. During this year I wrote a musical-comedy sketch

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which was suppressed by the authorities as (I quote) "loud, lewd, and disgusting." The guilty lines were these:

"We don't see a bit of fun in marriage.
Mend his socks and wheel the baby carriage.
Lose your independence and your waistline. . . ."

With the second year comes, also, mild rocking of the spiritual foundations. Sophomores learn that God did not write the Bible. Not that atheists are made in college—Heaven forbid! There is no tearing down without building up—Heaven again forbid. In the Bible course the miracles of both Testaments are relegated to mythology; there is detailed but inconclusive discussion of the authorship of books and passages, and the entire incident is forgotten.

Psychology and the sciences are treated with well-bred restraint. It seems there were a couple of fellows, Darwin and Descartes. One considers the problems of hedonism, frowns gently upon materialism. There is talk of service, of standards, of social feeling.

The germs of missionary life take root here, and, if well fostered, occasionally survive, always aided by the inevitable and inexplicable presence of two or three Chinese and Japanese girls. These are good, spiritual girls of high ideals who wear their native uniforms all the time, and are too easily prevailed upon to give talks on the conditions in their native country or recitals of native songs. They are going back to take the word of God to their native people.

Here set to work also the seeds of social service which bear such phenomenally rich fruit among those who do not have dates enough in the succeeding years to divert their minds. I was delighted to swell the ranks of these eager postulants, in imagination quite fancying the rôle of lovely lady in Chanel gown, moving graciously among the poor, her great eyes saddened at the surrounding misery. I thought I might devote my life to it.

Every Thursday afternoon I went to Denison House in Boston to instruct a dozen reluctant little Serbian wretches in the amenities of home life. They were called The Little Housekeepers Club. My revelations as to progressive methods of bedmaking and dishwashing they met with an indifference almost palpable.

I taught them nothing. They taught me, involuntarily, all the virulent green vocables in four letters. I faced still more facts of life. On Tyler Street, on my way to the settlement house, I saw for the first time a prostitute plying her trade. The sight sickened me. I telephoned that I would not be able to teach that day. Another evening on the same street a Chinaman called softly to me as I hurried by and followed me for a few paces. As I panted into the safe green plush of the railway-coach, it occurred to me that perhaps I was not cut out for a life of service. Then, one hot summer afternoon, I brought the Little Housekeepers out to the campus and gave them everything they wanted to eat. It finished my career in uplift. On the way home came a violent visitation of *mal de mer de train*. Not a single little housekeeper escaped.

V

THEN the next phase. Summer vacations and Dartmouth winter carnivals have, by junior year, taken heavy toll from the sophomoric hundreds who dream of a life of service. There are again two groups, but now the division comes between those girls who have dates and those who do not. These, in turn, divide into smaller groups, for it is in the third year that bents are found and followed.

There are the literary ones. They shed tears over Hardy and Meredith and the "Rubaiyat" and the Irish playwrights and read Pater, the nineteenth century poets, Sherwood Anderson, W. B. Maxwell, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Max Beerbohm, Shaw, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Hugh Walpole, all indiscriminately. They adore Irish literature because it is chock full of brogue and leprechawns. They think Russian writers are frightfully morbid. Some write poetry.

There are the public-spirited ones. They grow interested in current events, in strikes and socialism and immigration. They read the newspapers and talk together intensely, reconciling Plato with prohibition, Karl Marx with open plumbing. They know, of course, as much about the relation between capital and labor as

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they do of the private life of minute tapioca.

There are the musical ones who play much Chopin and no Bach. There are the artistic ones who do landscape-gardening. There are the dramatic ones who look forward to opening a Little Theatre in a deserted barn just outside Peculiar, Minn., and putting on "Riders to the Sea."

Those who have held steadfast to social service grow earnest and take to carrying around large books of sociology and economics. They learn that sometimes babies have no papas, and that if these babies belong to poor people they constitute a Social Problem. They prate about standards of living, the Jukes, and the Mendelian ratio. Subconsciously most of them yearn to marry and escape settlement houses forever, and for that reason they speak often and unfavorably of men and of marriage.

It is during this year that a few girls of intelligence and great comeliness drop out and go abroad or home to make a début.

Then the final phase. Comes the last year with culture rampant. Seniors in my college all study the history of art and go to the Boston museums or to stand in front of Trinity Church, taking notes on its cornices in black note-books borne reverently as missals in their hands. They would rather sit down on the statue of Phillips Brooks and eat a chocolate sundae. They have become impatient with ignorance, with shallowness, with insincerity, with humorlessness, with roughness or crudity, with unconventionality, with their homes and their families, with the idea of marrying and giving up cultural things.

They can be depended upon never to slip up in matters of taste and good form. They like their books to be reviewed in *The New York Times* Literary Supplement. They like the drama of idea. They like their art to be large and idealistic, sanctioned by the art critic of the *Boston Transcript*. They prefer memorial groups, featuring either nymphs or dough-boys.

They know that criticism should be constructive, that one must be tolerant and broad-minded and consider the greatest good.

They know that one should believe in fairies, even at the risk of being a little kittenish. That one should be enthusiastic about the woods, the seashore, the spring, about dear little quaint things, antique furniture and glass, old doorways, *House and Garden*, brass toasting-forks, hand-smocked dresses, motor picnics, creamed chicken on toast, cunning tea-rooms with open fireplaces, Christopher Morley. That one should pay a great deal for things which look as if they had cost nothing, and never mention the price.

The majority of them marry. Of these an encouraging few wed wealthy men, shed the cultural veneer, substitute excellent make-up, and forget the past.

Others write articles or give talks on "Can I Have a Home and Babies without Sacrificing My Career?" These are the ones who combined bad ankles with acute acne in adolescence and for whom college was the best possible refuge during a slow flowering. For girls who are well born and hygienically bred are often slow to flower. They belonged to the literary group in college and have often thought that if they hadn't married they would have been able to go on with their writing. They keep their old themes and their Senior English course novel in a trunk somewhere.

Each class produces one or two rebels from the established order of things. These, during college, are known to be a little "queer." They wear odd clothes and are thought to be privy to the arcana of Bolshevism. Our most picturesque rebel was a girl with wild eyes and a boyish bob, in the years when a boyish bob was considered way-up-the-creek. She let it be known that she desired the fullest experience. She rode about on box cars and then came to New York to live with a Russian poet, reputed to be as poor as his poetry. She desired to experience motherhood, and would have done so except that her baby was still-born. The last I heard she was about to experience matrimony. To preserve her unconventionality intact she wrote her own marriage ceremony.

There is, finally, the large group of school-teachers. They were A and B students, who, when semester followed semester and romance still hid its face, collected reading reference notes on card files

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and resigned themselves to jobs in girls' boarding-schools. They are very refined and nice, victims, through circumstance, of the sex starvation which in self-supporting, unmarried college women is generally miscalled restlessness. They serve as proof to many writers of treatises that college women would rather remain virgins than stifle their identities in marriage.

These girls have kept up with cultural things. They make a third-class tour of Europe during summer vacation, first purchasing red hats, for one hears so much of these shipboard romances. They leave one girls' boarding-school for another in order, as they say, to have a change. They go back to class reunions and eventually return to their alma mater or to one of the other large colleges and develop into professors.

They have become educators not only to earn a livelihood but also to carry on the tradition that it is intellectual and slightly daring to like Walt Whitman. That the standard for morality or immorality in literature is "Does the author make immorality attractive?" That Sterne is a great sentimentalist, Byron a lovely, romantic figure, Wordsworth an old dear, Oscar Wilde a writer of nice fairy-tales, Carlyle awfully clever and biting, Ibsen rather exciting. That the personal life and the work of a genius are entirely separate things—this last a safeguard against any scandal anent the gayer geniuses which may come to the students' ears in later life. They will turn out, every year, hundreds of educated women such as I was.

I was twenty-two years of age when I was graduated, and I caught my breath in excited gasps at the mention of Rabelais and Boccaccio. When I finally secured a copy of the latter I read it behind locked doors until I grew so bored that I unlocked the door and read Dos Passos. I thought Sherwood Anderson was perhaps a good writer but unnecessarily realistic. To my mind those people whom I saw with Galsworthy or Arnold Bennett under their arms were the very cream of the intelligentsia. I thought that literature had ended with Hardy, except, of course, for Wells and Shaw and J. M. Barrie.

I majored in English and took all the writing and literature courses that were offered, including courses in modern writers. But I had never heard, except perhaps faintly, of George Moore, Anatole France, George Sand, Zola, Remy de Gourmont. I had certainly never heard of James Joyce, Norman Douglas, Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann, James Gibbons Huneker, Ernest Boyd, Joris-Karl Huysmans, A. E. Housman, Paul Verlaine, Charles Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier, Daniel Corkery, Theodore Dreiser, Aldous Huxley, Romain Rolland, D. H. Lawrence, Georg Brandes, Arthur Morrison. I did not even know that I was ignorant of the names, these and many others, familiar to the most unassuming litterateur. My friends who majored in science, philosophy, economics, languages, and other subjects less familiar than English, fared even less well than I. They acquired all the convictions and misconceptions of half-knowledge, and will probably never know the difference.

Yet not for a moment do I underrate my college. To the genuinely intelligent girls I recommend it highly—as a soporific. It will turn out vast numbers of well-bred, not too homely ignoramuses who will never dream that they don't know anything. They are necessary. For in this era of the new woman, the educated woman, who is forging ahead and taking her place in public life, doing no end of good with baby clinics and pure food and cleaner politics and I forget what else, what would happen if women ceased, in any respect, to take themselves seriously?

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The Gifted Lad

BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN S. CURRY

I ALWAYS knew that Jim Runyon possessed rare gifts and was destined to do unusual things. Even when he was a child his superiority was an established legend of town gossip that no sceptic could impair. He was often mentioned as a gifted lad. The word "talent" was associated with him almost as closely as his name. His subsequent prominence was to his friends no more than the inevitable climax of a long suspense.

The only time I can remember feeling equal and perhaps a little superior to him was when both of us were about ten years old and we had a fight to decide who should walk home with Annie Cooper. I beat him and he ran away crying. But even then he triumphed. Instead of coming to the arms of the victor, Annie chose to comfort the vanquished, as some women always do. They went away hand in hand, Annie drying his tears and mopping blood off his nose. For several years thereafter she was known as his girl.

Circumstances were all against the survival of that childhood attachment. By the time they had both reached high school, it was apparent—even, I believe, to Annie herself—that she was not the type of girl for Jim. Good-looking in a plump, robust fashion, full of common sense and good humor, she was without a trace of talent for anything more artistic than making pie. She was easy to get along with, but a failure as a flirt, because she had such a literal and honest mind. If you told her you loved her, she took you at your word, making no allowance for moonlight and other such adventitious circumstances. She had obvious limitations, but no faults except the habit of chewing gum. She would cheerfully explain that she knew it was bad form but liked it. She was sometimes described as a bread-and-butter sort of person.

I don't think Jim turned away from her on that account. In fact, I don't believe he ever deliberately turned away from her at all. He was simply taken away from her by his growing absorption in his work, as he was taken away from football and baseball. He had no time for a girl. He was always hurrying home from school to take a drawing lesson or a music lesson. Mrs. Runyon supervised all of his activities with a vigilant eye and parcelled out the golden time of his youth like the precious substance that it was.

His talent had not then taken the definite form that it took later. He seemed to be gifted in so many ways. The town heard that his drawing was considered extraordinary for a boy of his age, that he had a marked gift for the violin and wrote verses with facility. This news was spread chiefly by his instructors and by Mrs. Runyon, for Jim was a modest fellow.

Like so many gifted youth, he owed nearly all of his early encouragement and training to his mother. His father wanted the boy to go into his office and seemed to take no interest in his talent.

Jake Runyon was an unimaginative man, bluff and stocky, who had made a comfortable competence dealing in timber lands. Fond of poker, duck-hunting, and fried chicken, he was one who took life as he found it, and he seemed to find it good enough for himself.

For his remarkable wife he had an admiration that he often expressed in public, but it must have been tempered in private by a good deal of mutual irritation and bewilderment.

Mrs. Runyon was just as ambitious as he was easy-going. He grew fat in a placid acceptance of things as they were while she grew thin and nervous in a desperate struggle to better them.

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"We must *do* something about it!"

With that phrase, uttered in a shrill and exigent voice, she belabored the town for all of its sins and shortcomings. It was the introduction and the conclusion of

They went away hand in hand, Annie drying his tears and mopping blood off his nose.—Page 650.

nearly all the many addresses she made before the Woman's Club, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Library Committee, and all the other cultural and philanthropic organizations which she formed, officered, and led in their brave crusades against vice and stupidity. When it was discovered that several low resorts were maintained on the fringe of the town, selling bootleg whiskey and suspected of worse irregularities, she led an eloquent campaign to purify the place. She lobbied the appropriation for a new library building through the City Council, and headed a committee to supervise its erection and advise in the buying of books. She was the chief organizer of a community centre, where plays were presented by amateur talent and papers on cultural subjects were read.

In none of her high undertakings was she wholly successful. She certainly made the politicians jump with her purity campaign, but it was still possible to buy a drink in town a week or so after it was

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over. The new library was built, but her design for it was voted down in council, and what ultimately arose was a commonplace brick structure instead of the Greek temple of learning she had envisioned. Moreover, the classics and the best modern poets were allotted a much smaller place on its shelves than she had claimed for them, and popular fiction and books on radio and automotive engineering a much larger one. The community centre was erected, but the only occasions when it drew any considerable percentage of the community were dances and political rallies.

None of her dreams was wholly realized, but neither was any of them wholly in vain. She gave the town a periodical shaking up which it needed. She flaunted before it always the bright banner of her vision. I remember, as a cub reporter for *The Herald*, hearing one of the last of her public speeches, which was also one of her best. She first scolded the town for all its faults and failures, and then drew a picture of it as it should have been. It was in this description of the ideal city that she rose to the height of her powers. With simple vividness she held before her hearers the vision of a city beautiful and symmetrical, where every house was part of a pattern—and every life, too. Vice and hatred and ugliness had no place in it, because all of its energies were perfectly absorbed into a community life that served every need of the spirit. All human discord, she proclaimed, was simply a failure to live freely and beautifully, as every one would if he had the chance.

There was passion in her shrill, gasping voice, and her pale-blue eyes looked over our heads with the intense abstracted expression of a seer. To at least one young hearer she carried absolute conviction for the moment. I remember that I went away thinking if Jim Runyon had genius, it was easy to see whence it had come.

Disappointment over the town's stupidity and ingratitude was doubtless one of the reasons for Mrs. Runyon's withdrawal from public life, but a growing absorption in her son's career was a greater one. Jake Runyon died when Jim was about twelve years old, leaving his widow a substantial income. From that time on, Jim's home life was all incentive toward artistic achievement. All of his mother's will and imagination were poured into him. It was his future she talked of now, and with even more vividness and glow than she had once put into her pictures of the ideal city. Those who came to her with complaints of corruption in local politics went away with the latest news of Jim's career.

That career, it soon became known, was to be a musical one. Jim had been studying the violin since the age of five, and his development was such that no one in the town could teach him anything more. He was going to New York for a year and then abroad to complete his education.

It was no more than every one had been led to expect, and the whole town showed an interest in the future of its prodigy which visibly delighted his mother. A large crowd saw Jim off at the station. His old schoolmates gave the high-school yell with his name at the end of it. *The Herald* had a first-page story the next morning about his abilities and his plans, which was an enthusiastic collaboration between Mrs. Runyon and myself. At frequent intervals during the years of his absence the local press contained bulletins of his progress, and it also published some letters from him to his mother in which he modestly said nothing about himself but described with conscientious exactness such wonders of Paris and Vienna as he thought would interest her.

All of this contributed to his growth as a legendary figure in the eyes of his friends. He had always stood somewhat apart from the rest of us, and now he was definitely removed to a remote and a higher sphere of life. All of us who knew him felt a certain pride in the mere fact that our town, with all its absurdities and imperfections, had produced an artist and a cosmopolite.

Everything led up, like the preliminary scenes of a drama, to the great day of his return and his first public recital in the community auditorium, which had been built largely through the efforts of his mother.

Just as much of the town went to that recital as could get inside the door, and when Jim stepped upon the stage it gave him an ovation that had not been equalled since the one time when Roosevelt spoke

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there. It greeted him as a returned native for whom it had genuine good-will and affection, and also as a strange and gifted creature it admired from afar.

It was his strangeness that most impressed me. He had gone away a chubby, red-faced lad, and he came back thin and pale. He had perhaps grown an inch or two, for he was only seventeen when he left, but his thinness and his carriage emphasized his height, just as his pallor and his long hair seemed to have changed the shape of his face, so that it looked longer, more pensive and spiritual. Grave and patient, he towered above us in the spotlight, waiting for our noisy greeting to abate—the very image of man driven by the creative will, worn but unbeaten, filled with the dignity of high endeavor.

The applause died down. For a moment he faced the expectant hush—then lifted his bow and played. . . .

Probably no one there was competent to appreciate his playing or to criticise it. Certainly I was not. I was deeply impressed by his ability to render long and difficult compositions without any error that I could detect. I was moved by some of the simpler melodies and bewildered by the more complicated ones. It gave me a thrill of pride to see my old playmate lifted to shining eminence, endowed with rare and mysterious powers.

She certainly made the politicians jump with her purity campaign, but it was still possible to buy a drink in town a week or so after it was over.—Page 651.

I remember most clearly that as he played I could see his tongue writhing against his cheek in an agony of concentration, threatening to pop out of his mouth, just as it used to do when we were both in the second grade at school and he was practising penmanship. For this familiar and humanizing touch I was grateful.

The applause when he had finished was even greater than that which had greeted him. Again and again he left the stage only to be called back, bowing and blushing. Whatever struggles might lie before him or behind him, there was no doubt that he had triumphed here.

As a representative of the press I was seated up front, where I had a good view

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of the audience. The prolonged applause became a bore, and I turned away from the celebrity to survey the faces of his hearers. Two of them held my attention.

Mrs. Runyon's expression was nothing less than ecstatic. She did not join in the applause, but leaned forward in her seat, gripping its arms, her eyes fixed upon her son and filled with tears, so that she must have seen him through a bright nimbus. Beyond a doubt it was the great moment of her life—possibly the only moment of complete fulfilment and pure joy that she had ever known. As a wife and as a civic leader she had certainly endured much of disappointment, but now as a mother she had triumphed wholly. At last she had *done* something that was complete and perfect in her eyes. At last she had given the world beauty.

It was only by chance that I glimpsed Annie Cooper, for she sat far back in the shadow of the gallery, but I could see her expression, and it confirmed a fear I had long entertained—that Annie was still in love with her childhood sweetheart.

She was not one to play a lovelorn part nor yet to confide her sorrows to others. After high school she had gone to business college and then had taken a job with a wholesale concern. Her common sense and energy had won her rapid promotion and she was now a private secretary on a good salary. She went about her business cheerfully and she still chewed gum when she worked.

My belief in her romantic and futile devotion to Jim was based on the fact that she had not married, although I knew she had not lacked opportunities, and also upon the expression I had noticed in her eyes now and then, when Jim's name was mentioned in her presence.

Her eyes had given a hint on those occasions, but now her whole face was a revelation. She had forgotten herself completely. Her look was fixed upon Jim just as intently as was his mother's, but with an emotion wholly different—a look of tender, hopeless, worshipful yearning.

That glimpse of her face somehow changed the whole mood of the occasion for me. It made me realize that all human triumph is bought with tears, and that a man may not rise in the world without breaking ties and bruising tender hands.

After his famous recital Jim was in town only a few days. He and his mother presently departed for New York, Jim to consider professional engagements and Mrs. Runyon to consult specialists. She had been suffering for several years from an affection of the heart, and the excitement of her son's return had made it worse.

She was soon back, happy and excited over Jim's prospects, but obviously a very sick woman. A few months later Jim came home again, in response to a telegram, just in time to be with her when she died.

His mother's death was undoubtedly a deep affliction to Jim Runyon. His relationship with her had always been unusually close, and even during the years he was abroad her influence upon him had been strong and constant. For some weeks he did not appear in public at all. When he finally emerged, it was plain to see that he had suffered deeply and also that his suffering was mitigated by the fact that he walked among old friends and familiar surroundings again. The town had been unable to give him the education an artist requires, but it was able now to give him homely sympathy and understanding, and after his long years of exile he was almost pathetically appreciative of these. He was also comforted, no doubt, by the realization that his mother had lived to see his triumphant return and had died a happy woman.

His career was necessarily interrupted for some months both by his grief and by the settlement of family affairs. But when a proper interval had elapsed and Jim was for the first time in full control of his own destiny, its development was swift, decisive, and surprising.

His first move was to rent a ground-floor office on Centre Avenue, and to have embossed upon its window in gold letters ten inches high the legend: "James Runyon. Real Estate and Insurance." Next the papers recorded that he had purchased a property on Orchard Street, consisting of a neat little bungalow with a lawn, a garage, and a roomy backyard suitable for gardening and poultry raising. Having provided himself a home and an office, he married Annie Cooper so suddenly and quietly that every one was taken by surprise.

Naturally, there was a good deal of talk about all this, and some of it had a rather

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From a drawing by John S. Curry.

Again and again he left the stage only to be called back, bowing and blushing.—Page 653.

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sarcastic flavor, but Jim went his way so quietly and deliberately that gossip soon died down. As a reporter for *The Herald* I was detailed to ask him whether he had given up his music.

Eating crackerjack out of the same package and wearing almost the same expression of beatific contentment.

"I'll fiddle for fun, Bob," he told me. "But that's all."

And that was all the interview I got.

I saw Jim and Annie a few weeks after their marriage, at a ball game in Cottonwood Park. They were sitting very close together in the bleachers, eating crackerjack out of the same package and wearing almost the same expression of beatific contentment. Jim had put on weight and wore his hair short, so that he looked more like his former self, and also more like his father.

Andrew Belt, who enjoyed a local reputation as a cynic and had always maintained that Jim was a false alarm as an artist, nudged me and jerked his thumb at them with a delighted grin.

"Look at him!" he jeered. "The gifted lad. . . . After all that ballyhoo!"

I looked at him, long and thoughtfully, and it seemed to me he was not meanly gifted.

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Triumph

(FOR WILSON FOLLETT)

BY KENNETH FEARING

ONE time across the hills of Rome,
Twenty-one miles of war came home.

Twenty-one miles of Triumph came
With plumes and eyes like tufts of flame.

Jewels and slaves five hours and more,
With Titus homing from the war.

Twenty-one miles the roadway rang,
A crawling, golden boomerang.

Twenty-one miles of rumbling wheels,
And the hungry march of iron heels.

Then "They have lived!" was heralded;
Now, by the crash of triumph, dead!

Titus, in his high-decked car,
The veil, the prisoner god, the scar

Swept from the hearth of earth, at last,
Emptily, like a trumpet blast.

Their lances, that were loud with war,
Muter than weed on an ocean floor.

But that serpent made of light
Can never be content with night.

Nor can the tides of silence after
Take back the sword's bright, perfect laughter.

Mars! how the heart still runs to meet
Twenty-one miles of marching feet,

And will not believe they are thrice-dead men
Who thread the standing arch again!

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The "Canary" Murder Case

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case"

IX

THE PACK IN FULL CRY

(Tuesday, September 11; afternoon)

ON our way down-town that morning we were delayed for a considerable time in the traffic congestion just north of Madison Square, and Markham anxiously looked at his watch.

"It's past noon," he said. "I think I'll stop at the club and have a bite of lunch. . . . I presume that eating at this early hour would be too plebeian for so exquisite a hothouse flower as you."

Vance considered the invitation.

"Since you deprived me of my breakfast," he decided, "I'll permit you to buy me some eggs *Bénédictine*."

A few minutes later we entered the almost empty grill of the Stuyvesant Club, and took a table near one of the windows looking southward over the tree-tops of Madison Square.

Shortly after we had given our order a uniformed attendant entered and, bowing deferentially at the District Attorney's elbow, held out an unaddressed communication sealed in one of the club's envelopes. Markham read it with an expression of growing curiosity, and as he studied the signature a look of mild surprise came into his eyes. At length he looked up and nodded to the waiting attendant. Then, excusing himself, he left us abruptly. It was fully twenty minutes before he returned.

"Funny thing," he said. "That note was from the man who took the Odell woman to dinner and the theatre last night. . . . A small world," he mused. "He's staying here at the club—he's a non-resident member and makes it his headquarters when he's in town."

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" will be found in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors."

"You know him?" Vance put the question disinterestedly.

"I've met him several times—chap named Spotswoode." Markham seemed perplexed. "He's a man of family, lives in a country house on Long Island, and is regarded generally as a highly respectable member of society—one of the last persons I'd suspect of being mixed up with the Odell girl. But, according to his own confession, he played around a good deal with her during his visits to New York—'sowing a few belated wild oats,' as he expressed it—and last night took her to Francelle's for dinner and to the Winter Garden afterward."

"Not my idea of an intellectual, or even edifyin', evening," commented Vance. "And he selected a deuced unlucky day for it. . . . I say, imagine opening the morning paper and learning that your *petite dame* of the preceding evening had been strangled! Disconcertin', what?"

"He's certainly disconcerted," said Markham. "The early afternoon papers were out about an hour ago, and he'd been phoning my office every ten minutes, when I suddenly walked in here. He's afraid his connection with the girl will leak out and disgrace him."

"And won't it?"

"I hardly see the necessity. No one knows who her escort was last evening; and since he obviously had nothing to do with the crime, what's to be gained by dragging him into it? He told me the whole story, and offered to stay in the city as long as I wanted him to."

"I infer, from the cloud of disappointment that enveloped you when you returned just now, that his story held nothing hopeful for you in the way of clews."

"No," Markham admitted. "The girl apparently never spoke to him of her intimate affairs; and he couldn't give me a single helpful suggestion. His account of what happened last night agreed perfectly with Jessup's. He called for the

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girl at seven, brought her home at about eleven, stayed with her half an hour or so, and then left her. When he heard her call for help he was frightened, but on being assured by her there was nothing wrong, he concluded she had dozed off into a nightmare, and thought no more of it. He drove direct to the club here, arriving about ten minutes to twelve. Judge Redfern, who saw him descend from the taxi, insisted on his coming upstairs and playing poker with some men who were waiting in the Judge's rooms for him. They played until three o'clock this morning."

"Your Long Island Don Juan has certainly not supplied you with any footprints in the snow."

"Anyway, his coming forward at this time closes one line of inquiry over which we might have wasted considerable time."

"If many more lines of inquiry are closed," remarked Vance dryly, "you'll be in a distressin' dilemma, don't y' know."

"There are enough still open to keep me busy," said Markham, pushing back his plate and calling for the check. He rose; then pausing, regarded Vance meditatingly. "Are you sufficiently interested to want to come along?"

"Eh, what? My word!... Charmed, I'm sure. But, I say, sit down just a moment—there's a good fellow!—till I finish my coffee."

I was considerably astonished at Vance's ready acceptance, careless and bantering though it was, for there was an exhibition of old Chinese prints at the Montross Galleries that afternoon, which he had planned to attend. A Riokai and a Moyeki, said to be very fine examples of Sung painting, were to be shown; and Vance was particularly eager to acquire them for his collection.

We rode with Markham to the Criminal Courts building and, entering by the Franklin Street door, took the private elevator to the District Attorney's spacious but dingy private office which overlooked the gray-stone ramparts of the Tombs. Vance seated himself in one of the heavy leather-upholstered chairs near the carved oak table on the right of the desk, and lighted a cigarette with an air of cynical amusement.

"I await with anticipat'ry delight the grinding of the wheels of justice," he confided, leaning back lazily.

"You are doomed not to hear the first turn of those wheels," retorted Markham. "The initial revolution will take place outside this office." And he disappeared through a swinging door which led to the judges' chambers.

Five minutes later he returned, and sat down in the high-backed swivel chair at his desk, with his back to the four tall narrow windows in the south wall of the office.

"I just saw Judge Redfern," he explained—"it happened to be the midday recess—and he verified Spotswoode's statement in regard to the poker game. The Judge met him outside the club at ten minutes before midnight, and was with him until three in the morning. He noted the time because he had promised his guests to be back at half past eleven, and was twenty minutes late."

"Why all this substantiation of an obviously unimportant fact?" asked Vance.

"A matter of routine," Markham told him, slightly impatient. "In a case of this kind every factor, however seemingly remote to the main issue, must be checked."

"Really, y' know, Markham"—Vance lay his head back on the chair and gazed dreamily at the ceiling—"one would think that this eternal routine, which you lawyer chaps worship so devoutly, actually got one somewhere occasionally; whereas it never gets one anywhere. Remember the Red Queen in 'Through the Looking-Glass——'"

"I'm too busy at present to debate the question of routine *versus* inspiration," Markham answered brusquely, pressing a button beneath the edge of his desk.

Swacker, his youthful and energetic secretary, appeared at the door which communicated with a narrow inner chamber between the District Attorney's office and the main waiting-room.

"Yes, Chief?" The secretary's eyes gleamed expectantly behind his enormous horn-rimmed glasses.

"Tell Ben to send me in a man at once." *

* "Ben" was Colonel Benjamin Hanlon, the commanding officer of the Detective Division attached to the District Attorney's office.

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Swacker went out through the corridor door, and a minute or two later a suave, rotund man, dressed immaculately and wearing a *pince-nez*, entered, and stood before Markham with an ingratiating smile.

"Morning, Tracy." Markham's tone was pleasant but curt. "Here's a list of four witnesses in connection with the Odell case that I want brought down here at once—the two phone operators, the maid, and the janitor. You'll find them at 184 West 71st Street: Sergeant Heath is holding them there."

"Right, sir." Tracy took the memorandum, and with a priggish, but by no means inelegant, bow went out.

During the next hour Markham plunged into the general work that had accumulated during the forenoon, and I was amazed at the man's tremendous vitality and efficiency. He disposed of as many important matters as would have occupied the ordinary business man for an entire day. Swacker bobbed in and out with electric energy, and various clerks appeared at the touch of a buzzer, took their orders, and were gone with breathless rapidity. Vance, who had sought diversion in a tome of famous arson trials, looked up admiringly from time to time, and shook his head in mild reproach at such spirited activity.

It was just half past two when Swacker announced the return of Tracy with the four witnesses; and for two hours Markham questioned and cross-questioned them with a thoroughness and an insight that even I, as a lawyer, had rarely seen equalled. His interrogation of the two phone operators was quite different from his casual questioning of them earlier in the day; and if there had been a single relevant omission in their former testimony, it would certainly have been caught now by Markham's gruelling catechism. But when, at last, they were told they could go, no new information had been brought to light. Their stories now stood firmly grounded: no one—with the exception of the girl herself and her escort, and the disappointed visitor at half past nine—had entered the front door and passed down the hall to the Odell apartment from seven o'clock on; and no one had passed out that way. The janitor reiterated stubbornly that he had bolted the side door a little after six, and no amount of wheedling or aggression could shake his dogged certainty on that point. Amy Gibson, the maid, could add nothing to her former testimony. Markham's intensive examination of her produced only repetitions of what she had already told him.

Not one new possibility—not one new suggestion—was brought out. In fact, the two hours' interlocutory proceedings resulted only in closing up every loophole in a seemingly incredible situation. When, at half past four, Markham sat back in his chair with a weary sigh, the chance of unearthing a promising means of approach to the astonishing problem seemed more remote than ever.

Vance closed his treaty on arson, and threw away his cigarette.

"I tell you, Markham old chap," he grinned, "this case requires umbilicular contemplation, not routine. Why not call in an Egyptian seeress with a *flair* for crystal-gazing?"

"If this sort of thing goes on much longer," returned Markham dispiritedly, "I'll be tempted to take your advice."

Just then Swacker looked in through the door to say that Inspector Brenner was on the wire. Markham picked up the telephone receiver, and as he listened he jotted down some notes on a pad. When the call had ended, he turned to Vance.

"You seemed disturbed over the condition of the steel jewel-case we found in the bedroom. Well, the expert on burglar tools just called up; and he verifies his opinion of this morning. The case was pried open with a specially made cold chisel such as only a professional burglar would carry or would know how to use. It had an inch-and-three-eighths bevelled bit and a one-inch flat handle. It was an old instrument—there was a peculiar nick in the blade—and is the same one that was used in a successful house-break on upper Park Avenue early last summer. . . . Does that highly exciting information ameliorate your anxiety?"

"Can't say that it does." Vance had again become serious and perplexed. "In fact, it makes the situation still more fantastic. . . . I could see a glimmer of

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light—eerie and unearthly, perhaps, but still a perceptible illumination—in all this murkiness if it wasn't for that jewel-case and the steel chisel."

Markham was about to answer when Swacker again looked in and informed him that Sergeant Heath had arrived and wanted to see him.

Heath's manner was far less depressed than when we had taken leave of him that morning. He accepted the cigar Markham offered him, and seating himself at the conference table in front of the District Attorney's desk, drew out a battered note-book.

"We've had a little good luck," he began. "Burke and Emery—two of the men I put on the case—got a line on Odell at the first place they made inquiries. From what they learned, she didn't run around with many men—limited herself to a few live wires, and played the game with what you'd call *finesse*. . . . The principal one—the man who's been seen most with her—is Charles Cleaver."

Markham sat up.

"I know Cleaver—if it's the same one."

"It's him, all right," declared Heath. "Former Brooklyn Tax Commissioner; been interested in a pool-room for pony-betting over in Jersey City ever since. Hangs out at the Stuyvesant Club, where he can hobnob with his old Tammany Hall cronies."

"That's the one," nodded Markham. "He's a kind of professional gay-dog—known as Pop, I believe."

Vance gazed into space.

"Well, well," he murmured. "So old Pop Cleaver was also entangled with our subtle and sanguine Dolores. She certainly couldn't have loved him for his *beaux yeux*."

"I thought, sir," went on Heath, "that, seeing as how Cleaver is always in and out of the Stuyvesant Club, you might ask him some questions about Odell. He ought to know something."

"Glad to, Sergeant." Markham made a note on his pad. "I'll try to get in touch with him to-night. . . . Any one else on your list?"

"There's a fellow named Mannix—Louis Mannix—who met Odell when she was in the 'Follies'; but she chucked him over a year ago, and they haven't been seen together since. He's got another girl now. He's the head of the firm of Mannix and Levine, fur importers, and is one of your night-club rounders—a heavy spender. But I don't see much use of barking up that tree—his affair with Odell went cold too long ago."

"Yes," agreed Markham; "I think we can eliminate him."

"I say, if you keep up this elimination much longer," observed Vance, "you won't have anything left but the lady's corpse."

"And then, there's the man who took her out last night," pursued Heath. "Nobody seems to know his name—he must've been one of those discreet, careful old boys. I thought at first he might have been Cleaver, but the descriptions don't tally. . . . And by the way, sir, here's a funny thing: when he left Odell last night he took the taxi down to the Stuyvesant Club, and got out there."

Markham nodded. "I know all about that, Sergeant. And I know who the man was; and it wasn't Cleaver."

Vance was chuckling.

"The Stuyvesant Club seems to be well in the forefront of this case," he said. "I do hope it doesn't suffer the sad fate of the Knickerbocker Athletic." *

Heath was intent on the main issue.

"Who was the man, Mr. Markham?"

Markham hesitated, as if pondering the advisability of taking the other into his confidence. Then he said: "I'll tell you his name, but in strict confidence. The man was Kenneth Spotswoode."

He then recounted the story of his being called away from lunch, and of his failure to elicit any helpful suggestions from Spotswoode. He also informed Heath of his verification of the man's statements regarding his movements after meeting Judge Redfern at the club.

"And," added Markham, "since he obviously left the girl before she was murdered, there's no necessity to bother him. In fact, I gave him my word I'd keep him out of it for his family's sake."

"If you're satisfied, sir, I am." Heath

* Vance was here referring to the famous Molineux case, which, in 1898, sounded the death-knell of the old Knickerbocker Athletic Club at Madison Avenue and 45th Street. But it was commercialism that ended the Stuyvesant's career. The club, which stood on the north side of the square, was razed a few years later to make room for a skyscraper.

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closed his note-book and put it away. "There's just one other little thing. Odell used to live on 110th Street, and Emery dug up her former landlady and learned that this fancy guy the maid told us about used to call on her regularly."

"That reminds me, Sergeant." Markham picked up the memorandum he had made during Inspector Brenner's phone call. "Here's some data the Professor gave me about the forcing of the jewel-case."

Heath studied the paper with considerable eagerness. "Just as I thought!" He nodded his head with satisfaction. "Clear-cut professional job, by somebody who's been in the line of work before."

Vance roused himself.

"Still, if such is the case," he said, "why did this experienced burglar first use the insufficient poker? And why did he overlook the living-room clothes-press?"

"I'll find all that out, Mr. Vance, when I get my hands on him," asserted Heath, with a hard look in his eyes. "And the guy I want to have a nice quiet little chat with is the one with the pleated silk shirt and the chamois gloves."

"*Chacun à son gibier*," sighed Vance. "For myself, I have no yearning whatever to hold converse with him. Somehow, I can't just picture a professional looter trying to rend a steel box with a cast-iron poker."

"Forget the poker," Heath advised gruffly. "He jimmied the box with a steel chisel; and that same chisel was used last summer in another burglary on Park Avenue. What about *that?*"

"Ah! That's what torments me, Sergeant. If it wasn't for that disturbin' fact, d' ye see, I'd be lightsome and *sans souci* this afternoon, inviting my soul over a dish of tea at Claremont."

Detective Bellamy was announced, and Heath sprang to his feet.

"That'll mean news about those finger-prints," he prophesied hopefully.

Bellamy entered unemotionally, and walked up to the District Attorney's desk.

"Cap'n Dubois sent me over," he said. "He thought you'd want the report on those Odell prints." He reached into his pocket and drew out a small flat folder which, at a sign from Markham, he handed to Heath. "We identified 'em. Both made by the same hand, like Cap'n Dubois said; and that hand belonged to Tony Skeel."

"'Dude' Skeel, eh?" The Sergeant's tone was vibrant with suppressed excitement. "Say, Mr. Markham, that gets us somewhere. Skeel's an ex-convict and an artist in his line."

He opened the folder and took out an oblong card and a sheet of blue paper containing eight or ten lines of typewriting. He studied the card, gave a satisfied grunt, and handed it to Markham. Vance and I stepped up and looked at it. At the top was the familiar rogues'-gallery photograph showing the full face and profile of a regular-featured youth with thick hair and a square chin. His eyes were wide-set and pale, and he wore a small, evenly trimmed mustache with waxed, needle-point ends. Below the double photograph was a brief tabulated description of its sitter, giving his name, aliases, residence, and Bertillon measurements, and designating the character of his illegal profession. Underneath were ten little squares arranged in two rows, each containing a finger-print impression made in black ink—the upper row being the impressions of the right hand, the lower row those of the left.

"So that's the *arbiter elegantarum* who introduced the silk shirt for full-dress wear! My word!" Vance regarded the identification card satirically. "I wish he'd start a craze for gaiters with dinner-jackets—these New York theatres are frightfully drafty in winter."

Heath put the card back in the folder, and glanced over the typewritten paper that had accompanied it.

"He's our man, and no mistake, Mr. Markham. Listen to this: 'Tony (Dude) Skeel. Two years Elmira Reformatory, 1902 to 1904. One year in the Baltimore County jail for petit larceny, 1906. Three years in San Quentin for assault and robbery, 1908 to 1911. Arrested Chicago for house-breaking, 1912; case dismissed. Arrested and tried for burglary in Albany, 1913; no conviction. Served two years and eight months in Sing Sing for house-breaking and burglary, 1914 to 1916.'" He folded the paper and put it, with the

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card, into his breast-pocket. "Sweet little record."

"That dope what you wanted?" asked the imperturbable Bellamy.

"I'll say!" Heath was almost jovial.

Bellamy lingered expectantly with one eye on the District Attorney; and Markham, as if suddenly remembering something, took out a box of cigars and held it out.

"Much obliged, sir," said Bellamy, helping himself to two *Mi Favoritas;* and putting them into his waistcoat pocket with great care, he went out.

"I'll use your phone now, if you don't mind, Mr. Markham," said Heath.

He called the Homicide Bureau.

"Look up Tony Skeel—Dude Skeel—*pronto*, and bring him in as soon as you find him," were his orders to Snitkin. "Get his address from the files, and take Burke and Emery with you. If he's hopped it, send out a general alarm and have him picked up—some of the boys'll have a line on him. Lock him up without booking him, see? . . . And, listen. Search his room for burglar tools: he probably won't have any laying around, but I especially want a one-and-three-eighths-inch chisel with a nick in the blade. . . . I'll be at Headquarters in half an hour."

He hung up the receiver and rubbed his hands together.

"Now we're sailing," he rejoiced.

Vance had gone to the window, and stood staring down on the "Bridge of Sighs," his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Slowly he turned, and fixed Heath with a contemplative eye.

"It simply won't do, don't y' know," he asserted. "Your friend, the Dude, may have ripped open that bally box, but his head isn't the right shape for the rest of last evening's performance."

Heath was contemptuous.

"Not being a phrenologist, I'm going by the shape of his finger-prints."

"A woful error in the technic of criminal approach, *sergente mio*," replied Vance dulcetly. "The question of culpability in this case isn't so simple as you imagine. It's deuced complicated. And this glass of fashion and mould of form whose portrait you're carryin' next to your heart has merely added to its intricacy."

X

A FORCED INTERVIEW

(Tuesday, September 11; 8 p. m.)

MARKHAM dined at the Stuyvesant Club, as was his custom, and at his invitation Vance and I remained with him. He no doubt figured that our presence at the dinner-table would act as a bulwark against the intrusion of casual acquaintances; for he was in no mood for the pleasantries of the curious. Rain had begun to fall late in the afternoon, and when dinner was over it had turned into a steady downpour which threatened to last well into the night. Dinner over, the three of us sought a secluded corner of the lounge-room, and settled ourselves for a protracted smoke.

We had been there less than a quarter of an hour when a slightly rotund man, with a heavy, florid face and thin gray hair, strolled up to us with a stealthy, self-assured gait, and wished Markham a jovial good evening. Though I had not met the newcomer I knew him to be Charles Cleaver.

"Got your note at the desk saying you wanted to see me." He spoke with a voice curiously gentle for a man of his size; but, for all its gentleness, there was in it a timbre of calculation and coldness.

Markham rose and, after shaking hands, introduced him to Vance and me—though, it seemed, Vance had known him slightly for some time. He took the chair Markham indicated, and, producing a *Corona Corona*, he carefully cut the end with a gold clipper attached to his heavy watch-chain, rolled the cigar between his lips to dampen it, and lighted it in closely cupped hands.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Cleaver," began Markham, "but, as you probably have read, a young woman by the name of Margaret Odell was murdered last night in her apartment in 71st Street. . . ."

He paused. He seemed to be considering just how he could best broach a subject so obviously delicate; and perhaps he hoped that Cleaver would volunteer the fact of his acquaintance with the girl. But not a muscle of the man's face moved; and, after a moment, Markham continued.

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"In making inquiries into the young woman's life I learned that you, among others, were fairly well acquainted with her."

Again he paused. Cleaver lifted his eyebrows almost imperceptibly, but said nothing.

"The fact is," went on Markham, a trifle annoyed by the other's deliberately circumspect attitude, "my report states that you were seen with her on many occasions during a period of nearly two years. Indeed, the only inference to be drawn from what I've learned is that you were more than casually interested in Miss Odell."

"Yes?" The query was as non-committal as it was gentle.

"Yes," repeated Markham. "And I may add, Mr. Cleaver, that this is not the time for pretenses or suppressions. I am talking to you to-night, in large measure *ex officio*, because it occurred to me that you could give me some assistance in clearing the matter up. I think it only fair to say that a certain man is now under grave suspicion, and we hope to arrest him very soon. But, in any event, we will need help, and that is why I requested this little chat with you at the club."

"And how can I assist you?" Cleaver's face remained blank; only his lips moved as he put the question.

"Knowing this young woman as well as you did," explained Markham patiently, "you are no doubt in possession of some information—certain facts or confidences, let us say—which would throw light on her brutal, and apparently unexpected, murder."

Cleaver was silent for some time. His eyes had shifted to the wall before him, but otherwise his features remained set.

"I'm afraid I can't accommodate you," he said at length.

"Your attitude is not quite what might be expected in one whose conscience is entirely clear," returned Markham, with a show of resentment.

The man turned a mildly inquisitive gaze upon the District Attorney.

"What has my knowing the girl to do with her being murdered? She didn't confide in me who her murderer was to be. She didn't even tell me that she knew any one who intended to strangle her. If she'd known, she most likely could have avoided being murdered."

Vance was sitting close to me, a little removed from the others, and, leaning over, murmured in my ear *sotto voce:*

"Markham's up against another lawyer—poor dear! . . . A crumplin' situation."

But however inauspicious this interlocutory skirmish may have begun, it soon developed into a grim combat which ended in Cleaver's complete surrender. Markham, despite his suavity and graciousness, was an unrelenting and resourceful antagonist; and it was not long before he had forced from Cleaver some highly significant information.

In response to the man's ironically evasive rejoinder, he turned quickly and leaned forward.

"You're not on the witness-stand in your own defense, Mr. Cleaver," he said sharply, "however much you appear to regard yourself as eligible for that position."

Cleaver glared back fixedly without replying; and Markham, his eyelids level, studied the man opposite, determined to decipher all he could from the other's phlegmatic countenance. But Cleaver was apparently just as determined that his *vis-à-vis* should decipher absolutely nothing; and the features that met Markham's scrutiny were as arid as a desert. At length Markham sank back in his chair.

"It doesn't matter particularly," he remarked indifferently, "whether you discuss the matter or not here in the club to-night. If you prefer to be brought to my office in the morning by a sheriff with a subpœna, I'll be only too glad to accommodate you."

"That's up to you," Cleaver told him hostilely.

"And what's printed in the newspapers about it will be up to the reporters," rejoined Markham. "I'll explain the situation to them and give them a verbatim report of the interview."

"But I've nothing to tell you." The other's tone was suddenly conciliatory; the idea of publicity was evidently highly distasteful to him.

"So you informed me before," said

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Markham coldly. "Therefore I wish you good evening."

He turned to Vance and me with the air of a man who had terminated an unpleasant episode.

Cleaver, however, made no move to go. He smoked thoughtfully for a minute or two; then he gave a short, hard laugh which did not even disturb the contours of his face.

"Oh, hell!" he grumbled, with forced good nature. "As you said, I'm not on the witness-stand. . . . What do you want to know?"

"I've told you the situation." Markham's voice betrayed a curious irritation. "You know the sort of thing I want. How did this Odell girl live? Who were her intimates? Who would have been likely to want her out of the way? What enemies had she?—Anything that might lead us to an explanation of her death. . . . And incidentally," he added with tartness, "anything that'll eliminate yourself from any suspected participation, direct or indirect, in the affair."

Cleaver stiffened at these last words, and started to protest indignantly. But immediately he changed his tactics. Smiling contemptuously, he took out a leather pocket-case and, extracting a small folded paper, handed it to Markham.

"I can eliminate myself easily enough," he proclaimed, with easy confidence. "There's a speeding summons from Boonton, New Jersey. Note the date and the time: September the 10th—last night—at half past eleven. Was driving down to Hopatcong, and was ticketed by a motorcycle cop just as I had passed Boonton and was heading for Mountain Lakes. Got to appear in court there tomorrow morning. Damn nuisance, these country constables." He gave Markham a long, calculating look. "You couldn't square it for me, could you? It's a rotten ride to Jersey, and I've got a lot to do tomorrow."

Markham, who had inspected the summons casually, put it in his pocket.

"I'll attend to it for you," he promised, smiling amiably. "Now tell me what you know."

Cleaver puffed meditatively on his cigar. Then, leaning back and crossing his knees, he spoke with apparent candor.

"I doubt if I know much that'll help you. . . . I liked the Canary, as she was called—in fact, was pretty much attached to her at one time. Did a number of foolish things; wrote her a lot of damn-fool letters when I went to Cuba last year. Even had my picture taken with her down at Atlantic City." He made a self-condemnatory grimace. "Then she began to get cool and distant; broke several appointments with me. I raised the devil with her, but the only answer I got was a demand for money. . . ."

He stopped and looked down at his cigar ash. A venomous hatred gleamed from his narrowed eyes, and the muscles of his jowls hardened.

"No use lying about it. She had those letters and things, and she touched me for a neat little sum before I got 'em back. . . ."

"When was this?"

There was a momentary hesitation. "Last June," Cleaver replied. Then he hurried on: "Mr. Markham"—his voice was bitter—"I don't want to throw mud on a dead person; but that woman was the shrewdest, coldest-blooded blackmailer it's ever been my misfortune to meet. And I'll say this, too: I wasn't the only easy mark she squeezed. She had others on her string. . . . I happen to know she once dug into old Louey Mannix for a plenty—he told me about it."

"Could you give me the names of any of these other men?" asked Markham, attempting to dissemble his eagerness. "I've already heard of the Mannix episode."

"No, I couldn't." Cleaver spoke regretfully. "I've seen the Canary here and there with different men; and there's one in particular I've noticed lately. But they were all strangers to me."

"I suppose the Mannix affair is dead and buried by this time?"

"Yes—ancient history. You won't get any line on the situation from that angle. But there are others—more recent than Mannix—who might bear looking into, if you could find them. I'm easy-going myself; take things as they come. But there's a lot of men who'd go red-headed if she did the things to them that she did to me."

Cleaver, despite his confession, did not

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strike me as easy-going, but rather as a cold, self-contained, nerveless person whose immobility was at all times dictated by policy and expediency.

Markham studied him closely.

"You think, then, her death may have been due to vengeance on the part of some disillusioned admirer?"

Cleaver carefully considered his answer.

"Seems reasonable," he said finally. "She was riding for a fall."

There was a short silence; then Markham asked:

"Do you happen to know of a young man she was interested in—good-looking, small, blond mustache, light blue eyes—named Skeel?"

Cleaver snorted derisively.

"That wasn't the Canary's specialty—she let the young ones alone, as far as I know."

At this moment a page-boy approached Cleaver, and bowed.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, but there's a phone call for your brother. Party said it was important and, as your brother isn't in the club now, the operator thought you might know where he'd gone."

"How would I know?" fumed Cleaver. "Don't ever bother me with his calls."

"Your brother in the city?" asked Markham casually. "I met him years ago. He's a San Franciscan, isn't he?"

"Yes—rabid Californian. He's visiting New York for a couple of weeks so he'll appreciate Frisco more when he gets back."

It seemed to me that this information was given reluctantly; and I got the impression that Cleaver, for some reason, was annoyed. But Markham, apparently, was too absorbed in the problem before him to take notice of the other's disgruntled air, for he reverted at once to the subject of the murder.

"I happen to know one man who has been interested in the Odell woman recently; he may be the same one you've seen her with—tall, about forty-five, and wears a gray, close-cropped mustache." He was, I knew, describing Spotswoode.

"That's the man," averred Cleaver. "Saw them together only last week at Mouquin's."

Markham was disappointed.

"Unfortunately, he's checked off the list. . . . But there must be somebody who was in the girl's confidence. You're sure you couldn't cudgel your brains to any advantage?"

Cleaver appeared to think.

"If it's merely a question of some one who had her confidence," he said, "I might suggest Doctor Lindquist—first name's Ambroise, I think; and he lives somewhere in the Forties near Lexington Avenue. But I don't know that he'd be of any value to you. Still, he was pretty close to her at one time."

"You mean that this Doctor Lindquist might have been interested in her otherwise than professionally?"

"I wouldn't like to say." Cleaver smoked for a while as if inwardly debating the situation. "Anyway, here are the facts: Lindquist is one of these exclusive society specialists—a neurologist he calls himself—and I believe he's the head of a private sanitarium of some kind for nervous women. He must have money, and, of course, his social standing is a vital asset to him—just the sort of man the Canary might have selected as a source of income. And I know this: he came to see her a good deal oftener than a doctor of his type would be apt to. I ran into him one night at her apartment, and when she introduced us, he wasn't even civil."

"It will at least bear looking into," replied Markham unenthusiastically. "You've no one else in mind who might know something helpful?"

Cleaver shook his head.

"No—no one."

"And she never mentioned anything to you that indicated she was in fear of any one, or anticipated trouble?"

"Not a word. Fact is, I was bowled over by the news. I never read any paper but the morning *Herald*—except, of course, *The Daily Racing Form* at night. And as there was no account of the murder in this morning's paper, I didn't hear about it until just before dinner. The boys in the billiard-room were talking about it, and I went out and looked at an afternoon paper. If it hadn't been for that, I might not have known of it till to-morrow morning."

Markham discussed the case with him until half past eight, but could elicit no

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further suggestions. Finally Cleaver rose to go.

"Sorry I couldn't give you more help," he said. His rubicund face was beaming now, and he shook hands with Markham in the friendliest fashion.

"You wangled that viscid old sport rather cleverly, don't y' know," remarked Vance, when Cleaver had gone. "But there's something deuced queer about him. The transition from his gambler's glassy stare to his garrulous confidences was too sudden—suspiciously sudden, in fact. I may be evil-minded, but he didn't impress me as a luminous pillar of truth. Maybe it's because I don't like those cold, boiled eyes of his—somehow they didn't harmonize with his gushing imitation of open-hearted frankness."

"We can allow him something for his embarrassing position," suggested Markham charitably. "It isn't exactly pleasant to admit having been taken in and blackmailed by a charmer."

"Still, if he got his letters back in June, why did he continue paying court to the lady? Heath reported he was active in that sector right up to the end."

"He may be the complete amorist," smiled Markham.

"Same like Abra, what?——

'Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.'

Maybe—yes. He might qualify as a modern Cayley Drummle."

"At any rate, he gave us, in Doctor Lindquist, a possible source of information."

"Quite so," agreed Vance. "And that's about the only point of his whole passionate unfoldment that I particularly put any stock in, because it was the only point he indicated with any decent reticence. . . . My advice is that you interview this Æsculapius of the fair sex without further delay."

"I'm dog-tired," objected Markham. "Let it wait till to-morrow."

Vance glanced at the great clock over the stone mantel.

"It's latish, I'll admit, but why not, as Pitticus advised, seize time by the forelock?

'Who lets slip fortune, her shall never find:
Occasion once past by, is bald behind.'

But the elder Cato anticipated Cowley. In his 'Disticha de Moribus' he wrote: *Fronte capillata*——"

"Come!" pleaded Markham, rising. "Anything to dam this flow of erudition."

XI

SEEKING INFORMATION

(Tuesday, September 11; 9 p. m.)

TEN minutes later we were ringing the bell of a stately old brownstone house in East 44th Street.

A resplendently caparisoned butler opened the door, and Markham presented his card.

"Take this to the doctor at once, and say that it's urgent."

"The doctor is just finishing dinner," the stately seneschal informed him; and conducted us into a richly furnished reception-room, with deep comfortable chairs, silken draperies, and subdued lights.

"A typical gynecologist's seraglio," observed Vance, looking around. "I'm sure the pasha himself is a majestic and elegant personage."

The prediction proved true. Doctor Lindquist entered the room a moment later inspecting the District Attorney's card as if it had been a cuneiform inscription whose import he could not quite decipher. He was a tall man in his late forties, with bushy hair and eyebrows, and a complexion abnormally pale. His face was long, and, despite the asymmetry of his features, he might easily have been called handsome. He was in dinner clothes, and he carried himself with the self-conscious precision of a man unduly impressed with his own importance. He seated himself at a kidney-shaped desk of carved mahogany, and lifted his eyes with polite inquiry to Markham.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?" he asked in a studiously melodious voice, lingering over each word caressingly. "You are most fortunate to have found me in," he added, before Markham could speak. "I confer with patients only by appointment." One felt that he experienced a certain humiliation at having received us without elaborate ceremonial preliminaries.

Markham, whose nature was opposed

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to all circumlocution and pretense, came direct to the point.

"This isn't a professional consultation, doctor; but it happens that I want to speak to you about one of your former patients—a Miss Margaret Odell."

Doctor Lindquist regarded the gold paper-weight before him with vacantly reminiscent eyes.

"Ah, yes. Miss Odell. I was just reading of her violent end. A most unfortunate and tragic affair. . . . In just what way can I be of service to you?—You understand, of course, that the relationship between a physician and his patient is one of sacred confidence——"

"I understand that thoroughly," Markham assured him abruptly. "On the other hand, it is the sacred duty of every citizen to assist the authorities in bringing a murderer to justice. And if there is anything you can tell me which will help toward that end, I shall certainly expect you to tell it."

The doctor raised his hand slightly in polite protestation.

"I shall, of course, do all I can to assist you, if you will but indicate your desires."

"There's no need to beat around the bush, doctor," said Markham. "I know that Miss Odell was a patient of yours for a long time; and I realize that it is highly possible, not to say probable, that she told you certain personal things which may have direct bearing on her death."

"But, my dear Mr. —"—Doctor Lindquist glanced ostentatiously at the card—"ah—Markham, my relations with Miss Odell were of a purely professional character."

"I had understood, however," ventured Markham, "that, while what you say may be technically true, nevertheless there was an informality, let me say, in that relationship. Perhaps I may state it better by saying that your professional attitude transcended a merely scientific interest in her case."

I heard Vance chuckle softly; and I myself could hardly suppress a smile at Markham's verbose and orbicular accusation. But Doctor Lindquist, it seemed, was in no wise disconcerted. Assuming an air of beguiling pensiveness, he said:

"I will confess, in the interests of strict accuracy, that during my somewhat protracted treatment of her case, I came to regard the young woman with a certain—shall I say, fatherly liking? But I doubt if she was even aware of this mild sentiment on my part."

The corners of Vance's mouth twitched slightly. He was sitting with drowsy eyes, watching the doctor with a look of studious amusement.

"And she never at any time told you of any private or personal affairs that were causing her anxiety?" persisted Markham.

Doctor Lindquist pyramided his fingers, and appeared to give the question his undivided thought.

"No, I can't recall a single statement of that nature." His words were measured and urbane. "I know, naturally, in a general way, her manner of living; but the details, you will readily perceive, were wholly outside my province as a medical consultant. The disorganization of her nerves was due—so my diagnosis led me to conclude—to late hours, excitement, irregular and rich eating—what, I believe, is referred to vulgarly as going the pace. The modern woman, in this febrile age, sir——"

"When did you see her last, may I ask?" Markham interrupted impatiently.

The doctor made a pantomime of eloquent surprise.

"When did I see her last? . . . Let me see." He could, apparently, recall the occasion only with considerable difficulty. "A fortnight ago, perhaps—though it may have been longer. I really can't recall. . . . Shall I refer to my files?"

"That won't be necessary," said Markham. He paused, and regarded the doctor with a look of disarming affability. "And was this last visit a paternal or merely a professional one?"

"Professional, of course." Doctor Lindquist's eyes were impassive and only mildly interested; but his face, I felt, was by no means the unedited reflection of his thoughts.

"Did the meeting take place here or at her apartment?"

"I believe I called on her at her home."

"You called on her a great deal, doctor—so I am informed—and at rather unconventional hours. . . . Is this entirely

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in accord with your practice of seeing patients only by appointment?"

Markham's tone was pleasant, but from the nature of his question I knew that he was decidedly irritated by the man's bland hypocrisy, and felt that he was deliberately withholding relevant information.

Before Doctor Lindquist could reply, however, the butler appeared at the door, and silently indicated an extension telephone on a taboret beside the desk. With an unctuously murmured apology, the doctor turned and lifted the receiver.

Vance took advantage of this opportunity to scribble something on a piece of paper and pass it surreptitiously to Markham.

His call completed, Doctor Lindquist drew himself up haughtily, and faced Markham with chilling scorn.

"Is it the function of the District Attorney," he asked distantly, "to harass respectable physicians with insulting questions? I did not know that it was illegal—or even original, for that matter—for a doctor to visit his patients."

"I am not discussing *now*"—Markham emphasized the adverb—"your infractions of the law; but since you suggest a possibility which, I assure you, was not in my mind, would you be good enough to tell me—merely as a matter of form—where you were last night between eleven and twelve?"

The question produced a startling effect. Doctor Lindquist became suddenly like a tautly drawn rope, and, rising slowly and stiffly, he glared, with cold intense venom, at the District Attorney. His velvety mask had fallen off; and I detected another emotion beneath his repressed anger: his expression cloaked a fear, and his wrath but partly veiled a passionate uncertainty.

"My whereabouts last night are no concern of yours." He spoke with great effort, his breath coming and going noisily.

Markham waited, apparently unmoved, his eyes riveted on the trembling man before him. This calm scrutiny completely broke down the other's self-control.

"What do you mean by forcing yourself in here with your contemptible insinuations?" he shouted. His face, now livid and mottled, was hideously contorted; his hands made spasmodic movements; and his whole body shook as with a tremor. "Get out of here—you and your two myrmidons! Get out, before I have you thrown out!"

Markham, himself enraged now, was about to reply, when Vance took him by the arm.

"The doctor is gently hinting that we go," he said. And with amazing swiftness he spun Markham round, and led him firmly out of the room.

When we were again in the taxicab on our way back to the club, Vance sniggered gaily.

"A sweet specimen, that! Paranoia. Or, more likely, manic-depressive insanity—the *folie circulaire* type: recurring periods of maniacal excitement alternating with periods of the clearest sanity, don't y' know. Anyway, the doctor's disorder belongs in the category of psychoses—associated with the maturation or waning of the sexual instinct. He's just the right age, too. Neurotic degenerate—that's what this oily Hippocrates is. In another minute he would have attacked you. . . . My word! It's a good thing I came to the rescue. Such chaps are about as safe as rattlesnakes."

He shook his head in mock discouragement.

"Really, y' know, Markham, old thing," he added, "you should study the cranial indications of your fellow man more carefully—*vultus est index animi*. Did you, by any chance, note the gentleman's wide rectangular forehead, his irregular eyebrows and pale luminous eyes, and his outstanding ears with their thin upper rims, their pointed tragi and split lobes? . . . A clever devil, this Ambroise—but a moral imbecile. Beware of those pseudo-pyriform faces, Markham; leave their Apollonian Greek suggestiveness to misunderstood women."

"I wonder what he really knows?" grumbled Markham irritably.

"Oh, he knows something—rest assured of that! And if only we knew it, too, we'd be considerably further along in the investigation. Furthermore, the information he is hiding is somewhat un-

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pleasantly connected with himself. His euphoria is a bit shaken. He frightfully overdid the grand manner; his valedict'ry fulmination was the true expression of his feeling toward us."

"Yes," agreed Markham. "That question about last night acted like a petard. What prompted you to suggest my asking it?"

"A number of things—his gratuitous and obviously mendacious statement that he had just read of the murder; his wholly insincere homily on the sacredness of professional confidences; the cautious and Pecksniffian confession of his fatherly regard for the girl; his elaborate struggle to remember when he had last seen her—this particularly, I think, made me suspicious; and then, the psychopathic indicants of his physiognomy."

"Well," admitted Markham, "the question had its effect. . . . I feel that I shall see this fashionable M.D. again."

"You will," iterated Vance. "We took him unawares. But when he has had time to ponder the matter and concoct an appealin' tale, he'll become downright garrulous. . . . Anyhow, the evening is over, and you can meditate on buttercups till the morrow."

But the evening was not quite over as far as the Odell case was concerned. We had been back in the lounge-room of the club but a short time when a man walked by the corner in which we sat, and bowed with formal courtesy to Markham. Markham, to my surprise, rose and greeted him, at the same time indicating a chair.

"There's something further I wanted to ask you, Mr. Spotswoode," he said, "if you can spare a moment."

At the mention of the name I regarded the man closely, for, I confess, I was not a little curious about the anonymous escort who had taken the girl to dinner and the theatre the night before. Spotswoode was a typical New England aristocrat, inflexible, slow in his movements, reserved, and quietly but modishly dressed. His hair and mustache were slightly gray—which, no doubt, enhanced the pinkness of his complexion. He was just under six feel tall, and well proportioned, but a trifle angular.

Markham introduced him to Vance and me, and briefly explained that we were working with him on the case, and that he had thought it best to take us fully into his confidence.

Spotswoode gave him a dubious look, but immediately bowed his acceptance of the decision.

"I'm in your hands, Mr. Markham," he replied, in a well-bred but somewhat high-pitched voice, "and I concur, of course, with whatever you think advisable." He turned to Vance with an apologetic smile. "I'm in a rather unpleasant position, and naturally feel a little sensitive about it."

"I'm something of an antinomian," Vance pleasantly informed him. "At any rate, I'm not a moralist; so my attitude in the matter is quite academic."

Spotswoode laughed softly.

"I wish my family held a similar point of view; but I'm afraid they would not be so tolerant of my foibles."

"It's only fair to tell you, Mr. Spotswoode," interposed Markham, "that there is a bare possibility I may have to call you as a witness."

The man looked up quickly, his face clouding over, but he made no comment.

"The fact is," continued Markham, "we are about to make an arrest, and your testimony may be needed to establish the time of Miss Odell's return to her apartment, and also to substantiate the fact that there was presumably some one in her rooms after you had left. Her screams and calls for help, which you heard, may prove vital evidence in obtaining a conviction."

Spotswoode seemed rather appalled at the thought of his relations with the girl becoming public, and for several minutes he sat with averted eyes.

"I see your point," he acknowledged at length. "But it would be a terrible thing for me if the fact of my delinquencies became known."

"That contingency may be entirely avoided," Markham encouraged him. "I promise you that you will not be called upon unless it is absolutely necessary. . . . And now, what I especially wanted to ask you is this: do you happen to know a Doctor Lindquist who, I understand, was Miss Odell's personal physician?"

Spotswoode was frankly puzzled. "I

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never heard the name," he answered. "In fact, Miss Odell never mentioned any doctor to me."

"And did you ever hear her mention the name of Skeel . . . or refer to any one as Tony?"

"Never." His answer was emphatic.

Markham lapsed into a disappointed silence. Spotswoode, too, was silent: he sat as if in a revery.

"You know, Mr. Markham," he said, after several minutes, "I ought to be ashamed to admit it, but the truth is I cared a good deal for the girl. I suppose you've kept her apartment intact. . . ." He hesitated, and a look almost of appeal came into his eyes. "I'd like to see it again if I could."

Markham regarded him sympathetically, but finally shook his head.

"It wouldn't do. You'd be sure to be recognized by the operator—or there might be a reporter about—and then I'd be unable to keep you out of the case."

The man appeared disappointed, but did not protest; and for several minutes no one spoke. Then Vance raised himself slightly in his chair.

"I say, Mr. Spotswoode, do you happen to remember anything unusual happening last night during the half-hour you remained with Miss Odell after the theatre?"

"Unusual?" The man's manner was eloquent of his astonishment. "To the contrary. We chatted a while, and then, as she seemed tired, I said good night and came away, making a luncheon appointment with her for to-day."

"And yet, it now seems fairly certain that some other man was hiding in the apartment when you were there."

"There's little doubt on that point," agreed Spotswoode, with the suggestion of a shudder. "And her screams would seem to indicate that he came forth from hiding a few minutes after I went."

"And you had no suspicion of the fact when you heard her call for help?"

"I did at first—naturally. But when she assured me that nothing was the matter, and told me to go home, I attributed her screams to a nightmare. I knew she had been tired, and I had left her in the wicker chair near the door, from where her screams seemed to come; so I naturally concluded she had dozed off and called out in her sleep. . . . If only I hadn't taken so much for granted!"

"It's a harrowin' situation." Vance was silent for a while; then he asked: "Did you, by any chance, notice the door of the living-room closet? Was it open or closed?"

Spotswoode frowned, as if attempting to visualize the picture; but the result was a failure.

"I suppose it was closed. I probably would have noticed it if it had been open."

"Then you couldn't say if the key was in the lock or not?"

"Good Lord, no! I don't even know if it ever had a key."

The case was discussed for another half-hour; then Spotswoode excused himself and left us.

"Funny thing," ruminated Markham, "how a man of his upbringing could be so attracted by the empty-headed, butterfly type."

"I'd say it was quite natural," returned Vance. . . . "You're such an incorrigible moralist, Markham."

XII

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

(Wednesday, September 12; 9 a. m.)

THE following day, which was Wednesday, not only brought forth an important and, as it appeared, conclusive development in the Odell case, but marked the beginning of Vance's active co-operation in the proceedings. The psychological elements in the case had appealed to him irresistibly, and he felt, even at this stage of the investigation, that a final answer could never be obtained along the usual police lines. At his request Markham had called for him at a little before nine o'clock, and we had driven direct to the District Attorney's office.

Heath was waiting impatiently when we arrived. His eager and covertly triumphant expression plainly indicated good news.

"Things are breaking fine and dandy," he announced, when we had sat down. He himself was too elated to relax, and stood before Markham's desk rolling a large black cigar between his fingers. "We got the Dude—six o'clock yesterday evening

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—and we got him right. One of the C. O. boys, named Riley, who was patrolling Sixth Avenue in the Thirties, saw him swing off a surface car and head for McAnerny's Pawn-Shop. Right away Riley wigwags the traffic officer on the corner, and follows the Dude into McAnerny's. Pretty soon the traffic officer comes in with a patrolman, who he's picked up; and the three of 'em nab our stylish friend in the act of pawning this ring."

He tossed a square solitaire diamond in a filigreed platinum setting on the District Attorney's desk.

"I was at the office when they brought him in, and I sent Snitkin with the ring up to Harlem to see what the maid had to say about it, and she identified it as belonging to Odell."

"But, I say, it wasn't a part of the *bijouterie* the lady was wearing that night, was it, Sergeant?" Vance put the question casually.

Heath jerked about and eyed him with sullen calculation.

"What if it wasn't? It came out of that jimmied jewel-case—or I'm Ben Hur."

"Of course it did," murmured Vance, lapsing into lethargy.

"And that's where we're in luck," declared Heath, turning back to Markham. "It connects Skeel directly with the murder and the robbery."

"What has Skeel to say about it?" Markham was leaning forward intently. "I suppose you questioned him."

"I'll say we did," replied the Sergeant; but his tone was troubled. "We had him up all night giving him the works. And the story he tells is this: he says the girl gave him the ring a week ago, and that he didn't see her again until the afternoon of day before yesterday. He came to her apartment between four and five—you remember the maid said she was out then—and entered and left the house by the side door, which was unlocked at that time. He admits he called again at half past nine that night, but he says that, when he found she was out, he went straight home and stayed there. His alibi is that he sat up with his landlady till after midnight playing Khun Khan and drinking beer. I hopped up to his place this morning, and the old girl verified it. But that don't mean anything. The house he lives in is a pretty tough hang-out, and this landlady, besides being a heavy boozer, has been up the river a coupla times for shoplifting."

"What does Skeel say about the finger-prints?"

"He says, of course, he made 'em when he was there in the afternoon."

"And the one on the closet door-knob?"

Heath gave a derisive grunt.

"He's got an answer for that, too—says he thought he heard some one coming in, and locked himself in the clothes-closet. Didn't want to be seen and spoil any game Odell mighta been playing."

"Most considerate of him to keep out of the way of the *belles poires*," drawled Vance. "Touchin' loyalty, what?"

"You don't believe the rat, do you, Mr. Vance?" asked Heath, with indignant surprise.

"Can't say that I do. But our Antonio at least spins a consistent yarn."

"Too damn consistent to suit me," growled the Sergeant.

"That's all you could get out of him?" It was plain that Markham was not pleased with the results of Heath's third degree of Skeel.

"That's about all, sir. He stuck to his story like a leech."

"You found no chisel in his room?"

Heath admitted that he hadn't.

"But you couldn't expect him to keep it around," he added.

Markham pondered the facts for several minutes.

"I can't see that we've got a very good case, however much we may be convinced of Skeel's guilt. His alibi may be thin, but taken in connection with the phone operator's testimony, I'm inclined to think it would hold tight in court."

"What about the ring, sir?" Heath was desperately disappointed. "And what about his threats, and his finger-prints, and his record of similar burglaries?"

"Contributory factors only," Markham explained. "What we need for a murder is more than a *prima facie* case. A good criminal lawyer could have him discharged in twenty minutes, even if I

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could secure an indictment. It's not impossible, you know, that the woman gave him the ring a week ago—you recall that the maid said he was demanding money from her about that time. And there's nothing to show that the finger-prints were not actually made late Monday afternoon. Moreover, we can't connect him in any way with the chisel, for we don't know who did the Park Avenue job last summer. His whole story fits the facts perfectly; and we haven't anything contradictory to offer."

Heath shrugged helplessly: all the wind had been taken out of his sails.

"What do you want done with him?" he asked desolately.

Markham considered—he, too, was discomfited.

"Before I answer I think I'll have a go at him myself."

He pressed a buzzer, and ordered a clerk to fill out the necessary requisition. When it had been signed in duplicate, he sent Swacker with it to Ben Hanlon.

"Do ask him about those silk shirts," suggested Vance. "And find out, if you can, if he considers a white waistcoat *de rigeur* with a dinner-jacket."

"This office isn't a male millinery shop," snapped Markham.

"But, Markham dear, you won't learn anything else from this Petronius."

Ten minutes later a Deputy Sheriff from the Tombs entered with his handcuffed prisoner.

Skeel's appearance that morning belied his sobriquet of Dude. He was haggard and pale: his ordeal of the previous night had left its imprint upon him. He was unshaven; his hair was uncombed; the ends of his mustache drooped; and his cravat was awry. But despite his bedraggled condition, his manner was jaunty and contemptuous. He gave Heath a defiant leer, and faced the District Attorney with swaggering indifference.

To Markham's questions he doggedly repeated the same story he had told Heath. He clung tenaciously to every detail of it with the ready accuracy of a man who had painstakingly memorized a lesson and was thoroughly familiar with it. Markham coaxed, threatened, bullied. All hint of his usual affability was gone: he was like an inexorable dynamic machine. But Skeel, whose nerves seemed to be made of iron, withstood the vicious fire of his cross-questioning without wincing; and, I confess, his resistance somewhat aroused my admiration despite my revulsion toward him and all he stood for.

After half an hour Markham gave up, completely baffled in his efforts to elicit any damaging admissions from the man. He was about to dismiss him when Vance rose languidly and strolled to the District Attorney's desk. Seating himself on the edge of it, he regarded Skeel with impersonal curiosity.

"So you're a devotee of Khun Khan, eh?" he remarked indifferently. "Silly game, what? More interestin' than Conquain or Rum, though. Used to be played in the London clubs. Of East Indian origin, I believe. . . . You still play it with two decks, I suppose, and permit round-the-corner mating?"

An involuntary frown gathered on Skeel's forehead. He was used to violent district attorneys, and familiar with the bludgeoning methods of the police, but here was a type of inquisitor entirely new to him; and it was plain that he was both puzzled and apprehensive. He decided to meet this novel antagonist with a smirk of arrogant amusement.

"By the by," continued Vance, with no change in tone, "can any one hidden in the clothes-press of the Odell living-room see the davenport through the keyhole?"

Suddenly all trace of a smile was erased from the man's features.

"And I say," Vance hurried on, his eyes fixed steadily on the other, "why didn't you give the alarm?"

I was watching Skeel closely, and, though his set expression did not alter, I saw the pupils of his eyes dilate. Markham, also, I think, noted this phenomenon.

"Don't bother to answer," pursued Vance, as the man opened his lips to speak. "But tell me: didn't the sight shake you up a bit?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Skeel retorted with sullen impertinence. But, for all his sang-froid, one sensed an uneasiness in his manner. There was an overtone of effort in his

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desire to appear indifferent, which robbed his words of complete conviction.

"Not a pleasant situation, that." Vance ignored his retort. "How did you feel, crouching there in the dark, when the closet door-knob was turned and some one tried to get in?" His eyes were boring into the man, though his voice retained its casual intonation.

The muscles of Skeel's face tightened, but he did not speak.

"Lucky thing you took the precaution of locking yourself in—eh, what?" Vance went on. "Suppose he'd got the door open—my word! Then what? . . ."

He paused and smiled with a kind of silky sweetness which was more impressive than any glowering aggression.

"I say, did you have your steel chisel ready for him? Maybe he'd have been too quick and strong for you—maybe there would have been thumbs pressing against your larynx too before you could have struck him—eh, what? . . . Did you think of that, there in the dark? . . . No, not precisely a pleasant situation. A bit gruesome, in fact."

"What are you raving about?" Skeel spat out insolently. "You're balmy." But his swagger had been forgotten, and a look akin of horror had passed across his face. This slackening of pose was momentary, however; almost at once his smirk returned, and his head swayed in contempt.

Vance sauntered back to his chair and stretched himself in it listlessly, as if all his interest in the case had again evaporated.

Markham had watched the little drama attentively, but Heath had sat smoking with ill-concealed annoyance. The silence that followed was broken by Skeel.

"Well, I suppose I'm to be railroaded. Got it all planned, have you? . . . Try and railroad me!" He laughed harshly. "My lawyer's Abe Rubin, and you might phone him that I'd like to see him." *

Markham, with a gesture of annoyance, waved to the Deputy Sheriff to take Skeel back to the Tombs.

"What were you trying to get at?" he asked Vance, when the man was gone.

"Just an illusive notion in the depths of my being struggling for the light." Vance smoked placidly a moment. "I thought Mr. Skeel might be persuaded to pour out his heart to us. So I wooed him with words."

"That's just bully," jibed Heath. "I was expecting you any minute to ask him if he played mumbly-peg or if his grandmother was a hoot-owl."

"Sergeant, dear Sergeant," pleaded Vance, "don't be unkind. I simply couldn't endure it. . . . And really, now, didn't my chat with Mr. Skeel suggest a possibility to you?"

"Sure," said Heath, "—that he was hiding in the closet when Odell was killed. But where does that get us? It lets Skeel out, although the job was a professional one, and he was caught red-handed with some of the swag."

He turned disgustedly to the District Attorney.

"And now what, sir?"

"I don't like the look of things," Markham complained. "If Skeel has Abe Rubin to defend him, we won't stand a chance with the case we've got. I feel convinced he was mixed up in it; but no judge will accept my personal feelings as evidence."

"We could turn the Dude loose, and have him tailed," suggested Heath grudgingly. "We might catch him doing something that'll give the game away."

Markham considered.

"That might be a good plan," he acceded. "We'll certainly get no more evidence on him as long as he's locked up."

"It looks like our only chance, sir."

"Very well," agreed Markham. "Let him think we're through with him: he may get careless. I'll leave the whole thing to you, Sergeant. Keep a couple of good men on him day and night. Something may happen."

Heath rose, an unhappy man.

"Right, sir. I'll attend to it."

"And I'd like to have more data on Charles Cleaver," added Markham. "Find out what you can of his relations with the Odell girl.—Also, get me a line on Doctor Ambroise Lindquist. What's his history?—what are his habits?—you know the kind of thing. He treated the girl for some mysterious or imaginary ailment; and I think he has something up

* Abe Rubin was at that time the most resourceful and unscrupulous criminal lawyer in New York. Since his disbarment two years ago, little has been heard from him.

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his sleeve. But don't go near him personally—yet."

Heath jotted the name down in his note-book, without enthusiasm.

"And before you set your stylish captive free," put in Vance, yawning, "you might, don't y' know, see if he carries a key that fits the Odell apartment."

Heath jerked up short, and grinned.

"Now, that idea's got some sense to it. . . . Funny I didn't think of it myself." And shaking hands with all of us, he went out.

XIII

AN ERSTWHILE GALLANT

(Wednesday, September 12; 10.30 a. m.)

SWACKER was evidently waiting for an opportunity to interrupt, for, when Sergeant Heath had passed through the door, he at once stepped into the room.

"The reporters are here, sir," he announced, with a wry face. "You said you'd see them at ten-thirty."

In response to a nod from his Chief, he held open the door, and a dozen or more newspaper men came trooping in.

"No questions, please, this morning," Markham begged pleasantly. "It's too early in the game. But I'll tell you all I know. . . . I agree with Sergeant Heath that the Odell murder was the work of a professional criminal—the same who broke into Arnheim's house on Park Avenue last summer."

Briefly he told of Inspector Brenner's findings in connection with the chisel.

"We've made no arrests, but one may be expected in the very near future. In fact, the police have the case well in hand, but are going carefully in order to avoid any chance of an acquittal. We've already recovered some of the missing jewelry. . . ."

He talked to the reporters for five minutes or so, but he made no mention of the testimony of the maid or the phone operators, and carefully avoided the mention of any names.

When we were again alone, Vance chuckled admiringly.

"A masterly evasion, my dear Markham! Legal training has its advantages—decidedly, it has its advantages. . . . 'We've recovered some of the missing jewelry!' Sweet wingèd words! Not an untruth—oh, no!—but how deceivin'! Really, y' know, I must devote more time to the caressin' art of *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri*. You should be crowned with an anadem of myrtle."

"Leaving all that to one side," Markham rejoined impatiently, "suppose you tell me, now that Heath's gone, what was in your mind when you applied your verbal voodooism to Skeel. What was all the conjurer-talk about dark closets, and alarums, and pressing thumbs, and peering through keyholes?"

"Well, now, I didn't think my little chit-chat was so cryptic," answered Vance. "The *récherché* Tony was undoubtedly ambuscaded *à la sourdine* in the clothes-press at some time during the fatal evening; and I was merely striving, in my amateurish way, to ascertain the exact hour of his concealment."

"And did you?"

"Not conclusively." Vance shook his head sadly. "Y' know, Markham, I'm the proud possessor of a theory—it's vague and obscure and unsubstantial; and it's downright unintelligible. And even if it were verified, I can't see how it would help us any, for it would leave the situation even more incomprehensible than it already is. . . . I almost wish I hadn't questioned Heath's Beau Nash. He upset my ideas frightfully."

"From what I could gather, you seem to think it possible that Skeel witnessed the murder. That couldn't, by any stretch of the imagination, be your precious theory?"

"That's part of it, anyway."

"My dear Vance, you do astonish me!" Markham laughed outright. "Skeel, then, according to you, is innocent; but he keeps his knowledge to himself, invents an alibi, and doesn't even tattle when he's arrested. . . . It won't hold water."

"I know," sighed Vance. "It's a veritable sieve. And yet, the notion haunts me—it rides me like a hag—it eats into my vitals."

"Do you realize that this mad theory of yours presupposes that, when Spotswoode and Miss Odell returned from the theatre, there were *two* men hidden in the apartment—two men *unknown to each*

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other—namely Skeel and your hypothetical murderer?"

"Of course I realize it; and the thought of it is breaking down my reason."

"Furthermore, they must have entered the apartment separately, and hidden separately. . . . How, may I ask, did they get in? And how did they get out? And which one caused the girl to scream after Spotswoode had left? And what was the other one doing in the meantime? And if Skeel was a passive spectator, horrified and mute, how do you account for his breaking open the jewel-case and securing the ring——?"

"Stop! Stop! Don't torture me so," Vance pleaded. "I know I'm insane. Been given to hallucinations since birth; but—Merciful Heaven!—I've never before had one as crazy as this."

"On that point at least, my dear Vance, we are in complete and harmonious agreement," smiled Markham.

Just then Swacker came in and handed Markham a letter.

"Brought by messenger, and marked 'immediate,'" he explained.

The letter, written on heavy engraved stationery, was from Doctor Lindquist, and explained that between the hours of 11 P. M. and 1 A. M. on Monday night he had been in attendance upon a patient at his sanitarium. It also apologized for his actions when asked regarding his whereabouts, and offered a wordy, but not particularly convincing, explanation of his conduct. He had had an unusually trying day, it seemed—neurotic cases were trying, at best—and the suddenness of our visit, together with the apparently hostile nature of Markham's questions, had completely upset him. He was more than sorry for his outburst, he said, and stood ready to assist in any way he could. It was unfortunate for all concerned, he added, that he had lost his temper, for it would have been a simple matter for him to explain about Monday night.

"He has thought the situation over calmly," said Vance, "and hereby offers you a neat little alibi which, I think, you will have difficulty in shaking. . . . An artful beggar—like all these unbalanced pseudo-psychiatrists. Observe: he was with a patient. To be sure! What patient? Why, one too ill to be questioned. . . . There you are. A *cul-de-sac* masquerading as an alibi. Not bad, what?"

"It doesn't interest me overmuch." Markham put the letter away. "That pompous professional ass could never have got into the Odell apartment without having been seen; and I can't picture him sneaking in by devious means." He reached for some papers. . . . "And now, if you don't object, I'll make an effort to earn my $15,000 salary."

But Vance, instead of making a move to go, sauntered to the table and opened a telephone directory.

"Permit me a suggestion, Markham," he said, after a moment's search. "Put off your daily grind for a bit, and let's hold polite converse with Mr. Louis Mannix. Y' know, he's the only presumptive swain of the inconstant Margaret, so far mentioned, who hasn't been given an audience. I hanker to gaze upon him and hearken to his rune. He'd make the family circle complete, so to speak. . . . He still holds forth in Maiden Lane, I see; and it wouldn't take long to fetch him here."

Markham had swung half round in his chair at the mention of Mannix's name. He started to protest, but he knew from experience that Vance's suggestions were not the results of idle whims; and he was silent for several moments weighing the matter. With practically every other avenue of inquiry closed for the moment, I think the idea of questioning Mannix rather appealed to him.

"All right," he consented, ringing for Swacker; "though I don't see how he can help. According to Heath, the Odell girl gave him his *congé* a year ago."

"He may still have hay on his horns, or, like Hotspur, be drunk with choler. You can't tell." Vance resumed his chair. "With such a name, he'd bear investigating *ipso facto*."

Markham sent Swacker for Tracy; and when the latter arrived, suave and beaming, he was given instructions to take the District Attorney's car and bring Mannix to the office.

"Get a subpœna," said Markham; "and use it if necessary."

Half an hour or so later Tracy returned.

"Mr. Mannix made no difficulty about

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coming," he reported. "Was quite agreeable, in fact. He's in the waiting-room now."

Tracy was dismissed, and Mannix was ushered in.

He was a large man, and he walked with the forced elasticity of gait which epitomizes the silent struggle of incipiently corpulent middle age to deny the onrush of the years and cling to the semblance of youth. He carried a slender wanghee cane; and his checkered suit, brocaded waistcoat, pearl-gray gaiters, and gaily beribboned Homburg hat gave him an almost foppish appearance. But these various indications of sportiveness were at once forgotten when one inspected his features. His small eyes were bright and crafty; his nose was bibative, and appeared disproportionately small above his thick sensual lips and prognathous jaw. There was an oiliness and shrewdness in the man's manner which were at once repulsive and arresting.

At a gesture from Markham he sat down on the edge of a chair, placing a podgy hand on each knee. His attitude was one of alert suspicion.

"Mr. Mannix," said Markham, an engaging note of apology in his voice, "I am sorry to have discommoded you; but the matter in hand is both serious and urgent. . . . A Miss Margaret Odell was murdered night before last, and in the course of our inquiries we learned that you had at one time known her quite well. It occurred to me that you might be in possession of some facts about her that would assist us in our investigation."

A saponacious smile, meant to be genial, parted the man's heavy lips.

"Sure, I knew the Canary—a long time ago, y' understand." He permitted himself a sigh. "A fine, high-class girl, if I do say so. A good looker and a good dresser. Too damn bad she didn't go on with the show business. But"—he made a repudiative motion with his hand—"I haven't seen the lady, y' understand, for over a year—not to speak to, if you know what I mean."

Mannix clearly was on his guard, and his beady little eyes did not once leave the District Attorney's face.

"You had a quarrel with her perhaps?" Markham asked the question incuriously.

"Well, now, I wouldn't go so far as to say we quarrelled. No." Mannix paused, seeking the correct word. "You might say we disagreed—got tired of the arrangement and decided to separate; kind of drifted apart. Last thing I told her was, if she ever needed a friend she'd know where to find me."

"Very generous of you," murmured Markham. "And you never renewed your little affair?"

"Never—never. Don't remember ever speaking to her from that day to this."

"In view of certain things I've learned, Mr. Mannix"—Markham's tone was regretful—"I must ask you a somewhat personal question. Did she ever make an attempt to blackmail you?"

Mannix hesitated, and his eyes seemed to grow even smaller, like those of a man thinking rapidly.

"Certainly not!" he replied, with belated emphasis. "Not at all. Nothing of the kind." He raised both hands in protest against the thought. Then he asked furtively: "What gave you such an idea?"

"I have been told," explained Markham, "that she had extorted money from one or two of her admirers."

Mannix made a wholly unconvincing grimace of astonishment.

"Well, well! You don't tell me! Can it be possible?" He peered shrewdly at the District Attorney. "Maybe it was Charlie Cleaver she blackmailed—yes?"

Markham picked him up quickly.

"Why do you say Cleaver?"

Again Mannix waved his thick hand, this time deprecatingly.

"No special reason, y' understand. Just thought it might be him. . . . No special reason."

"Did Cleaver ever tell you he'd been blackmailed?"

"Cleaver tell me? . . . Now, I ask you, Mr. Markham: why should Cleaver tell me such a story—why should he?"

"And you never told Cleaver that the Odell girl had blackmailed you?"

"Positively not!" Mannix gave a scornful laugh which was far too theatrical to have been genuine. "Me tell Cleaver I'd been blackmailed? Now, that's funny, that is."

"Then why did you mention Cleaver a moment ago?"

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"No reason at all—like I told you. . . . He knew the Canary; but that ain't no secret."

Markham dropped the subject.

"What do you know about Miss Odell's relations with a Doctor Ambroise Lindquist?"

Mannix was now obviously perplexed.

"Never heard of him—no, never. She didn't know him when I was taking her around."

"Whom else besides Cleaver did she know well?"

Mannix shook his head ponderously.

"Now, that I couldn't say—positively I couldn't say. Seen her with this man and that, same as everybody saw her; but who they were I don't know—absolutely."

"Ever hear of Tony Skeel?" Markham quickly leaned over and met the other's gaze inquiringly.

Once more Mannix hesitated, and his eyes glittered calculatingly.

"Well, now that you ask me, I believe I did hear of the fellow. But I couldn't swear to it, y' understand. . . . What makes you think I heard of this Skeel fellow?"

Markham ignored the question.

"Can you think of no one who might have borne Miss Odell a grudge, or had cause to fear her?"

Mannix was volubly emphatic on the subject of his complete ignorance of any such person; and after a few more questions, which elicited only denials, Markham let him go.

"Not bad at all, Markham old thing—eh, what?" Vance seemed pleased with the conference. "Wonder why he's so coy? Not a nice person, this Mannix. And he's so fearful lest he be informative. Again, I wonder why. He was so careful—oh, so careful."

"He was sufficiently careful, at any rate, not to tell us anything," declared Markham gloomily.

"I shouldn't say that, don't y' know." Vance lay back and smoked placidly. "A ray of light filtered through here and there. Our fur-importing philogynist denied he'd been blackmailed—which was obviously untrue—and tried to make us believe that he and the lovely Margaret cooed like turtle-doves at parting.—Tosh! . . . And then, that mention of Cleaver. That wasn't spontaneous—dear me, no. Brother Mannix and spontaneity are as the poles apart. He had a reason for bringing Cleaver in; and I fancy that if you knew what that reason was, you'd feel like flinging roses riotously, and that sort of thing. Why Cleaver? That *secret-de-Polichinelle* explanation was a bit weak. The orbits of these two paramours cross somewhere. On that point, at least, Mannix inadvertently enlightened us. . . . Moreover, it's plain that he doesn't know our fashionable healer with the satyr ears. But, on the other hand, he's aware of the existence of Mr. Skeel, and would rather like to deny the acquaintance. . . . So—*voilà l'affaire*. Plenty of information; but—my word!—what to do with it?"

"I give it up," acknowledged Markham hopelessly.

"I know: it's a sad, sad world," Vance commiserated him. "But you must face the olla podrida with a bright eye. It's time for lunch, and a fillet of sole *Marguéry* will cheer you no end."

Markham glanced at the clock, and permitted himself to be led to the Lawyers Club.

XIV

VANCE OUTLINES A THEORY

(Wednesday, September 12; evening)

VANCE and I did not return to the District Attorney's office after lunch, for Markham had a busy afternoon before him, and nothing further was likely to transpire in connection with the Odell case until Sergeant Heath had completed his investigations of Cleaver and Doctor Lindquist. Vance had seats for Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne," and two o'clock found us at the Metropolitan. Though the performance was excellent, Vance was too *distrait* to enjoy it; and it was significant that, after the opera, he directed the chauffeur to the Stuyvesant Club. I knew he had a tea appointment, and that he had planned to motor to Longue Vue for dinner; and the fact that he should have dismissed these social engagements from his mind in order to be with Markham showed how intensely the problem of the murder had absorbed his interest.

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It was after six o'clock when Markham came in, looking harassed and tired. No mention of the case was made during dinner, with the exception of Markham's casual remark that Heath had turned in his reports on Cleaver and Doctor Lindquist and Mannix. (It seemed that, immediately after lunch, he had telephoned to the Sergeant to add Mannix's name to the two others as a subject for inquiry.) It was not until we had retired to our favorite corner of the lounge-room that the topic of the murder was brought up for discussion.

And that discussion, brief and one-sided, was the beginning of an entirely new line of investigation—a line which, in the end, led to the guilty person.

Markham sank wearily into his chair. He had begun to show the strain of the last two days of fruitless worry. His eyes were a trifle heavy, and there was a grim tenacity in the lines of his mouth. Slowly and deliberately he lighted a cigar, and took several deep inhalations.

"Damn the newspapers!" he grumbled. "Why can't they let the District Attorney's office handle its business in its own way? . . . Have you seen the afternoon papers? They're all clamoring for the murderer. You'd think I had him up my sleeve."

"You forget, my dear chap," grinned Vance, "that we are living under the benign and upliftin' reign of Democritus, which confers upon every ignoramus the privilege of promiscuously criticising his betters."

Markham snorted.

"I don't complain about criticism: it's the lurid imagination of these bright young reporters that galls me. They're trying to turn this sordid crime into a spectacular Borgia melodrama, with passion running rampant, and mysterious influences at work, and all the pomp and trappings of a mediæval romance. . . . You'd think even a schoolboy could see that it was only an ordinary robbery and murder of the kind that's taking place regularly throughout the country."

Vance paused in the act of lighting a cigarette, and his eyebrows lifted. Turning, he regarded Markham with a look of mild incredulity.

"I say! Do you really mean to tell me that your statement for the press was given out in good faith?"

Markham looked up in surprise.

"Certainly it was. . . . What do you mean by 'good faith'?"

Vance smiled indolently.

"I rather thought, don't y' know, that your oration to the reporters was a bit of strategy to lull the real culprit into a state of false security, and to give you a clear field for investigation."

Markham contemplated him a moment.

"See here, Vance," he demanded irritably, "what are you driving at?"

"Nothing at all—really, old fellow," the other assured him affably. "I knew that Heath was deadly sincere about his belief in Skeel's guilt, but it never occurred to me, d' ye see, that you yourself actually regarded the crime as one committed by a professional burglar. I foolishly thought that you let Skeel go this morning in the hope that he would lead you somehow to the guilty person. I rather imagined you were spoofing the trusting Sergeant by pretending to fall in with his silly notion."

"Ah, I see! Still clinging to your weird theory that a brace of villains were present, hiding in separate clothes-closets, or something of the kind." Markham made no attempt to temper his sarcasm. "A sapient idea—so much more intelligent than Heath's!"

"I know it's weird. But it happens not to be any weirder than your theory of a lone yeggman."

"And for what reason, pray," persisted Markham, with considerable warmth, "do you consider the yeggman theory weird?"

"For the simple reason that it was not the crime of a professional thief at all, but the wilfully deceptive act of a particularly clever man who doubtless spent weeks in its preparation."

Markham sank back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Vance, you have contributed the one ray of sunshine to an otherwise gloomy and depressing case."

Vance bowed with mock humility.

"It gives me great pleasure," was his dulcet rejoinder, "to be able to bring even a wisp of light into so clouded a mental atmosphere."

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A brief silence followed. Then Markham asked:

"Is this fascinating and picturesque conclusion of yours regarding the highly intellectual character of the Odell woman's murderer based on your new and original psychological methods of deduction?" There was no mistaking the ridicule in his voice.

"I arrived at it," explained Vance sweetly, "by the same processes of logic I used in determining the guilt of Alvin Benson's murderer."

Markham smiled.

"*Touché!* . . . Don't think I'm so ungrateful as to belittle the work you did in that case. But this time, I fear, you've permitted your theories to lead you hopelessly astray. The present case is what the police call an open-and-shut affair."

"Particularly shut," amended Vance dryly. "And both you and the police are in the distressin' situation of waiting inactively for your suspected victim to give the game away."

"I'll admit the situation is not all one could desire." Markham spoke morosely. "But even so, I can't see that there's any opportunity in this affair for your recondite psychological methods. The thing's too obvious—that's the trouble. What we need now is evidence, not theories. If it wasn't for the spacious and romantic imaginings of the newspaper men, public interest in the case would already have died out."

"Markham," said Vance quietly, but with unwonted seriousness, "if that's what you really believe, then you may as well drop the case now; for you're foredoomed to failure. You think it's an obvious crime. But let me tell you, it's a subtle crime, if ever there was one. And it's as clever as it is subtle. No common criminal committed it—believe me. It was done by a man of very superior intellect and astoundin' ingenuity."

Vance's assured, matter-of-fact tone had a curiously convincing quality; and Markham, restraining his impulse to scoff, assumed an air of indulgent irony.

"Tell me," he said, "by what cryptic mental process you arrived at so fantastic a conclusion."

"With pleasure." Vance took a few puffs on his cigarette, and lazily watched the smoke curl upward.*

"Y' know, Markham," he began, in his emotionless drawl, "every genuine work of art has a quality which the critics call *élan*—namely, enthusiasm and spontaneity. A copy, or imitation, lacks that distinguishing characteristic: it's too perfect, too carefully done, too exact. Even enlightened scions of the law, I fancy, are aware that there is bad drawing in Botticelli and disproportions in Rubens, what? In an original, d' ye see, such flaws don't matter. But an imitator never puts 'em in: he doesn't dare—he's too intent on getting all the details correct. The imitator works with a self-consciousness and a meticulous care which the artist, in the throes of creative labor, never exhibits. And here's the point: there's no way of imitating that enthusiasm and spontaneity—that *élan*—which an original painting possesses. However closely a copy may resemble an original, there's a vast psychological difference between them. The copy breathes an air of insincerity, of ultraperfection, of conscious effort. . . . You follow me, eh?"

"Most instructive, my dear Ruskin."

Vance meekly bowed his appreciation, and proceeded pleasantly.

"Now, let us consider the Odell murder. You and Heath are agreed that it is a commonplace, brutal, sordid, unimaginative crime. But, unlike you two bloodhounds on the trail, I have ignored its mere appearances, and have analyzed its various factors—I have looked at it psychologically, so to speak. And I have discovered that it is not a genuine and sincere crime—that is to say, an original—but only a sophisticated, self-conscious and clever imitation, done by a skilful copyist. I grant you it is correct and typical in every detail. But just there is where it fails, don't y' know. Its technic is too good, its craftsmanship too perfect. The *ensemble*, as it were, is not convincing—it lacks *élan*. Æsthetically speaking, it has all the earmarks of a *tour de force*. Vulgarly speaking, it's a fake." He paused and gave Markham an engaging smile. "I trust this somewhat oracular peroration has not bored you."

* I sent a proof of the following paragraphs to Vance, and he edited and corrected them; so that, as they now stand, they represent his theories in practically his own words.

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"Pray continue," urged Markham, with exaggerated politeness. His manner was jocular, but something in his tone led me to believe that he was seriously interested.

"What is true of art is true of life," Vance resumed placidly. "Every human action, d' ye see, conveys unconsciously an impression either of genuineness or of spuriousness—of sincerity or calculation. For example, two men at table eat in a similar way, handle their knives and forks in the same fashion, and apparently do the identical things. Although the sensitive spectator cannot put his finger on the points of difference, he none the less senses at once which man's breeding is genuine and instinctive and which man's is imitative and self-conscious."

He blew a wreath of smoke toward the ceiling, and settled more deeply into his chair.

"Now, Markham, just what are the universally recognized features of a sordid crime of robbery and murder? . . . Brutality, disorder, haste, ransacked drawers, cluttered desks, broken jewel-cases, rings stripped from the victim's fingers, severed pendant chains, torn clothing, tipped-over chairs, upset lamps, broken vases, twisted draperies, strewn floors, and so forth. Such are the accepted immemorial indications—eh, what? But—consider a moment, old chap. Outside of fiction and the drama, in how many crimes do they *all* appear—all in perfect ordination, and without a single element to contradict the general effect? That is to say, how many actual crimes are technically perfect in their settings? . . . None! And why? Simply because nothing actual in this life—nothing that is spontaneous and genuine—runs to accepted form in every detail. The law of chance and fallibility invariably steps in."

He made a slight indicative gesture.

"But regard this particular crime: look at it closely. What do you find? You will perceive that its *mise-en-scène* has been staged, and its drama enacted, down to every minute detail—like a Zola novel. It is almost mathematically perfect. And therein, d' ye see, lies the irresistible inference of its having been carefully premeditated and planned. To use an art term, it is a tickled-up crime. Therefore, its conception was not spontaneous. . . . And yet, don't y' know, I can't point out any specific flaw; for its great flaw lies in its being flawless. And nothing flawless, my dear fellow, is natural or genuine."

Markham was silent for a while.

"You deny even the remote possibility of a common thief having murdered the girl?" he asked at length; and now there was no hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"If a common thief did it," contended Vance, "then there's no science of psychology, there are no philosophic truths, and there are no laws of art. If it was a genuine crime of robbery, then, by the same token, there is no difference whatever between an old master and a clever technician's copy."

"You'd entirely eliminate robbery as the motive, I take it."

"The robbery," Vance affirmed, "was only a manufactured detail. The fact that the crime was committed by a highly astute person indicates unquestionably that there was a far more potent motive behind it. Any man capable of so ingenious and clever a piece of deception is obviously a person of education and imagination; and he most certainly would not have run the stupendous risk of killing a woman unless he had feared some overwhelming disaster—unless, indeed, her continuing to live would have caused him greater mental anguish, and would have put him in greater jeopardy, even than the crime itself. Between two colossal dangers, he chose the murder as the lesser."

Markham did not speak at once: he seemed lost in reflection. But presently he turned and, fixing Vance with a dubious stare, said:

"What about that chiselled jewel-box? A professional burglar's jimmy wielded by an experienced hand doesn't fit into your æsthetic hypothesis—it is, in fact, diametrically opposed to such a theory."

"I know it only too well." Vance nodded slowly. "And I've been harried and hectored by that steel chisel ever since I beheld the evidence of its work that first morning. . . . Markham, that chisel is the one genuine note in an otherwise spurious performance. It's as if the real artist had come along at the moment the copyist had finished his faked picture,

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and painted in a single small object with the hand of a master."

"But doesn't that bring us back inevitably to Skeel?"

"Skeel—ah, yes. That's the explanation, no doubt; but not the way you conceive it. Skeel ripped the box open—I don't question that; but—deuce take it!—it's the only thing he did do: it's the only thing that was left for him to do. That's why he got only a ring which La Belle Marguerite was not wearing that night. All her other baubles—to wit, those that adorned her—had been stripped from her and were gone."

"Why are you so positive on this point?"

"The poker, man—the poker! . . . Don't you see? That amateurish assault upon the jewel-case with a cast-iron coal-prodder couldn't have been made *after* the case had been prised open—it would have had to be made *before*. And that seemingly insane attempt to break steel with cast iron was part of the stage-setting. The real culprit didn't care if he got the case open or not. He merely wanted it to look as if he had *tried* to get it open; so he used the poker and then left it lying beside the dinted box."

"I see what you mean." This point, I think, impressed Markham more strongly than any other Vance had raised; for the presence of the poker on the dressing-table had not been explained away either by Heath or Inspector Brenner. . . .

"Is that the reason you questioned Skeel as if he might have been present when your other visitor was there?"

"Exactly. By the evidence of the jewel-case I knew he either was in the apartment when the bogus crime of robbery was being staged, or else had come upon the scene when it was over and the stage-director had cleared out. . . . From his reactions to my questions I rather fancy he was present."

"Hiding in the closet?"

"Yes. That would account for the closet not having been disturbed. As I see it, it wasn't ransacked, for the simple and rather grotesque reason that the elegant Skeel was locked within. How else could that one clothes-press have escaped the rifling activities of the pseudo-burglar? He wouldn't have omitted it deliberately, and he was far too thoroughgoing to have overlooked it accidentally. —Then there are the finger-prints on the knob. . . ."

Vance lightly tapped on the arm of his chair.

"I tell you, Markham, old dear, you simply must build your conception of the crime on this hypothesis, and proceed accordingly. If you don't, each edifice you rear will come toppling about your ears."

XV

FOUR POSSIBILITIES

(Wednesday, September 12; evening)

WHEN Vance finished speaking, there was a long silence. Markham, impressed by the other's earnestness, sat in a brown study. His ideas had been shaken. The theory of Skeel's guilt, to which he had clung from the moment of the identification of the finger-prints, had, it must be admitted, not entirely satisfied him, although he had been able to suggest no alternative. Now Vance had categorically repudiated this theory and at the same time had advanced another which, despite its indefiniteness, had nevertheless taken into account all the physical points of the case; and Markham, at first antagonistic, had found himself, almost against his will, becoming more and more sympathetic to this new point of view.

"Damn it, Vance!" he said. "I'm not in the least convinced by your theatrical theory. And yet, I feel a curious undercurrent of plausibility in your analyses. . . . I wonder——"

He turned sharply, and scrutinized the other steadfastly for a moment.

"Look here! Have you any one in mind as the protagonist of the drama you've outlined?"

"'Pon my word, I haven't the slightest notion as to who killed the lady," Vance assured him. "But if you are ever to find the murderer, you must look for a shrewd, superior man with nerves of iron, who was in imminent danger of being irremediably ruined by the girl—a man of inherent cruelty and vindictiveness; a supreme egoist; a fatalist more or less; and—I'm inclined to believe—something of a madman."

"Mad!"

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"Oh, not a lunatic—just a madman, a perfectly normal, logical calculating madman—same as you and I and Van here. Only, our hobbies are harmless, d' ye see. This chap's mania is outside your preposterously revered law. That's why you're after him. If his aberration were stamp-collecting or golf, you wouldn't give him a second thought. But his perfectly rational *penchant* for eliminating *déclassées* ladies who bothered him, fills you with horror: it's not *your* hobby. Consequently, you have a hot yearning to flay him alive."

"I'll admit," said Markham coolly, "that a homicidal mania is my idea of madness."

"But he didn't have a homicidal mania, Markham old thing. You miss all the fine distinctions in psychology. This man was annoyed by a certain person, and set to work, masterfully and reasonably, to do away with the source of his annoyance. And he did it with surpassin' cleverness. To be sure, his act was a bit grisly. But when, if ever, you get your hands on him, you'll be amazed to find how normal he is. And able, too—oh, able no end."

Again Markham lapsed into a long thoughtful silence. At last he spoke.

"The only trouble with your ingenious deductions is that they don't accord with the known circumstances of the case. And facts, my dear Vance, are still regarded by a few of us old-fashioned lawyers as more or less conclusive."

"Why this needless confession of your shortcomings?" inquired Vance whimsically. Then, after a moment: "Let me have the facts which appear to you antagonistic to my deductions."

"Well, there are only four men of the type you describe who could have had any remote reason for murdering the Odell woman. Heath's scouts went into her history pretty thoroughly, and for over two years—that is, since her appearance in the 'Follies'—the only *personnæ gratæ* at her apartment have been Mannix, Doctor Lindquist, Pop Cleaver, and, of course, Spotswoode. The Canary was a bit exclusive, it seems; and no other man got near enough to her even to be considered as a possible murderer."

"It appears, then, that you have a complete quartet to draw on." Vance's tone was apathetic. "What do you crave—a regiment?"

"No," answered Markham patiently. "I crave only one logical possibility. But Mannix was through with the girl over a year ago; Cleaver and Spotswoode both have water-tight alibis; and that leaves only Doctor Lindquist, whom I can't exactly picture as a strangler and meretricious burglar, despite his irascibility. Moreover, he, too, has an alibi; and it may be a genuine one."

Vance wagged his head.

"There's something positively pathetic about the childlike faith of the legal mind."

"It does cling to rationality at times, doesn't it?" observed Markham.

"My dear fellow!" Vance rebuked him. "The presumption implied in that remark is most immodest. If you could distinguish between rationality and irrationality you wouldn't be a lawyer—you'd be a god. . . . No; you're going at this thing the wrong way. The real factors in the case are not what you call the known circumstances, but the unknown quantities—the human *x's*, so to speak—the personalities, or natures, of your quartet."

He lit a fresh cigarette, and lay back, closing his eyes.

"Tell me what you know of these four *cavalières serventes*—you say Heath has turned in his report. Who were their mamas? What do they eat for breakfast? Are they susceptible to poison-ivy? . . . Let's have Spotswoode's *dossier* first. Do you know anything about him?"

"In a general way," returned Markham. "Old Puritan stock, I believe—governors, burgomasters, a few successful traders. All Yankee forebears—no intermixture. As a matter of fact, Spotswoode represents the oldest and hardiest of the New England aristocracy—although I imagine the so-called wine of the Puritans has become pretty well diluted by now. His affair with the Odell girl is hardly consonant with the older Puritans' mortification of the flesh."

"It's wholly consonant, though, with the psychological reactions which are apt to follow the inhibitions produced by such

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mortification," submitted Vance. "But what does he do? Whence cometh his lucre?"

"His father manufactured automobile accessories, made a fortune at it, and left the business to him. He tinkers at it, but not seriously, though I believe he has designed a few appurtenances."

"I do hope the hideous cut-glass olla for holding paper bouquets is not one of them. The man who invented that tonneau decoration is capable of any fiendish crime."

"It couldn't have been Spotswoode then," said Markham tolerantly, "for he certainly can't qualify as your potential strangler. We know the girl was alive after he left her, and that, during the time she was murdered, he was with Judge Redfern. . . . Even you, friend Vance, couldn't manipulate those facts to the gentleman's disadvantage."

"On that, at least, we agree," conceded Vance. "And that's all you know of the gentleman?"

"I think that's all, except that he married a well-to-do woman—a daughter of a Southern senator, I believe."

"Doesn't help any. . . . And now, let's have Mannix's history."

Markham referred to a typewritten sheet of paper.

"Both parents immigrants—came over in the steerage. Original name Mannikiewicz, or something like that. Born on the East Side; learned the fur business in his father's retail shop in Hester Street; worked for the Sanfrasco Cloak Company, and got to be factory foreman. Saved his money, and sweetened the pot by manipulating real estate; then went into the fur business for himself, and steadily worked up to his present opulent state. Public school, and night commercial college. Married in 1900 and divorced a year later. Lives a gay life—helps support the night clubs, but never gets drunk. I suppose he comes under the head of a spender and wine-opener. Has invested some money in musical comedies, and always has a stage beauty in tow. Runs to blondes."

"Not very revealin'," sighed Vance. "The city is full of Mannixes. . . . What did you garner in connection with our *bon-ton* medico?"

"The city has its quota of Doctor Lindquists, too, I fear. He was brought up in a small Middle-West bailiwick—French and Magyar extraction; took his M.D. from the Ohio State Medical, practised in Chicago—some shady business there, but never convicted; came to Albany and got in on the X-ray-machine craze; invented a breast-pump and formed a stock company—made a small fortune out of it; went to Vienna for two years——"

"Ah, the Freudian motif!"

"—returned to New York, and opened a private sanitarium; charged outrageous prices, and thereby endeared himself to the *nouveau riche*. Has been at the endearing process ever since. Was defendant in a breach-of-promise suit some years ago, but the case was settled out of court. He's not married."

"He wouldn't be," commented Vance. "Such gentry never are. . . . Interestin' summary, though—yes, decidedly interestin'. I'm tempted to develop a psychoneurosis and let Ambroise treat me. I do so want to know him better. And where—oh, where—was this egregious healer at the moment of our erring sister's demise? Ah, who can tell, my Markham: who knows—who knows?"

"In any event, I don't think he was murdering any one."

"You're so prejudicial!" said Vance. "But let us move reluctantly on.—What's your *portrait parlé* of Cleaver? The fact that he's familiarly called Pop is helpful as a starter. You simply couldn't imagine Beethoven being called Shorty, or Bismarck being referred to as Snookums."

"Cleaver has been a politician most of his life—a Tammany Hall 'regular.' Was a ward-boss at twenty-five; ran a Democratic club of some kind in Brooklyn for a time; was an Alderman for two terms, and practised general law. Was appointed Tax Commissioner; left politics, and raised a small racing-stable. Later secured an illegal gambling concession at Saratoga; and now operates a pool-room in Jersey City. He's what you might call a professional sport. Loves his liquor."

"No marriages?"

"None on the records.—But see here: Cleaver's out of it. He was ticketed in Boonton that night at half past eleven."

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"Is that, by any chance, the watertight alibi you mentioned a moment ago?"

"In my primitive legal way I considered it as such." Markham resented Vance's question. "The summons was handed him at half past eleven: it's so marked and dated. And Boonton is fifty miles from here—a good two hours' motor ride. Therefore, Cleaver unquestionably left New York about half past nine; and even if he'd driven directly back, he couldn't have reached here until long after the time the Medical Examiner declared the girl was dead. As a matter of routine, I investigated the summons, and even spoke by phone to the officer who issued it. It was genuine enough—I ought to know: I had it quashed."

"Did this Boonton Dogberry know Cleaver by sight?"

"No, but he gave me an accurate description of him. And naturally he took the car's number."

Vance looked at Markham with open-eyed sorrow.

"My dear Markham—my very dear Markham—can't you see that all you've actually proved is that a bucolic traffic Nemesis handed a speed-violation summons to a smooth-faced, middle-aged, stout man who was driving Cleaver's car near Boonton at half past eleven on the night of the murder? . . . And, my word! Isn't that exactly the sort of alibi the old boy would arrange if he intended taking the lady's life at midnight or thereabouts?"

"Come, come!" laughed Markham. "That's a bit too far-fetched. You'd give every law-breaker credit for concocting schemes of the most diabolical cunning."

"So I would," admitted Vance apathetically. "And—d' ye know?—I rather fancy that's just the kind of schemes a law-breaker would concoct, if he was planning a murder, and his own life was at stake. What really amazes me is the naïve assumption of you investigators that a murderer gives no intelligent thought whatever to his future safety. It's rather touchin', y' know."

Markham grunted.

"Well, you can take it from me, it was Cleaver himself who got that summons."

"I dare say you're right," Vance conceded. "I merely suggested the possibility of deception, don't y' know. The only point I really insist on is that the fascinatin' Miss Odell was killed by a man of subtle and superior mentality."

"And I, in turn," irritably rejoined Markham, "insist that the only men of that type who touched her life intimately enough to have had any reason to do it are Mannix, Cleaver, Lindquist, and Spotswoode. And I further insist that not one of them can be regarded as a promising possibility."

"I fear I must contradict you, old dear," said Vance serenely. "They're all possibilities—and one of them is guilty."

Markham glared at him derisively.

"Well, well! So the case is settled! Now, if you'll but indicate which is the guilty one, I'll arrest him at once, and return to my other duties."

"You're always in such haste," Vance lamented. "Why leap and run? The wisdom of the world's philosophers is against it. *Festina lente*, says Cæsar; or, as Rufus has it, *Festinatio tarda est.* And the Koran says quite frankly that haste is of the Devil. Shakespeare was constantly belittling speed:

'He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;'

and

'Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.'

Then there was Molière—remember 'Sganarelle'?—: '*Le trop de promptitude à l'erreur nous expose.*' Chaucer also held similar views. 'He hasteth wel,' said he, 'that wysely can abyde.' Even God's common people have embalmed the idea in numberless proverbs: 'Good and quickly seldom meet'; and 'Hasty men never want woe——'"

Markham rose with a gesture of impatience.

"Hell! I'm going home before you start a bedtime story," he growled.

The ironical aftermath of this remark was that Vance did tell a "bedtime story" that night; but he told it to me in the seclusion of his own library; and the gist of it was this:

"Heath is committed, body and soul, to a belief in Skeel's guilt; and Markham is as effectively strangled with legal red tape as the poor Canary was strangled

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with powerful hands. *Eheu*, Van! There's nothing left for me but to set forth to-morrow *a cappella*, like Gaboriau's Monsieur Le Coq, and see what can be done in the noble cause of justice. I shall ignore both Heath and Markham, and become as a pelican of the wilderness, an owl of the desert, a sparrow alone upon the housetop. . . . Really, y' know, I'm no avenger of society, but I do detest an unsolved problem."

I have often wondered whether, had Vance known what the next few days held in store for him, he would have gone forth so blithely upon this self-appointed task.

The third large instalment of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" will appear in the July number, and the final instalment in August.

In the July instalment many startling discoveries are made in connection with the Canary's murder. Cleaver's alibi is closely scrutinized with unlooked-for results; Mannix is again brought into the case in curiously intimate fashion; and Doctor Lindquist is forced to pay a visit to the District Attorney's office as a result of Vance's disclosures. The most startling developments, however, are those that centre about Skeel.

It is Vance who takes the final step in the unfolding of the problem; and, after a swiftly moving series of events, the investigation reaches a climax as dramatic as it is unexpected.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is a realistic novelist and a man of the world; he loves facts more than he loves romance, probably because they seem more exciting. He looks at the world with achromatic eyes, and finds what he sees more thrilling than if he were gazing through the rose-colored spectacles of inexperience. He is no more blasé than G. K. Chesterton. Although he has lost his illusions, he has not lost his enthusiasms. He faces actuality as a boy faces danger, in a manner that can accurately be described as debonair.

Every now and then he takes a day off from creative work, and writes an essay in literary criticism. Being himself a novelist of distinction, what he writes about other novelists has the importance of expert opinion. Yet in this field his enthusiasm sometimes runs away with his judgment, and he plunges headlong into superlatives. He is less sober and self-restrained in dealing with books than in dealing with life.

A few weeks ago he printed in a London journal his list of the best twelve novels of the world—they are all Russian. He declares Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov" to be the finest novel ever written—in a class by itself. The other eleven are not, I believe, given in the order of merit, but here is his entire list.

Dostoevski.."The Brothers Karamazov."
Dostoevski.."The Idiot."
Dostoevski.."Memoirs of the House of the Dead."
Dostoevski.."Crime and Punishment."
Tolstoi....."Anna Karenina."
Tolstoi....."War and Peace."
Tolstoi....."Resurrection."
Turgenev..."Torrents of Spring."
Turgenev..."Virgin Soil."
Turgenev..."On the Eve."
Turgenev..."Fathers and Children."
Gogol....."Dead Souls."

I share Mr. Bennett's admiration for the mighty Russians, but not to this exclusive limit. In the year 1911 I published a sentence, which I see no reason to retract—"Russian fiction, like German music, is the best in the world." But I should never claim for the Russians the first twelve books. I should certainly rank "David Copperfield" above "The Idiot." Even if I were making up a list of the best twelve Russian novels, it would not be identical with Mr. Bennett's. I should substitute Turgenev's "A House of Gentlefolk" for "Torrents of Spring" or "Virgin Soil." And I should put Gogol's "Taras Bulba" ahead of "Dead Souls."

Some years ago, I made out for *The Forum* a list of the best fifteen novels of the world, which I will copy here. I give them in approximately chronological order.

Defoe....."Robinson Crusoe."
Swift....."Gulliver's Travels."
Richardson.."Clarissa."
Fielding....."Tom Jones."
Balzac....."Eugénie Grandet."
Dumas....."The Three Musketeers," and sequels.
Dickens....."David Copperfield."
Hawthorne.."The Scarlet Letter."
Thackeray..."Henry Esmond."
Flaubert...."Madame Bovary."
Turgenev...."Fathers and Children."
Hugo....."Les Misérables."
Tolstoi....."Anna Karenina."
Dostoevski.."The Brothers Karamazov."
Twain....."Huckleberry Finn."

I suppose during the last ten years of his life Goethe was generally recognized as the world's foremost living writer, although there were many ignorant and prejudiced Englishmen whom Carlyle found it difficult to convince. Since Goethe's death, in 1832, no one writer held a similar position until 1890; but from 1890 to 1910 Tolstoi was almost universally regarded as in a class by himself. If a secret ballot had been taken among all nations, I believe that Tolstoi would have received an overwhelming majority as the world's

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foremost living writer. No individual at this moment holds such a place.

Next year, 1928, will mark the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ibsen and of Tolstoi. Already definite plans are being made to commemorate the centenary of the great Russian. A complete translation of all his works by Aylmer Maude will be issued in a sumptuous limited edition, with introductions by men of letters. John Galsworthy will write the foreword to "Anna Karenina," H. G. Wells to "Resurrection," Maurice Baring to "War and Peace," Gilbert Murray to "Essays," St. John Ervine to "The Kreutzer Sonata," H. Granville-Barker to "Plays," and Jane Addams to "What Then Must We Do?"

This edition will appear simultaneously in England and in America; many lectures will be given on Tolstoi in both continents; a great Tolstoi Centenary Society is being organized; those who are interested may obtain full particulars about the society and about the new edition by writing to Miss Madeline Mason-Manheim, 77 Park Avenue, New York.

On March 4, 1927, Mikhail Artsybashev died in Warsaw, at the age of forty-eight. His death seems to have attracted scarcely any attention in the press; rather singular in view of the sensation caused by the publication of his novel "Sanin," which was translated into all the languages of Europe. Artsybashev was more sensational than profound; but his novel "The Breaking Point" showed great ability, and some of his short stories are impressive. Pessimism is as fashionable in Russian literature as optimism is in ours; but Artsybashev's pessimism began where that of others left off. Those who think "Main Street" gives a gloomy picture of small-town life should read Artsybashev's "The Breaking Point," and hear the physician talk.

Of the famous Russian writers alive at the beginning of this century only Gorki, Kuprin, and Bunin are left. Chekhov died in 1904; Tolstoi in 1910; Andreev in 1919; Korolenko in 1921; and now Artsybashev has gone. Kuprin and Bunin are living in Paris and are in sore distress.

After the immortal three, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi, it seems clear that the writer who has the surest hold on fame is Chekhov; his reputation both as a short-story writer and as a dramatist has steadily risen since his death. Nor was there in modern literature anywhere a more lovable personality.

Much interesting information of an intimate kind about Tolstoi may be found in a book recently published called "Family Views of Tolstoy," edited by Aylmer Maude. Some of the most valuable chapters are "Tolstoy and Dickens," by Apostolov, "Music in Tolstoy's Life," by Count Sergius Tolstoi, and "Home-Leaving and Death," which is a detailed account of the last days by his daughter, Countess Alexandra Tolstoi. The great writer himself made his agony of mind sufficiently clear in his play "The Light Shineth in the Darkness."

I have already praised that excellent work "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler, and now appears a compact little book of great value and of especial interest to Americans, "The Pocket Oxford Dictionary of Current English," compiled by F. G. Fowler and H. W. Fowler, *in an American edition*, revised by George Van Santvoord, head master of Hotchkiss School. Although the volume has over a thousand pages, it is correctly called a pocket dictionary. This American edition has been prepared with great skill, for Mr. Van Santvoord is peculiarly qualified by education and experience to point out the differences between British and American English. He is a graduate of Yale, was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford for three years, was wounded in the Great War, taught for two years at Winchester School in England, was a member of the faculty at Yale and head of the Department of English at the University of Buffalo. In addition to scholarship and experience, he has excellent practical judgment.

Whatever may be one's political attitude toward the late Theodore Roosevelt, he was one of the most striking personalities of modern times. A new book, called "Roosevelt as We Knew Him," by Frederick S. Wood, gives brief personal recollections of one hundred and fifty of Roosevelt's friends and associates. These reminiscences cover his entire career from

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the undergraduate days at Harvard until his death. The immense variety of Roosevelt's interests is clearly shown. After a night at the home of President Hadley, he came down to breakfast full of enthusiasm about a book he had found in his bedroom. It was a translation of Dante which he had not seen before, and he had read it steadily until five o'clock in the morning.

Although the Elizabethan drama represents the high-water mark of the world's literature, only a few of the plays by Shakespeare's contemporaries still hold the stage. One of the best of these is that masterpiece, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," by Philip Massinger. An admirable separate edition of this has just been published, edited by the Reverend A. H. Cruickshank, professor of Greek and Classical Literature at the University of Durham. This has an accurate text, complete critical apparatus, with a list of all known performances. The only opportunity I have had to see this play was at the Alpha Delta Phi House in New Haven, March 15, 1921, where the undergraduates gave it under the direction of Professor John M. Berdan. It is good to know that it is now part of the repertoire of Walter Hampden, and I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing him as Sir Giles.

The theatrical season of 1926–27 in New York, now drawing to a close, has been marked by several important events. Eva Le Gallienne has made a success of her bold and risky experiment with the Civic Repertory Theatre on Fourteenth Street. She has produced a long list of plays, of which the most successful have been "Cradle Song," Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors," Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," and Goldoni's "La Locandiera." There's variety for you! The Theatre Guild has had its best season, and has also scored a triumph with repertory, alternating "The Brothers Karamazov" with "Pygmalion," and "The Silver Cord" with "Ned McCobb's Daughter." All four plays have drawn packed houses. Walter Hampden's "Caponsacchi" is now in its fifth month, and has deeply impressed thousands of listeners. I say "listeners" advisedly, for in this theatre they come to hear rather than to see. Unfortunately in these days we speak of the spectators at the theatre and of the audience at a ball-game. Of all the mystery-crime-detective plays, of which there has been an abundance, by far the best is "The Spider," which is both thrilling and diverting, constructed on an entirely original plan. The performances of "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates of Penzance," under the direction of Winthrop Ames, have been successful in every way, artistically, musically, financially. "The Constant Nymph" is one of the few plays made from novels that I like even better on the stage than between the covers of the book, and I certainly admire the book. "The Devil in the Cheese," by Tom Cushing, has scored a big success at Mr. Charles Hopkins's theatre, and deserves it, for it is a brilliant and charming comedy. Three extra matinées weekly have been found necessary. Of the motion-pictures I have seen, I like most "Beau Geste," but I have seen only one other. New York has the best and the worst plays in the world, with enormous patronage for both.

The greatest event of the year on any stage is the production of the first successful American grand opera, "The King's Henchman," by Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay. The first night at the Metropolitan Opera House was a triumph for the composer, the poet, the singers, the orchestra, and the management. Musicians and poets have collaborated before this in American grand opera, but have never succeeded in gaining anything except cold respect. In other words, while previous works have been meritorious, they have not been interesting. But "The King's Henchman" pleased the critics and charmed the audience. It has been repeated several times, and the authors have been commissioned to write another work. In Kipling's immortal phrase, "the thing that couldn't has occurred," and an American grand opera has been added to the repertory of the foremost house of music in the world.

I have been enjoying this season, even more than ever before, the Wagner cycle; for I am a root-and-branch, uncompromising, whole-hearted Wagner enthusiast.

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I have heard "The Ring," "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," and intend to celebrate Good Friday by hearing "Parsifal." It is my belief that the performances of "Die Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung" were as near perfection as one in these days has any right to expect. I do not believe that there are in the world to-day any better baritones and basses than Mr. Schorr and Mr. Bohnen. Mr. Schorr's singing of the incomparably beautiful "Wotan's Farewell" was impeccable, both in beauty of tone and in intelligence. Mr. Bohnen is a great singer and a great actor. The new tenor at the Metropolitan, Mr. Kirchhoff, is a consummate artist, and a distinct addition to the company.

To go for one moment from the sublime to the ridiculous, when in the first act of "Siegfried" Wotan gave Mime the opportunity to ask him three questions, I thought I detected a slight ripple of amusement in the audience. Many were thinking of the book "Ask Me Another," which has, as I predicted, become a national craze.

The distinguished English novelist Mrs. W. K. Clifford has caused an uproar in the London newspapers by making a vigorous protest against late-comers to the theatres. She attended a performance of "The Constant Nymph" where the late-comers caused as noisy a confusion in the stalls as was going on on the other side of the footlights. She accordingly wrote a question to *The Times:* "Can anything be done to worry holders of theatre seats who arrive late?" This drew a long editorial from *The Times;* other papers took up the discussion, which went on for many days. The columnist of *The Referee,* under the caption "A Lesson for Late-Comers," writes:

"Can anything be done," asks Mrs. W. K. Clifford in a plaintive letter to the *Times,* "to worry holders of theatre seats who arrive late?" Yes, by thunder it can! And, always anxious to oblige, I have much pleasure in submitting the following

DEVILISH LITTLE SCHEME

for utterly shaming the "broad, tall women in floppy coats" and the equally obnoxious men who are the special objects of Mrs. Clifford's righteous anger.

Now there is nothing in the world that these people dislike so much as ridicule. My proposal is that when the curtain rises the leading actor should step right up to the footlights, point derisively at the late-comers as they push their way to their seats, and sing the following straight *at* them. (If any manager likes to take up the idea I may say that I have verses suitable for every type of delinquent.)

Hullo! Hullo!
You in the floppy coat!
Don't hurry on *our* account, please, I entreat,
It's-a-shame
To drag you from your meal,
You probably haven't had half enough to eat.
Take-your-time,
The people you have to pass
Just love to have you tread upon their feet.
Don't-mind-us,
You've all the time there is.
We shan't begin until you've found your seat!

. . . . . .

That I think would effectively spoil the enjoyment of the lady in the floppy coat. Now for the so-called gentlemen in what the reporters call "immaculate evening dress":

Hullo! Hullo!
You with the diamond stud!
Don't agitate yourself, sir! There's your stall.
I fear-we've-spoilt
Your after-dinner smoke.
It's awfully good of you to come at all!
Sorry? Oh, please
Don't apologise!
The audience is quite content to wait
For-swells-like-you
And after all you know
You're barely more than twenty minutes late!

And that I think would settle *that* bounder. I think it's rather a charming idea, don't you? I only hope *all* the managers won't write to me at once for verses.

. . . . . .

Some years ago this perennial nuisance was discussed at a meeting of London theatre-managers called for that purpose. It was voted to send out a letter to many prominent persons asking this question: "At what hour in the evening should the curtain rise?" They received a multitude of replies. Some wished the curtain

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to rise at half past seven, as in Germany, and others suggested half past nine. A characteristic answer came from Bernard Shaw: "For the majority of English plays, the curtain should not rise at all."

The ugly Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was burned, and it is now proposed not only to erect a beautiful building in its place, where the plays of the native son may fittingly be produced, but to establish in connection with it a permanent school of the theatre, where young actors may be trained in the best traditions of the stage. This idea should appeal to lovers of Shakespeare all over the world, and in a later issue I will give the facts more in detail, and state to what address contributions should be sent.

Shreveport, La., scores heavily in the Faery Queene Club; five persons have read the entire poem together at weekly meetings. They are: Mrs. Glen McFadin, Mrs. H. C. Metcalf, Mrs. J. C. Bonnycastle, Miss Mary McNeely, and Mrs. E. Wayles Browne.

Mrs. Marion Hall Clark, of Montezuma, Iowa, and Mrs. Mary Temple Robinson, of Waterloo, Neb., are welcomed into the Club, having read the poem more than forty years ago.

Here is a quotation on cats sent to me from a Cunard liner. It appears in H. V. Morton's "Heart of London":

> In the London Record Office which houses twenty-six miles of shelves packed with historic documents and millions of unhistoric documents . . . the bones of English history . . . when you have enjoyed the flavour of these old days, you may meet on the stairs an ordinary cat. At least so it seems. It is Felix and he has been walking through history for centuries. It is the only cat officially on a Government staff. . . . It receives a penny a day from Government funds! I believe that the terms of its appointment include a clause that it must keep itself clean, catch rats and mice and bring up its children. If anybody killed the official cat in ancient times he had to forfeit sufficient wheat to cover the body.

I received the following interesting letter on the cat from Reverend Edwin S. Ford, of Sparta, N. J.:

It is delightful to find in "As I Like It" Bartholomew's cat in John de Travisa's fourteenth century English. It is pleasant, too, to find the author of *de Proprietatibus Rerum* raised to the ranks of the angelic. Is it a Gregorian pun, or has the printer merely played you false? In either case, no doubt this learned son of St. Francis deserved it.

Bartholomæus Anglicus is "perhaps the oldest cat reference" in your correspondence, but there are cats in Cicero, Ovid, Titus Phædrus, Pliny et al., as my tattered calf-bound copious and critical lexicon, *sub verb. feles* tells me. In Egypt the cat's miaou is a hieroglyphic carved upon the walls. In Ireland appear "I and my white Pangur" four or five hundred years before Bartholomew's English cat. This and much more of cats, Welsh, Scottish, Cheshire and Whittingtonian, is in Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither."

"Physiologus speaketh of the Panther," writes Bartholomew. Does the same work speak of lesser cats? Physiologus is one of Bartholomew's authorities, and came from Alexandria before the fourth century. The puss that "lepeth and reseth" on the parchment of the English friar may be the very same "Seyfte, plyaunte and mery" cat that fished in the Nile.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

By Mrs. E. Wayles Browne, of Shreveport, La. "Death car" for any automobile that has been in a fatal accident. One killed her cat.

Professor Theodore S. Woolsey, writing from Ojai, Calif., says:

> The prolixities and complexities of the Income Tax Blanks are scandalous. Is not public ridicule the proper cure?

Although I am not a tax expert, I suggest that the Income Tax be abolished and a Sales Tax take its place. This is so simple, so equitable, so inescapable, that it is certain it will never be adopted.

By a professor of English. Signing a letter "Cordially," etc., with "yours" omitted.

One sees that the subscription is one of courtesy, and intended to suggest the relation of the signer to his correspondent. The moment that relation is ignored, the point of the subscription is lost.

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By Ansley Newman, of Buffalo, N. Y. "All people who, when they discuss religion, raise their voices."

By Karl Schriftgiesser, of the Boston *Evening Transcript:*

Replica when one means a copy made by some one other than the original artist or craftsman. *Gotten* and *proven* when one means *got* and *proved.*

I am myself not afraid to use *replica* for "accurate imitation or reproduction," and there is good authority for such usage. As for *gotten,* I hate it, but is there not a regular legal phrase *not proven?*

The last word and the first word on a fountain pen is sent to me by James M. Ludlow, of East Orange, N. J., who enclosed the following newspaper clipping:

OLD EGYPT SOUGHT A FOUNTAIN PEN

An early attempt to devise a fountain pen has been disclosed by excavations in an Egyptian tomb dating back more than 4,000 years. The primitive instrument consisted of a section of reed the diameter of a lead pencil, about three inches in length and mounted on a long piece of copper. The nib of the pen is cut away to a fine point like an ordinary quill pen. The narrow tube of the reed served to hold in reserve a small quantity of the writing fluid, whatever it may have been.

Miss Emma B. Suydam, of Pittsburgh, writes:

Reading aloud your compound of the ingredients which go to make up the smell of the country store, given in the closing paragraph of your department in the current number of SCRIBNER'S, my mother, who has reached the ripe age of ninety-one and is a connoisseur on smells, spoke up quickly: "He has forgotten one thing—soap."

Mrs. John A. Buckingham, of Watertown, Conn., calls my attention to a slight error made in the March number of SCRIBNER'S, where I printed the incident of Thackeray's lifting Mrs. Charles Chapman.

Mrs. Chapman was my aunt, but the experience was not hers, it was my mother, Mrs. Samuel McLean's, who was a Miss Chapman, Charles Chapman, the noted lawyer's daughter. Thackeray held her up while the procession of notables passed, and as he knew every one of them, he told her who they were. He did not give his own name and she had no idea it was Thackeray, but later when she heard him lecture in America she recognized him instantly, and at the end of the lecture spoke to him, and he remembered the little lady.

Doctor Merrill B. Dean, from the appropriate town of *Candor,* N. Y., complains that after I praised Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," I attack it in the March SCRIBNER'S. He bought the book for three dollars and is now bewildered. Yet I do not think I am quite so inconsistent as the doctor suggests. I admire this dictionary immensely, but that does not mean that I agree with every line in it. No human guide is errorless.

As a rule, I do not care for verse or prose written by the very young; but a new book, "The House Without Windows," written by Barbara Newhall Follett, at the age of nine, is so remarkable that I think many will read it with amazement and delight.

One of my favorites among living English writers is Maurice Baring—I like his essays, his plays, and his novels, and I regard his autobiography, "The Puppet Show of Memory," as one of the best. He has just produced a novel, "Daphne Adeane," which I find full of brains and beauty. It has a charm all its own, being quite unlike conventional fiction. The chief character dies just before the story begins—how fine it would be if that happened oftener!

In America, a first novel by Viola Paradise, called "The Pacer," is well worth reading, because husband, wife, and lover (don't be alarmed, you know I never praise dirty books) are treated from what most writers call a new angle, but what I call in an original manner. The Blue Bird was right at home, and she didn't know it! The difference between wise and foolish persons is often indicated by the ability of the wise to make the most of actual conditions, while the foolish are longing for the unattainable. Who said the grapes were sour? It was a wise remark, and was made by the wisest of all animals, the fox. *Verbum sap.* Yet

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many foolish people, mature only in years, make every sacrifice to reach and eat them, with the result that the children's teeth are set on edge.

The American ambassador to Mexico, the Honorable James R. Sheffield, has had innumerable vexatious problems, and I am glad to see that, like Abraham Lincoln, he finds occasional relief in humor.

MY DEAR BILLY:

Do you still play golf? I see no reference to your game in "As I Like It" and knowing your skill, I marvel at your modesty.

For after all, there are thousands who care more about a good drive than your opinion of the best novel of the year, the best play, or those foolish societies you monthly organize among the literary uplifters.

I was recently asked to present the golf prizes at the Mexico City Country Club. I couldn't make up my mind whether in selecting the one man who never could win a prize the club intended it as a compliment or a consolation.

Being a Diplomat I've tried to keep my scores a secret but the caddie always says ocho (8) every time I announce siete (7).

When scoring in golf follows the usual rule in football, tennis, baseball and polo or even bridge and poker and the one who makes the largest score wins, I hope to get my name on a silver cup. I take off my hat to those Scotch originators whose saving habits made them decree that the man who is most economical with his strokes gets the prize. And what a misnomer is that word "par." It generally means 100—just the right number for any golf course. But again the canny Scots in order to get a reduction took off 28 and made it 72—the surveyor's measurement without allowance for any deviation because the shortest distance between 2 points is a straight line.

"Let your club do the work" says the expert. When you hear that you know you are going to like the game. Then he adds "Keep your eye on the ball, your head down, come back slowly, your left arm straight, your right shoulder dropped, your left hand gripped tight, your right hand firm, your right knee straight, pivot evenly on your hips, time the rhythm of your stroke and follow through, using your wrists at the end."

When you have done all these, you wonder what the club has to do with it anyway.

It isn't a game—it's a lesson in memory with setting up exercises added to keep your interest alive and give you enough health to stand the strain.

The golf ball is merely incidental and frequently lost sight of. You are expected to address it courteously and having lulled it into a sense of security on its nest of sand, to suddenly, contrary to all rules of sport or personal conduct, give it a solar plexus blow.

Now when you and I played a real game like baseball, if we sliced over the fence it was a home run, the crowd cheered and we won the game. But in golf for doing the same thing you lose your temper and your opponent gets the glory and the game. For a comfortable old man's game, I recommend that both the ball and the putting cups be enlarged, all bunkers placed high *behind* the greens and no water hazards.

Let's all agree the next Red Cross drive shall start from the first tee, and every approach be made with a club, with the cup in our hand into which the victim can "put" his wad.

All this foolishness is written just to get my mind off more serious problems, and there are many.

Henry Wilson Goodrich, of Philadelphia, writes:

"As I Like It" has taken on a bit of new color of late by including some apt criticisms of current English. Hypercriticisms, possibly, at times, but, on the whole I like it. It is important.

To dispose of the hypercritics quickly, I will divide them in two classes. There are those who have no more substantial ground for complaint than the monotony of unusual or misunderstood expressions. Nevertheless their intentions are good and they help the cause along. Even if their criticisms are not above criticism that fact draws attention and keeps the interest alive. They are too sensitive to teach so they become hypercritics. The other type is well illustrated by a man I knew once who strutted about as if *he* had no relatives by the name of Babbitt! All the monstrosities that offended his ears were "soil" English.

Soil English grows in the valleys and plains of God's own country; is plucked beside the still waters and on the banks of mighty rivers. It springs up and thrives among the rocks and on the mountain sides. It adorns the byways, refreshing the weary traveller, and is the inspiration of the loftiest themes that elevate God's honest children. Soiled English thrives on Broadway and is even heard in dowager's drawingrooms without causing a ripple of embarrassment.

As cleanliness is next to Godliness so clearness is next to cleanness; in fact they are the same thing, generally. Clear water

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is always clean water. With this generalization admitted, I will state the "moral" which is that all teachers of English, French, Latin, Algebra and Botany should instil into their pupils *without ceasing* the necessity of using Clear Language.

I see by the press reports that new Pullman cars are being made, to run between Chicago and Detroit, which will contain separate individual rooms with actual beds. This is good news, as it makes for two things much needed on sleeping-cars, comfort and privacy. I hope that these will also be installed on "Number Six," an admirable train that runs from Chicago to New York, in which I have always arrived on time.

> Number Six is a very good train:
> I've taken it over and over again.
> And one might calmly face the Styx,
> If one might cross on Number Six.

Although I am a fanatical admirer of Emerson, I do not agree with every one of his pronouncements. In that golden book of wisdom, Professor Perry's "The Heart of Emerson's Journals," I find that the philosopher at the age of twenty-one wrote: "Why has my motley diary no jokes? Because it is a soliloquy and every man is grave alone." Not every man; sometimes in solitude I explode with laughter; sometimes I wake up in the night to laugh at some memory. How can one help laughing in and at a world like this? Some swear, some weep, and some laugh. If men and women can swear in solitude (and they do) they can also laugh.

Emerson himself must have smiled when he wrote this entry, in 1831: "President Monroe died on the fourth of July,—a respectable man, I believe."

But Emerson was never hilarious. When this issue of SCRIBNER'S is printed, the "old grads" will be getting ready for their reunions. How cheerfully Emerson wrote about such gatherings!

> I avoid the Stygian anniversaries at Cambridge, those hurrahs among the ghosts, those yellow, bald, toothless meetings in memory of red cheeks, black hair, and departed health.

Ah, but they are not in memory of evanescent physical youth, but of time-conquering friendship and deathless loyalties.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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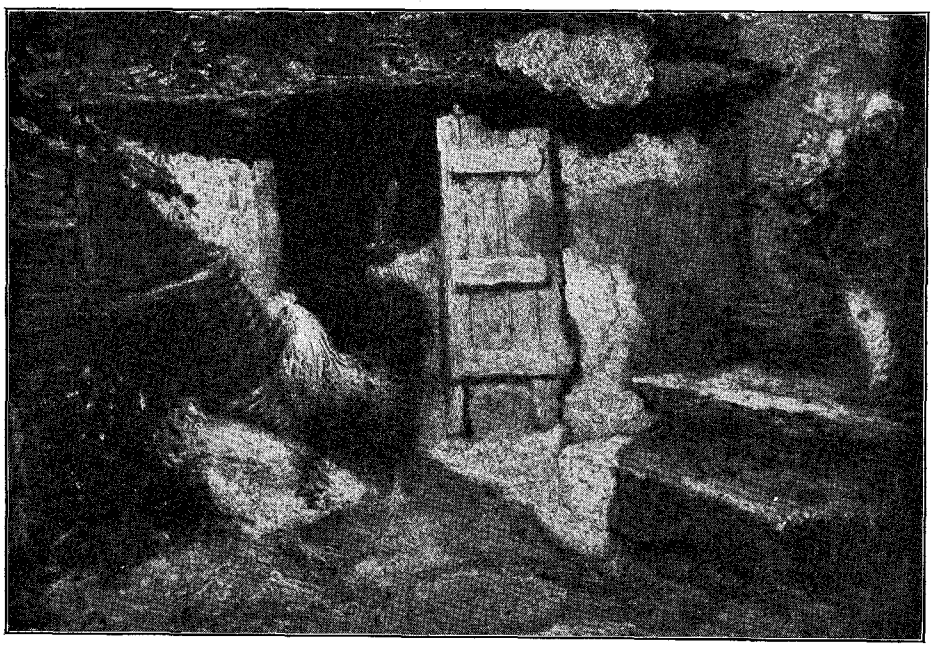
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



The Farm Yard.

From the painting by Monticelli shown at the Museum of French Art.

WRITING about Ingres in these pages last summer, I framed, roughly, a census of his paintings in the United States. There were some important examples to be cited, but the most important of all I could not include in my list because of uncertainty as to whether it would remain in this country or not. I had seen it at the Wildenstein Gallery, the portrait of Madame d'Haussonville. Since then its fate has been decided, in a manner which I rejoice to record. The painting has passed into the Frick Collection, which is to say that it becomes in perpetuity the property of the public. For my own part, I can imagine no more thrilling news. It means that through the wisdom of the Frick trustees America assumes the custody of one of the greatest monuments in the history of Ingres, perhaps the greatest monument of all in the category of his feminine portraits.

It dates from the forties, when Ingres was in the very heyday of his genius. Some of his noblest triumphs were behind him, it is true. He had painted the Bertin, for example, the great portrait in the Louvre, fully ten years before. But Ingres was the type of artist to whom the years bring wisdom, and in the Madame d'Haussonville he sums up, as it were, the priceless experience of a lifetime. It was in 1842, while he was still at work upon the famous portrait of Cherubini, that he made his first study, now in the Bonnat collection, from the lady whom he came to call *notre belle petite sauvage vicomtesse*. She was the young Louise de Broglie, who was married in 1836 to the Vicomte Othenin d'Haussonville, variously diplomat, politician, and historian, who died a mem-

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ber of the French Academy in 1884. The portrait was long in the making. In the study in the Bonnat collection the sitter faces in one direction, and in the next sketch in another. Then studies were resumed, and in two of them, now at Montauban, the pose is the one finally adopted. That was settled in 1845, the year of the painting's completion. It crops out in the artist's correspondence as a source of grave anxiety to him, but, as Lapauze says, that was the way with all his works. When he stood before nature he despaired of seizing the truth which he wished to throw upon canvas. There was not a portrait of his which did not thus cause him anguish. Nevertheless, he had the satisfaction of hearing encomiums pronounced by the sitter's family. When M. Thiers came to see the portrait, he remarked that Ingres must have fallen in love to have painted it so well. It is an apt saying, for, indeed, Ingres was never more felicitous, more sensitive, more charming, than when he painted Madame d'Haussonville.

Study for the Portrait of Madame d'Haussonville.
From the drawing by Ingres—courtesy of the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge.

I should like to reproduce the portrait, but I have done so twice before in this place, and I can hear the editor murmuring: "Now, really—a third time?" So I compromise by reproducing not the portrait but one of the drawings Ingres made for it. It is, to tell the truth, a peculiarly eloquent version of the work, beautifully exposing the draftsmanship which is the corner-stone of this masterpiece. In color the portrait is a good deal less than a miracle. Ingres was never a great colorist. But in draftsmanship he was supreme, he was brilliant in composition, he had the power of evoking a sitter's personality, and he knew, above all, how to bestow upon a painting the accent of the grand style. Just as a study of form and drapery alone, this portrait is one of the triumphs of nineteenth-century art, and one of the most beautiful. It belongs, I suppose, to what is nominally called the academic world, but the genius of Ingres really transcends that world and lifts the Madame d'Haussonville into the category of truly great art. It has the serene inevitability only to be associated with a creative master.

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THE foregoing comments may well inaugurate a few notes on salient episodes in the last art season. There is nothing more characteristic of a winter in New York than the treasures of painting which it brings forth from the older schools, treasures mostly destined to remain on our soil. When annually I look back over

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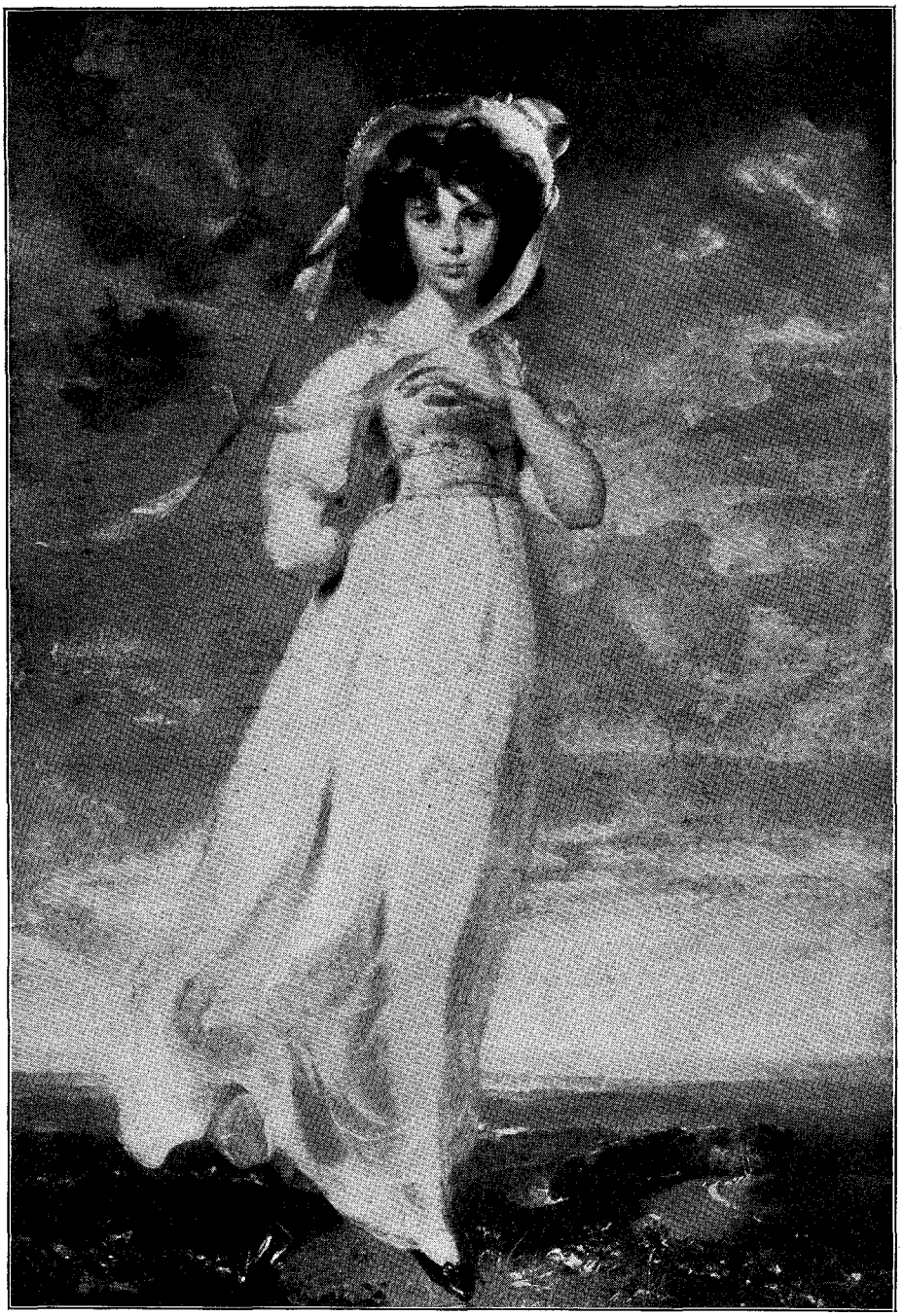

"Pinkie" (Miss Sarah Moulton-Barrett).
From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence shown at the Duveen Gallery.

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the usual period of exhibitions, I am always struck by the opportunities for study of historic types offered to the gallery-goer. One of the first incidents of the first hand of the great loan exhibition which was arranged at the Reinhardt Gallery in January, for I was in London at that time, looking at the big collection of

The Woman Sewing.
From the painting by Velasquez in the collection of the Hon. A. W. Mellon.

autumn was an important El Greco at the Howard Young Gallery, a notable version of the Spanish master's Saint Martin and the Beggar, and shortly after that there appeared at the Wildenstein Gallery a remarkable assemblage of works by Chardin. In the same month, in November, the Agnew Gallery exhibited a notable array of Venetian masters, from Crivelli to Tiepolo and Guardi. I can say nothing at Flemish art which I have recently described in this department. But from the catalogue and from all that I have otherwise been able to learn, this was a memorable affair, ranging from such types as Rembrandt and Daumier to modernists like Cezanne and Picasso. I mention it as an instance of the extraordinary educational scope of New York exhibitions. Is there any serious figure in art that cannot

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sooner or later be observed in the city? I have spoken of Ingres. The Madame d'Haussonville would seem to be enough, but on two other occasions last winter the ing, should turn up in New York! Everything comes to America. There has come, for example, one of the most distinguished things in eighteenth-century British art,

Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff.
From the painting by Rembrandt shown at the Duveen Gallery.

master of Montauban was to the fore. The Ehrich Gallery brought out a great Portrait of a Man, a souvenir of his Italian period, and at the Jacques Seligmann Gallery there were to be seen nearly fifty drawings from classical sculpture, studies made by Ingres in 1820–24, when he was working at Florence on his Vow of Louis XIII. How natural it seemed that this series of drawings, so personal, so interest-

the Pinkie of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is being exhibited at the Duveen Gallery as I write, and it is exciting there, I dare say, the most varied comment. In that respect it revives again the educational motive. The picture offers a test of the observer's ability to think for himself, regardless of convention.

The conventional view of Sir Thomas Lawrence takes him as an exemplar of sac-

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charine prettiness. When Pinkie brought $370,000 at the Michelham sale in London last November, there were not wanting commentators to say that Sir Joseph Duveen had paid that portentous sum for the cover of a chocolate-box. As a matter of fact, he paid it for an amazing piece of painting. When Lawrence was well in the saddle as court painter, he became one of the slickest makers of fashionable portraits the world has ever known. He let his great technical gift lapse into the sweet facility of a confectioner. But looking back over his youth, he could justly have said: "I also have been in Arcadia." In his youth he was a fairly diabolical virtuoso. It was then that he painted the Mr. and Mrs. Angerstein in the Louvre. It was then that he painted the bewitching Eliza Farren, Countess of Derby, belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. It was then that he painted Pinkie, the full-length of little Miss Sarah Moulton-Barrett, which he sent to the Royal Academy in 1795. At that date Lawrence was twenty-six years old, the merest stripling in art. But he already knew how to handle the brush with the ease and authority of a veteran. He so handles it in Pinkie. The canvas fairly glitters with the brilliance of his touch. And the interesting thing is that there is nothing thin, nothing brittle about his dexterity. His technique is as sound as it is flashing. The conventionally minded will say of Pinkie that it is just another Lawrence. The connoisseur of painting will refer to it with respect.

Marie Rose.
From the drawing by Ernest Haskell shown at the Macbeth Gallery.

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ANOTHER master of virtuosity made a deep impression upon me this winter. It was Velasquez, painting The Woman Sewing, which Doctor August L. Mayer takes to be a portrait of the master's daughter Francisca. This portrait, now in Secretary Mellon's collection, is a superb bit of color and brush-work, one of

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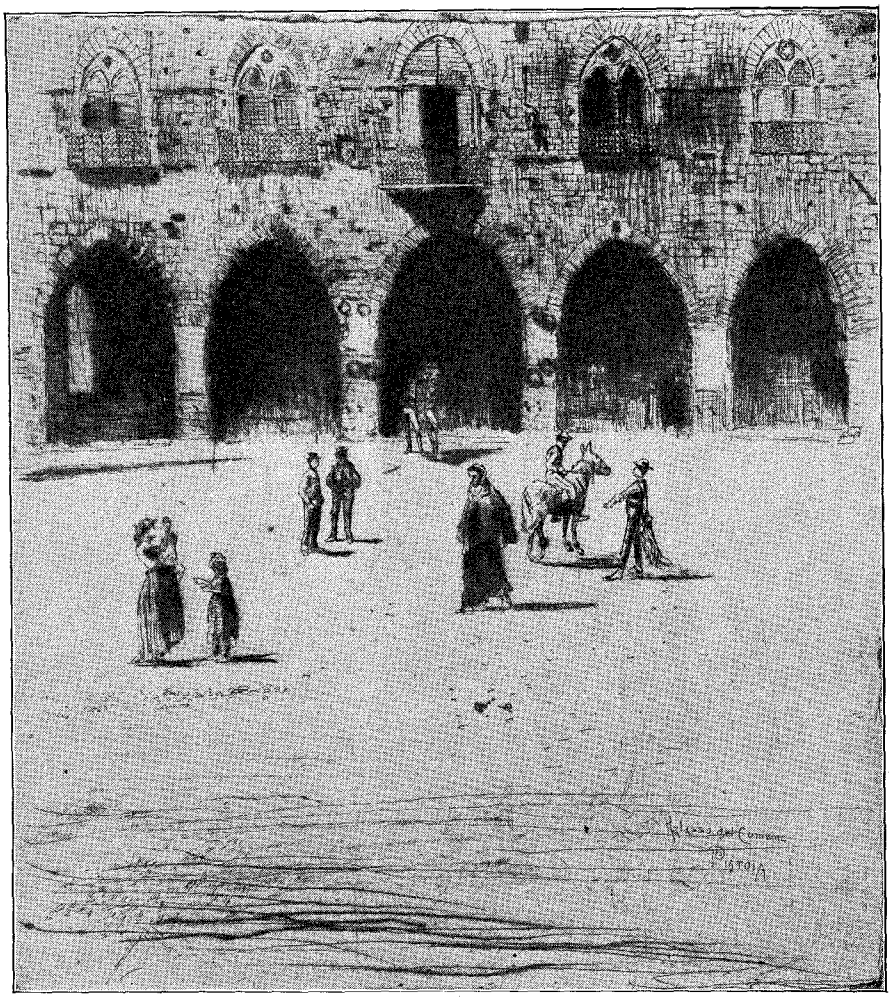
the most intensely personal things by Velasquez that I have ever seen. In the color-scheme there is present all the simple unity which he had even in the early trait, too, as naturally domestic in sentiment as that Dentelliere of Vermeer, in the Louvre, which in composition it recalls. Velasquez never painted a more



Archways, Pistoja.

From the etching by Joseph Pennell—courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

period of the Sevillan *bodegones*. But with that there is a breadth in execution assigning the work to his maturest period. Unfinished in the lower portion, so that one seems to be looking over the artist's shoulder as he spontaneously sketches in the hands, the portrait nevertheless has the forceful character of an impression wrought to the highest pitch of realism. It is a casual, intimate portenderly beguiling thing or a bit of technique more masterful. To one other old master of the year I must refer, the Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff, a Rembrandt long hidden in Poland and brought recently to the Duveen Gallery in New York. There was virtuosity in this, also, an astounding magic in technique and in luminous tonality, but what made contact with the picture impressive was the

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searching power of expression shown in it. It took me back to the Tribute Money at Dresden, to the Rembrandt of illimitable religious emotion. The picture was painted only eight years before his death. In earlier periods he had sometimes touched a scriptural theme with a melodramatic effect. By the time he painted this masterpiece his spiritual experience had come full circle, and with it a profound serenity. Romantic in the warm splendor of its color, the painting has at its core the calm majesty of a classic.

Dutch Children.
From the painting by Gari Melchers.

IT is a little difficult to relinquish the past in this miscellany of recollections, so many and so potent are the subjects on which I should like to pause. There was that exhibition of Chardin which I have barely mentioned. It contained portraits, pictures, and still-life paintings, all illustrations of the art of pure painting and deserving of an essay by themselves. Then there were exhibitions of later Frenchmen, of the enchanting Monticelli at the Museum of French Art, of Constantin Guys at the Wildenstein Gallery, of Monet and the other impressionists at the

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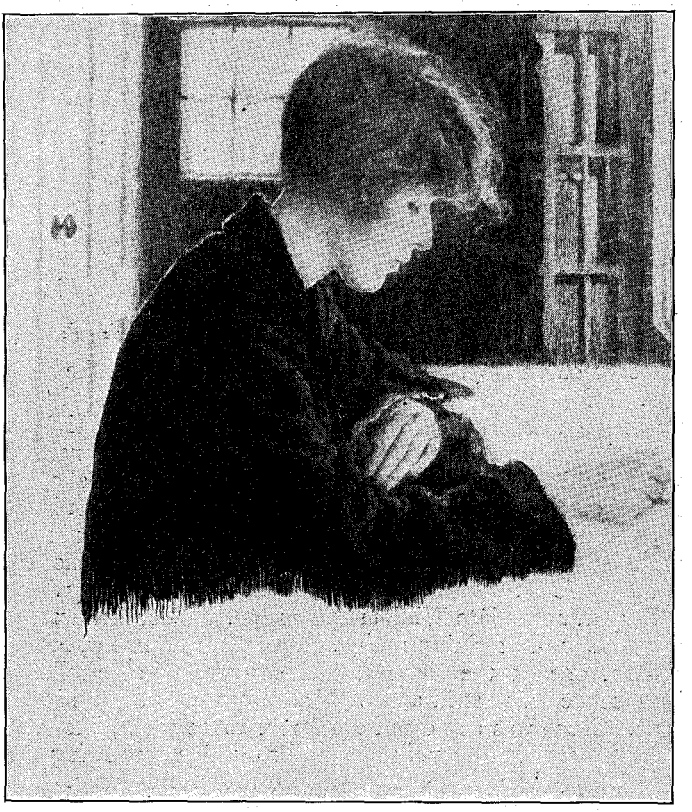
Durand-Ruel Gallery. It is hard to make no more than a passing allusion to these enticing subjects; and it is equally hard to be brief on the early American portraits that Mr. Thomas B. Clarke showed at the Century Club in November. That was a great occasion, for it brought out the Vaughan portrait of Washington, painted from life by Gilbert Stuart at Philadelphia in 1795, and divers other arresting rarities. One of these that I especially love to recall was a fine portrait of Thomas Johnson, the first governor of Maryland, painted by John Hesselius. He was an eighteenth-century American of Swedish ancestry. From this portrait of Mr. Clarke's finding it was plain that Hesselius was a distinguished craftsman. From him I pass to certain Americans lost within the last year and appropriately commemorated by exhibitions. The late Mary Cassatt was thus honored at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, an interesting group of pictures reviving the spell of her technique, the technique of a really brilliant painter. Joseph Pennell's effective draftsmanship was well set forth in a memorial show at the Metropolitan Museum. I admired anew the skill and the unforced picturesqueness with which he handled subjects all over the world, chiefly architectural, through a long life. But I admired most of all the Italian etchings he made early in his career. He never surpassed them. Another high light in the world of draftsmanship was supplied by the work of the late Ernest Haskell, shown at full length at the Macbeth Gallery. He was one of the finest etchers ever known in America, a craftsman of consummate firmness and delicacy. Landscape principally engaged him, and he delightfully



Nancy.
From the drawing by Lilian Westcott Hale.

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portrayed it, East and West, but I remember also in this exhibition some brilliant early portraits that he drew. While I am referring to American artists no longer with us, I must touch upon a matter concerning John Sargent. As early as October his Three Graces was put upon the market in London. I instantly expressed the hope that it might be secured for the Metropolitan. That seemed just a counsel of perfection and vain enough, but just as this number of the magazine goes to press the great Sargent enters our Museum. It is really a great painting, this triple portrait of the daughters of Mrs. Percy Wyndham. When last January I saw the big Sargent room erected by Sir Joseph Duveen at the Tate, a room dominated by the famous full-length of Lord Ribblesdale, I wondered if any American museum could ever challenge that Milbank ensemble. I know now that the Metropolitan is secure. With the Three Graces, the Madame Gautreau, the H. G. Marquand, and its various other Sargents —to say nothing of the gifts that are likely to accrue—the Museum in New York promises sooner or later to show the painter off in unique form.

A friend of Sargent's, the late William M. Chase, was the hero of a striking exhibition this season, one at the Ferargil Gallery, which disclosed his art in all its admirable range. Chase was at home in portraiture, in still-life, in landscape, and in the treatment of the figure. He could be versatile because he knew his trade. How far a man can go when he really knows how to paint! I dare say that Chase would be lightly enough patronized by certain members of the younger generation, but just the same they might envy the vitality and the efficiency displayed by him in the exhibition aforementioned. I confess that I like efficiency in art. It is not by any means the only thing to be desired. If, to be sure, the work of Mr. Gerald Leake comes back to me as I write, from another exhibition at the Ferargil Gallery, it is because he showed imagination in his designs. Still, as I traverse again this or that one-man show, seen during the winter, the artists who recur to me are those who, like Chase, know their trade. I have in mind particularly the paintings of Gari Melchers at the Century Club, those of Gifford Beal at the Kraushaar Gallery, the landscapes of Edward Bruce at the New Gallery, the paintings of Charles W. Hawthorne at the Grand Central Galleries, and, at the latter place, the portraits by Ellen Emmett Rand and Lilian Westcott Hale. It is taken as a matter of course by these artists that they shall draw with accuracy, put their figures intelligently together, use good taste, and, in short, fuse life and art together in terms of something like beauty. I would feel grateful to them in any case, but I am doubly so because they do what they do as a matter of course. They keep alive an ideal implying more than just an expansion of the ego.

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MODERNISM in the season just ended had a good deal to say for itself without somehow contriving to say anything of any serious consequence. There was a huge international exhibition of the subject at the Brooklyn Museum in December. What impressed me about it was its drastic failure to denote any progress since the famous Armory Show of thirteen years ago. Modernism was heralded then as a pioneer movement, but its pioneering seems to consist in the hollow repetition of bizarre banalities. Late in the season, in March, to be exact, Modernism made a mild sensation by getting itself accepted at the Spring Academy. There is something rather funny about the way in which the "outs" writhe in wrath until they are permitted to snuggle up with the "ins." It has always been so and always will be so. The secessionist ever hankers to be taken back into the fold. As for the admission of the Modernists to the middle room at the Academy, it seemed to me that it only confirmed, by contrast, what I have always maintained—that the academic crowd, with all its faults, has some standard of workmanship and the modernist crowd hasn't. There were two or three sound craftsmen in the middle room. The rest were fumblers. As I make my survey of the season in its length and breadth, I cannot see that the fumblers gave any sign of displacing the trained artist.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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